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[illegible] SPINSTERS.

[illegible] Life From [illegible] Fifty.

[From the London Mayfair.]

[illegible] life begins at the age of seven[teen and] ends at the age of fifty. When she [reaches] the age of fifty she either becomes an old woman or begins life afresh, starting this time at about five-and-twenty. There are, of course, exceptions. Some girls begin life very much earlier than seventeen. I knew a young lady of six who killed her grandma by her precocity. Her grandma had asked her to come and see her, and for her reception had prepared a feast of seed-cake and mild negus, and also purchased a book of fairy stories. The child ate the cake, but objected to the wine, and after glancing with great contempt at the book of fairy stories, threw it on the floor, saying that she preferred real tales—things she could improve her mind on. "What will this world come to ?" shrieked the old lady ; "improve her mind at six ! Why, at sixteen I did not know whether I had a mind or not !" The shock was too much ; the old lady took to her bed and never recovered.

But most girls begin to live at 17 ; and from 17 to 50 every year is like a figure in an auctioneer's catalogue which is meant to indicate a fresh "lot." Of course, there are depths of thought, melancholy idealisms, delicious hopes, yearning aspirations, profound [illegible] of [illegible], dark emotions of envy, sickening spasms of jealousy—all making eras for themselves, and sometimes contriving wild departures, which cannot be sounded, nor, indeed, even adverted to, in a comprehensive summary of thirty-three years of existence. Yet the spinster's life may be gathered from hints, which may be showed enough to go deep without being voluminous.

At 17, then : she thinks often of love ; delights in love songs ; [illegible] Moore's poems with pencil marks ; thinks Byron's face beautiful ; eats little in company. At 18 : still thinks a great deal of love ; would care nothing for poverty provided she had a sweetheart who adored her ; indeed, would rather be poor than rich, were she united to the ideal whom she has not yet met. Still reads a great deal of poetry and novels which deal largely with love and the death of the heroines ; passionately fond of children. At 19 : a little more critical ; finds some of the poetry that pleased her last year a little weak ; looks about her for steadier authors than her old favorites ; dances every dance in a ball and is not quite so particular as to the men who are introduced to her. At 20 : is not sure whether, after all, it would not be best to be an old man's darling. Nevertheless she flirts more uniformly ; all the shyness is gone, and she enjoys her food whether people are looking at her or not. At 21 : her belief in old men is strong ; she has lost her prejudices in favor of poverty and cottages, yet she would not insist upon money were her ideal to present himself. At 22 : thinks her younger sister rather forward in her manners, particularly with young men ; sometimes suggests to mamma that the invitations which include the younger sister are merely acts of politeness which people don't want to be literally interpreted. At 23 : is annoyed if anyone says in her presence that the pallor of half the girls one meets comes from tight-lacing. At 24 : laces deliberately for a waist, and does not much mind if it is known ; finds the company of old men always more agreeable than that of young men, and is flattered if boys pay her attention. At 25 : is found behind [illegible] ; imitates the style of the fashionable beauty ; frequently alters the character of her coiffure, and uses a great many different kinds of stuff for her hair. At 26 : declares she hates the idea of marriage ; wonders how girls can voluntarily enter a state of bondage ; marks all passages in novels in which men are called tyrants, and ceases to notice other people's babies. At 27 : falls in love ; about four months of quiet anguish and despair ; sits late into the night alone in her bedroom ; is jilted ; writes twenty letters in all conceivable styles, from the passionately mournful to the mild, scornful, forgiving, heart-breaking style—none of which are posted ; destroys the ball-room programme on which he has written his name. At 28 : nose red, even in spring ; shoulders a shade thin ; resolves to dress her hair lower, as the hair pins are making her bald ; also parts her hair on one side. At 29 : declines to take part in a tableau vivant, and thinks that sort of entertainment rather immodest ; begins to write prose—short tales, essays and sketches on character—and believes that if she could only find patience she could write a novel.

At 30 : writes a novel, in which she introduces the one love of her life ; finds a publisher who will publish it at her own risk ; accepts his offer ; she is sure he will read it ; does not stop the footman at table from filling her wine glass. At 31 : increasing size of waist ; is mistaken for mamma's youngest sister ; reads the *Quarterly Review*, and can converse on woman suffrage. At 32 : is wearing three false teeth. At 33 : finds girls much more forward than they used to be ; also that the style of dancing grows objectionable ; is usually taken down to supper by married men. At 34 : is told that her sister's music-master has called her Bella. In consequence, retraces two years of her life, studies the costumakers' advertisements, and chooses bright colors. At 35 : powders boldly ; parts her hair down the middle, gives up earrings and keeps the window blinds down to save the furniture. At 36 : can converse on the educational question and waltzes whenever she can get a chance. At 37 : is grave when the subject of age is discussed, and asks if she does not look quite 30 ? At 38 : hears of the elopement of a friend's husband with an actress, and is more than ever thankful that she is unmarried ; takes an interest in church matters, and learning that the curate is laid up [illegible] and sends repeatedly. At 39 : regularly drinks a glass of hot Scotch whiskey and water before going to bed ; admits that she likes her comforts, and playfully owns that she is quite an old woman. At 40 : likes scandal ; reads the reports of the law courts ; subscribes again to a lending library, and finds that she grows drowsy after a late dinner. At 41 : keeps a lapdog, two cats, a parrot and three canaries ; takes much interest in her health, tries a great many advertised medicines, and "indulges in constitutionals." At 42 : is nervous at night, particularly when the wind is high ; keeps a man-servant, who must be middle-aged, highly respectable, and one who is used to attending on single ladies preferred ; loses a favorite cat, and has it carefully buried in the garden. At 43 : attends early celebrations, and helps to decorate the church at Easter and Christmas and the harvest festival. At 44 : grows a little frivolous ; chooses gay caps ; reads exciting novels. At 45 : feels the cold, also feels lonely ; advertises for a lady to share her home ; quarrels with lady over the servants, and vows she will never live again with a companion ; her parrot dies ; her doctor proposes to her ; she declines him in a mild letter, and says they will always be dear friends. At 47 : takes two glasses of hot whiskey before retiring at night ; writes poetry and sends it to the local press. At 48 : is robbed by her man-servant ; finds a cap that becomes her, and makes up her mind to wear nothing else ; notices her hair has grown gray over the ears. At 49 : grows bad-tempered, and is greatly troubled with servants ; another animal dies and is carefully buried. At 50 : makes her will, and leaves all her property to her doctor.

[illegible] TO HIS SON.

A Good Word for Economy and the New Testament.

(From Dickens's Letters.)

ADELPHI HOTEL,
Liverpool, Oct. 15, 1868.

MY DEAR HARRY,—I have your letter here this morning. I inclose you another check for £50, and I write to London by this post ordering three dozen sherry, two dozen port, and three dozen light claret, to be sent down to you. [illegible]

[illegible]

advantages of your past expensive education as soon to diminish this charge, I say no more on that head.

Whatever you do, above all other things keep out of debt and confide in me. If you ever find yourself on the verge of any perplexity or difficulty come to me. You will never find me hard with you while you are manly and truthful.

As your brothers have gone away one by one, I have written to each one of them what I am now going to write to you. You know that you have never been hampered with religious forms of restraint, and that with mere unmeaning forms I have no sympathy. But I most strongly and affectionately impress upon you the priceless value of the new Testament and the study of that book as the one unfailing guide in life. Deeply respecting it and bowing down before the character of our Saviour as separated from the vain constructions and inventions of men, you cannot go very wrong, and will always preserve at heart a true spirit of veneration and humility. Similarly I impress upon you the habit of saying a Christian prayer every night and morning. These things have stood by me all through my life, and remember that I tried to render the New Testament intelligible to you and lovable by you when you were a mere baby.

And so God bless you.

Ever your affectionate FATHER.

ENDLESS RAILS.

The idea of making a train lay down and take up its own rails as it moves along is not a new one, but an interesting realization of it is now to be witnessed (as we learn from *La Nature*) in the Jardin des Tuileries, Paris. The system is that of Clement Ader. The rails on either side of the carriages consist of a series of jointed pieces of rail with flat supporting pieces ; they enclose the system of wheels, passing down over the front and up over the hind wheels, and all the wheels have two flanges to prevent any derailment. In front the chains of rail are guided by two distributing wheels, which are governed by the traction, so that, on pulling obliquely, right or left, the endless way automatically follows the same direction. At the end of the train, again, are two taking-up wheels, provided with a differential motion to meet the difficulty of going in curves, which involves an extending of the rail on one side and contraction of that on the other, so that, whenever the curve (to six or seven metres' radius) the way is regularly put down, and lifted. From the mechanical point of view, one is struck with the smallness of the force required to move a train thus arranged. In the Jardin des Tuileries the train consists of three carriages, capable of containing in all 30 children, and often full. These are drawn by two goats, which work thus for seven hours. The total load is about 1,000 kilogrammes. To draw a like weight in three carriages on ordinary roads would require a dozen goats, four for each vehicle (this is the number harnessed to the small carriages for children in the Champs Elysees). The economy of carriage, then, is incontestable. The normal speed is four to six kilometres per hour. The system is, of course, not designed for passenger traffic but for goods, and in many places with bad roads or none might be very serviceable.

THEIR RECONCILIATION.

As Imagined by a Newspaper Aborigine of the Far Wild West.

(From the Kansas City Times.)

The Spragues and Conklings have made up, and the reconciliation was duly celebrated last week with all the pomp and ceremony of a formal dinner at the charming Kate Sprague's residence where Roscoe's wife was made a great deal of. We can imagine some such conversation as this :

Kate—Why, my dear Mrs. Conkling, how do you do ? It's been ever so long since I last saw you and Roscoe. Do take off your things. (They kiss.)

Mrs. Conk—Yes, it's been a long time, sure enough. I was dreadful sorry I couldn't go with Roscoe when he visited you last summer, but the dear boy was afraid I was not strong enough to bear the excitement. I heard you had a very lively season.

Kate—Perfectly delightful. I was so sorry Roscoe couldn't stay longer, but he seemed anxious to get back to New York. Husband went down to the depot to see him off.

Mrs. Conk—Yes, now that I come to think of it, I believe I heard something about it at the time.

Kate—Oh, yes ; my husband thinks a great deal of Roscoe. He was very angry when Roscoe went away. He spoke about him very frequently after he left. The Professor and he were deep admirers of Roscoe.

Mrs. Conk—The Professor.

Kate—Yes ; Prof. Link, our music teacher. He was—

Mrs. Conk.—Now, look here, Kate Sprague, I'll stand anything but that German Professor dodge ; but that's just too awful thin ! Professor, indeed ? Do you suppose that I don't see through that game ? Do you suppose I've been married to Roscoe Conkling all these years not to have found him out ? Oh, you horrid, fat, deceitful thing ! Oh, you—, etc.

NIAGARA FALLS PARK.

Authorizing the Ontario Government to Proceed in the Matter.

A few months ago a conference took place between Commissioners from Ontario and the State of New York with respect to the proposed erection of the locality about Niagara Falls into a sort of International Park. As the result of that conference definite action is likely to be taken by the government of New York, and the following is the substance of a bill which has been introduced into the Legislative Assembly here by the Attorney-General ;—

The preamble states the desirability felt by the authorities of the State of New York and of Ontario of restoring the scenery surrounding the Falls to its natural condition, and of making strenuous endeavors to prevent deterioration, as well as to afford to travelers and others facilities for seeing the different points of interest to the best advantage. For the gradual accomplishment of these purposes the Bill gives authority to the Minister of Public Works to acquire and take possession of any lands, streams, fences or walks, which he may deem expedient, and for the acquiring of such lands and appurtenances the Minister is empowered to contract with the owners thereof, being invested with the powers of the Commissioner of Public Works for the purchase of such lands. Any disputes arising out of the purchase of lands under this Act shall be settled by the arbitrators appointed under the provisions of the Public Works Act, 31 Vic.

Section 6 provides for the absolute purchase of the lands for the compensation agreed upon or settled by the arbitrators, subject to no claim or encumbrance to be payable out of the compensation money paid by the Minister of Public Works.

Section 7 gives the Minister the right to abandon any proposed purchase within six months after the arbitrators' award has been made, but paying to the owner any reasonable charges incurred in the proceedings.

It will be seen from this that this darling project of the Earl of Dufferin has now some chance of being ultimately carried out.

GLEN COVE'S SINGING HEN.

(From the Glen Cove Gazette.)

Glen Cove goes to the front with the "boss hen," not a mere ordinary egg laying hen, but a singing hen, a hen that sings "Hold the Fort" with all the unction of a widow Van Cott at a camp meeting. This biped is the pet of a young lady of this village. She has taught the hen to accompany her as she sings the hymn, and the pullet does it with a vim, a gravity and propriety creditable to poultry nature. She has only to start the melody and the pullet joins in and sings along with her to the end, following the scale and minding the rests in a way that would delight the most exacting choir-master ; and what is more and to the hen's credit, she doesn't giggle during the rehearsal, nor flirt, nor eat peanuts or candy, nor munch chewing gum, nor get in a huff, nor manifest any other of the usual and soul-harrowing [illegible] of musical genius. As a matter of [illegible] Glen Cove's singing hen is [illegible]

AN IMPORTANT "AD."

[Respectfully dedicated to George D. Green, late of Hamilton.]

WANTED—By the Upper Tendom of San Francisco, California, half a dozen young British noblemen for kettledrums, teas, musical parties and hotel receptions. As said Tendom has been recently victimized by a Canadian drummer in the guise of an English baronet, none but well-indorsed parties need apply. To those bringing proper certificates board and lodging free.—*London Times.*

Younger sons, noblemen, handsome and penniless,
Sparring for grub through the fair British Isles,
Here is a chance for you. Rake up a "ten" or less,
To pay your way hither, where kind Fortune smiles
On all aristocracy. Title will carry you
Straight to Nob Hill, and papas will advise
Well-proportioned daughters to flirt with and marry you.
Pack your portmanteaus, make haste and be wise.

Here is your outfit : A gray suit, a wide-awake,
Some muttonchop whiskers, an agonized drawl ;
If you can manage it you'd better try and take
A valet along to discourse of the "Hall."
The ancestral mansion, the 'ounds and the 'orses,
Lady This and Lord That, to the slaveys out here ;
Master with man in this free land discourses—
So be sure all will reach the fair millionaire's ear.

Do not be courteous. It is not the fashion
Of the nobles who visit this Western town ;
Dine in your Scotch tweed ; and, if you would mash 'em
Beyond all recovery, act like a clown.
Wear number twelve boots—the custom's traditional—
Eschew all white linen, and do not forget
Two things that are sternly, strictly conditional—
Your cigar is a "weed" and your whiskey a "wet."

Follow these rules and your fortune's before you.
Let the wornout monarchies totter alone ;
The maids of Nob Hill will not fail to adore you,
Nor to envy the heiress that calls you her own.
One thing be careful of—hear me admonish,
Or else you will have but your trip for your pains—
While big boots and valet and whiskers you furnish,
For God's sake, don't startle us out here with brains !

—*D O'C., in San Francisco Exchange.*

A LEGEND OF SAMMTSTADT.

It was the sacred hour of noon at Sammtstadt. Everybody was at dinner, and the serious *Kellner* of "Der wilde Mann" glanced in mild reproach at Mr. James Clinch, who, disregarding that fact and the inviting *table d'hote*, stepped into the street. For Mr. Clinch had eaten a late breakfast at Kempen, was dyspeptic and American, and moreover preoccupied with business. He was consequently indignant on entering the garden-like court and cloister-like counting house of Von Becherat, Sons and cousins, to find the *Comptoir* deserted even by the *portier*, and was furious at the maid servant who offered the sacred shibboleth, "*Mittagessen*," as a reasonable explanation of the solitude. "A country," said Mr. Clinch to himself, "that stops business at midday to go to dinner, and employs women servants to answer the calls of business men, is played out."

He stepped from the silent building into the equally silent Kronprinzen strasse. Not a soul to be seen anywhere ! Rows on rows of two storied, gray-stuccoed buildings that might be dwellings or might be offices, all showing some traces of feminine taste and supervision in a flower or a curtain that belied the legended "*Comptoir*" or "Direction" over their portals. Mr. Clinch thought of Boston and old State street, of New York and Wall street, and became coldly contemptuous.

Still, there was nothing to do but to walk down the formal rows of chestnuts that lined the broad avenue, and then walk back again. At the corner of the first cross street he was struck with the fact that two men who were standing in front of a dwelling house appeared to be as inconsistent and as out of proportion to the silent houses as the actors on the stage were to the painted canvas thoroughfares before which they soliloquized. Mr. Clinch usually had no fancies, had no eye for quaintness ; besides, this was not a quaint or romantic district—only an *entrepot* for silks and velvets, and Mr. Clinch was here, not as a tourist, but as a purchaser. The guide books had ignored Sammtstadt, and he was too good an American to waste time in hunting up uncatalogued curiosities. Besides, he had been here once before—an entire day !

One o'clock ! Still a full hour and a half before his friend would return. What should he do ? The club where he had once been entertained was deserted even by its waiters ; the garden, with its ostentatious out-of-doors tables, looked bleak and bare. Mr. Clinch was not fastidious, but even he was quick to detect the affront put upon Nature by this continental, theatrical gardening, and turned hastily away. Born near a lake larger than the German Ocean, he resented a pool of water twenty-five feet in diameter under that alluring title ; and a frequenter of the Adirondacks, he could scarce contain himself over a bit of rockwork twelve feet high. "A country," said Mr. Clinch, "that —" but here he remembered that he had seen, in a park of his native city, an imitation of the *Drachenfels* on a scale of three inches to the foot ; and he checked his speech.

He turned into the principal *allee* of the town. There was a long white building at one end—the *Bahnhof* ; at the other end he remembered a dye house. He had, a year ago, met its hospitable proprietor. He would call upon him now.

But the same solitude confronted him as he passed the porter's lodge beside the gateway. The counting house, half villa, half factory, must have convoked its humanity in some out-of-the-way *refectory*, for the halls and passages were tenantless. For the first time he began to be impressed with a certain foreign quaintness in the surroundings ; he found himself also recalling something he had read when a boy about an enchanted palace, whose inhabitants awoke on the arrival of a long predestined prince. To assure himself of the absolute ridiculousness of this fancy, he took from his pocket the business card of its proprietor, a sample of dye, and recalled his own personality in a letter of credit. Having dismissed this idea from his mind he lounged on again through a rustic lane that might have led to a farm house, yet was still absurdly enough a part of the factory grounds. Crossing a ditch by a causeway, he presently came to another ditch and another causeway, and then found himself idly contemplating a massive, ivy-clad, venerable brick wall. As a mere wall it might not have attracted his attention, but it seemed to enter and bury itself at right angles in the side wall of a quite modern-looking dwelling. After satisfying himself of this fact, he passed on before the dwelling, but was amazed to see the wall reappear on the other side—exactly the same—old, ivy-grown, sturdy, uncompromising, and ridiculous. Could it actually be a part of the house ? He turned back and repassed the front of the dwelling. The entrance door was hospitably open. There was a hall and a staircase, but—by all that was preposterous !—they were built over and around the central brick intrusion. The wall actually ran through the house ! "A country," said Mr. Clinch to himself, "where they build their houses over ruins to accommodate them, or save the trouble of removal, is——" but a very pleasant voice, addressing him, here estopped his usual hasty conclusion.

"Guten Morgen."

Mr. Clinch looked hastily up. Leaning over the parapet of what appeared to be a garden on the roof of the house was a young girl, red checked, bright-eyed, blonde haired. The voice was soft and pleasing. It was part of the new impression he was receiving that it was certainly unlike a majority of his fair countrywomen. In a vague, illogical way he, in some fashion, connected it with the ivy-clad wall before him. His hat was in his hand as he answered, "Guten Morgen."

Was the Herr seeking anything ?

The Herr was only awaiting a long-time-coming friend, and had strayed here to speak with the before-known proprietor.

So ? But the before-known proprietor sleeping well at present, after dinner, would the Herr wait for him on the terrace ?

The Herr would, but looked around in vain for the means to do it. He was thinking of a scaling ladder, when the young woman reappeared at the open door, and bade him enter. Following his youthful hostess, Mr. Clinch ascended the staircase, but, passing the mysterious wall, could not forbear an allusion to it.

"It is old—very old," replied his companion. "It was here when I [illegible]."

"That was not very long ago," said Mr. Clinch, gallantly.

"No. But my grandfather found it here, too."

"And built it over ?"

"Why not ? It is very, very hard, and so thick."

Mr. Clinch here explained, with masculine superiority, the existence of such modern agents as nitro-glycerine and dynamite, persuasive in their effects upon time-honored obstructions and encumbrances.

"But there was not then what you call nitro-glycerine."

"But since then ?"

The young girl gazed at him with surprise. "My great-grandfather did not take it away when he built the house. Why should we ?"

"Oh !"

They had passed through a hall and dining-room, and suddenly stepped out of a window upon a gravelled terrace. From this a few stone steps descended to another terrace, on which trees and shrubs were growing, and yet, looking over the parapet, Mr. Clinch could see the road some twenty feet below. It was nearly on a level with, and part of the second story of the house. Had an earthquake lifted the adjacent ground, or had the house burrowed into a hill ? Mr. Clinch turned to his companion, who was standing close beside him, breathing quite audibly, and leaving an impression on his senses as of a gentle and fragrant heifer.

"How was all this done ?"

The maiden shrugged his shoulders. "It was always so. I can't say."

Mr. Clinch reascended the steps. He had quite forgotten his impatience. Possibly it was the gentle, equable calm of the girl, who, but for her ready color, did not seem to be stirred at anything ; perhaps it was the peaceful repose of this mausoleum of the dead and forgotten wall that subdued him ; but he was quite willing to take the old-fashioned chair on the terrace which she offered him, and follow her movements with interested eyes, as, from a mysterious closet in the wall, she drew out certain glasses and bottles. Mr. Clinch had the weakness of a majority of his sex in believing that he was a good judge of wine and women. The latter, as shown, in the specimen before him, he would have invoiced as a fair sample of the middle-class German woman, healthy, comfort-loving, home-abiding, the very genius of domesticity—with the future wholesome matron forecast in all her virgin outlines, from the curves of her broad hips to the lines of her back and shoulders. Of the wine he was to judge later. That required an even more deliberate and unimpassioned intellect.

She placed two bottles before him on the table. One, the traditional long-necked, amber-colored *Rheinflasche* ; the other an odd, quaint, discolored, amphoral-patterned glass jug. The first she opened.

"This," she explained, pointing to the other, "is only to look at."

Mr. Clinch first paid his respects to the opened bottle—a better quality of Rudesheimer. With his intellect thus clarified, he glanced at the other.

"It is from my great-grandfather. It is old as the wall."

Mr. Clinch examined the bottle attentively. It had no cork ; formed of some obsolete, almost opaque glass, its twisted neck was apparently hermetically sealed by the same material. The maiden smiled as she said, "It cannot be opened now without breaking the bottle. It not good luck to break glass. My great-grand-father and my father would not."

Mr. Clinch again examined it. The neck was flattened toward the mouth, but, on closer inspection, he became satisfied that it was closed by some equally hard cement, but not by glass.

"If I can open it without breaking the bottle, have I your permission ?"

An interested, half mischievous glance came in the maiden's eye. She colored as she replied, "I shall not object ; but for what will you do it ?"

"To taste it."

"You are not afraid ?" asked the maiden.

There was just enough evident admiration of Mr. Clinch's audacity in the girl's manner to spur him on to any risk. He replied by taking from his pocket a small steel instrument. Holding the neck of the flask firmly in one hand, he passed his thumb and the steel twice or thrice around it, near its mouth. A faint rasping, scratching sound was all the wondering maiden heard. Then with a sudden, dexterous twist of his thumb and finger, to her utter astonishment he laid the top of the neck—neatly cut off—in her hand.

"There's a better and more modern bottle than you had before," he said, pointing to the clear-divided neck, "and any cork will fit it now."

But the girl only regarded him with a slight degree of anxiety. "And you still wish to taste the wine ?"

"With your permission."

He looked up in her eyes. There was permission ; there was something more that was flattering to his vanity. He took a wine glass, and slowly and in silence filled it from the flask.

The wine fell into it, clearly, transparently, heavily, but still and cold as death. There was no sparkle, no cheap ebullition, no evanescent bubble ! Yet it was so clear that but for its faint amber tinting the glass seemed empty. There no aroma ; no ethereal diffusion from its equable surface. Perhaps it was fancy perhaps it was from nervous excitement, but a slight chill seemed to radiate from the still goblet and bring down the temperature of the terrace. Mr. Clinch and his companion both shivered.

But only for a moment. Mr. Clinch raised the glass to his lips. As he did so, he remembered seeing distinctly, as in a picture before him, the sunlit terrace, the pretty girl in the foreground, an amused and interested spectator of his sacrilegious act ; the outlying ivy-crowned wall, the grass-covered ditch, the tall factory chimneys rising above the chestnuts, and the distant poplars that marked the Rhine.

The wine was delicious. Perhaps a trifle, only a trifle heady. Mr. Clinch was conscious of a certain exaltation. There was, too, a half smile upon the girl's lip, and a roguish twinkle in her eye as she looked at him. Archness was certainly becoming to her.

"Do you find the wine good ?" she asked.

"Fair enough, I warrant," said Mr. Clinch, gravely, "but methinks 'tis nothing compared with the nectar that grows upon those rosy lips. Nay, by St. Ursula, I swear it."

Scarcely had the unfortunate man uttered this solemnly ridiculous speech than he was convinced of its absurdity. He would have given to recall it. He knew he must be intoxicated. That the sentiment language were utterly unlike him, and insulting to the girl he was miserably aware ; that he did not even know exactly what he meant, he was also hopeless conscious of. Yet feeling all this, feeling, too, the shame of appearing before her as a man who had lost his senses through a single glass of wine, nevertheless he rose awkwardly, seized her hand, and through sheer force drew her toward him and kissed her. With an exclamation that was half a laugh and half a cry, she fled from him, leaving him staggering alone on the terrace.

For a moment, Mr. Clinch supported himself against the window, leaning his throbbing head on the cold glass. Shame, mortification, a hysterical, half consciousness of his ridiculousness, and yet a strange, undefined fright through all, by turns possessed him. Was he ever before guilty of such perfect idiocy ? Had he ever before succumbed in this way ? Was it possible that he, Mr. James Clinch, the coolest head at a supper party, he the American who had drunk Frenchmen and Englishmen under the table, could be transformed into a sentimental, high-flown idiot by a single glass of wine ? He was conscious, too, of asking himself these very questions in a stilted sort of rhetoric, and of a rising brutality of anger that he could with difficulty repress. Suddenly everything swam before him, and he seemed to lose all consciousness.

But only for a moment. The next instant, with a strong effort of his will, he seemed to recall himself, his situation, his surroundings and above all, his appointment. He hurriedly descended the terrace steps, and before he well knew how, found himself again on the road. Once there his faculties returned in full vigor, he was himself. He strode briskly forward toward the [illegible] he had crossed only a few [illegible] before, but was suddenly stopped. It was filled with water ! He looked up and down ; it was clearly the same ditch, but a flowing stream, thirty feet wide, now separated him from the other bank.

The appearance of this unlooked-for obstacle made Mr. Clinch doubt the complete return of his reason. He accordingly stepped to the brink to bathe his head in the stream and wash away the last vestiges of his potations. But as he approached the placid depths and knelt down, he again started back, and this time with a full conviction of his own madness. For reflected from its mirror-like surface was a figure he could scarcely call his own, although here and there some traces of his former self still lingered.

His close-cropped hair, trimmed *a la mode*, had given way to long curling locks that dropped upon his shoulders. His wet moustache was frightfully prolonged, and curled up at the end stiffly ; his Piccadilly collar had changed shape and texture, and reached a mass of lace to a point midway of his breast. His boots—why had he not noticed his boots before ? These triumphs of his Parisian boot-maker were changed to hideous leathern cases that reached half way up his thigh. In place of his formal high silk hat, there lay upon the ground beside him the awful thing he had just taken off, a mass of thickened felt, flap feathers and buckle, that weighed at least a stone.

A single terrible idea now took possession of him. He had been done, taken in, sold, frightfully. He saw it all. In a state of intoxication he had lost his way, had been dragged into some vile den, stripped of his clothes and valuables, and turned adrift upon the quiet town in this shameful masquerade. How should he keep his appointment ? How should he see that the police were duly informed of this outrage upon a stranger and an American ? How to establish his identity ? Had they spared his papers ? He felt feverishly in his breast—ah ! his watch ? Yes, a watch, heavy, jewelled, enamelled ; and, by all that was ridiculous, five others ! He ran his hands into his capacious trunk hose. What was this ? Brooches, chains, diamond crosses, finger rings, one large Episcopal one, earrings and a handful of battened gold and silver coins. His papers, his memorandums, his passport, all proofs of his identity, were gone ! In their place was the unmistakable *omnium gatherum* of some accomplished knight of the road. Not only was his personality, but his character gone forever !

It was a part of Mr. Clinch's singular experience that this last stroke of ill-fortune seemed to revive in him something of the brutal instinct he felt a moment before. He turned angrily about, with the intention of calling some one, the first person he met, to account. But the house that he had just quitted was gone ! The wall ! Ah ! there it was—no longer purposeless, intensive and ivy-clad, but part of the buttress of another massive wall that rose into battlements above him. Mr. Clinch turned again, hopelessly, toward Sammtstadt ; there was the fringe of poplars on the Rhine ; there were the outlying fields, lit by the same meridian sun ; but the characteristic chimneys of Sammtstadt were gone. Mr. Clinch was hopelessly lost !

The sound of a horn, breaking the stillness, recalled his senses. He now, for the first time perceived that a little distance below him, partly hidden in the trees, was a queer, tower-shaped structure, with chains and pulleys, that in some strange way recalled his boyish reading. A drawbridge and portcullis ! And in the battlement a figure in a masquerading dress, as absurd as his own, flourishing a banner and trumpet, and trying to attract his attention.

"Was wollen Sie ?"

"I want to see the proprietor," said Mr. Clinch, choking back his rage.

There was a pause, and the figure turned apparently to consult with some one behind the battlements. After a moment he reappeared, and in a perfunctory monotone, with an occasional breathing spell on the trumpet, began :

"You do give warrantee as a good knight and true, as well as by the bones of the blessed St. Ursula, that you bear no ill will, secret enmity, wicked misprise or conspiracy against the body of our noble lord and master, von Kolnische ? And you bring with you no ambush, seige, or surprise of retainers, neither secret warrant nor *lettres de cachet*, nor carry on your knightly person poisoned dagger, magic ring, witch powders, nor enchanted bullets, and that you have entered into no unhallowed alliance with the Prince of darkness, gnomes, pixies, dragons, Undines, Loreleis, nor the like ?"

"Come down out of that, you d——d old fool," roared Mr. Clinch, now perfectly beside himself with rage. "Come down and let me in !"

"In an instant confused cries of recognition and joy, not unmixed with some consternation, rose from the battlements. "Ach Gott !" "Mutter Gottes !" "It is he !" "It is Jann, der Wandered !" "It is himself !" came back to his puzzled ear. The chains rattled, the ponderous drawbridge creaked and dropped, and across it a medley of mottled figures rushed pell mell. But foremost among them, the very maiden he had left not ten minutes before, flew into his arms, and with a cry of joyful greeting sank upon his breast. Mr. Clinch looked down upon the fair head and long braids. It certainly was the same maiden, his cruel enchantress, but where did she get those absurd garments ?

"Willkommen," said a stout figure advancing with some authority and seizing his disengaged hand ; "where hast thou been so long ?"

Mr. Clinch, by no means placated, coldly dropped the extended hand. It was not the proprietor he had known. But there was a singular resemblance in his face to some one of Mr. Clinch's own kin—but who it was, he could not remember. "May I take the liberty of asking for your name ?" he asked coldly.

The figure grinned. "Surely ! But if thou standest upon *punctilio*, it is for me to ask thine, most noble *Freiherr*," said he, winking upon his retainers. "Whom have I the honor of entertaining ?"

"My name is Clinch—James Clinch of Chicago, Illinois."

A shout of laughter followed. In the midst of his rage and mortification Mr. Clinch fancied he saw a shade of pain and annoyance flit across the face of the maiden. He was puzzled, but pressed her hand, in spite of his late experience, reassuringly. She made a gesture of silence to him, and then slipped away in the crowd.

"Shames Klinsche von Sche-kargo," mimicked the figure, to the unspeakable delight of his retainers. "So ! *That* is the latest French style. Holy St. Ursula ! Holy St. Ursula ! Hark ye, nephew ! I am not a travelled man. Since the Crusades we simple Rhine gentleman have stayed at home. But *I* call myself Kolnische of Koln, at your service."

"Very likely you are right," said Mr. Clinch, hotly disregarding the previous caution of his fair companion ; "but whoever you are, *I* am a stranger, entitled to protection. I have been robbed."

If Mr. Clinch had uttered an exquisite joke instead of a very angry statement, it could not have been more hilariously received. He paused, grew confused, and then went on, hesitatingly.

"In place of my papers and credentials I find only these," and he produced the jewelry from his pocket.

Another shout of laughter and clapping of hands followed this second speech, and the Baron, with a wink at his retainers, prolonged the general mirth by saying, "By the mass, nephew, there is little doubt but there has been robbery somewhere."

"It was done," continued Mr. Clinch, hurrying to make an end of his explanation, "while I was inadvertently overcome by liquor—drugged liquor."

The laughter here was so uproarious that the Baron, affected with tears of laughter in his one eye, made a peremptory gesture of silence. The gesture was peculiar to the Baron, efficacious and simple. It consisted [illegible] in knocking down the nearest laugher. Having thus restored tranquillity he strode forward and took Mr. Clinch by the hand. "By St. Adolph, I did doubt thee a moment ago, nephew, but this last frank confession of thine shows me I did thee wrong. Willkommen [illegible] Well-[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Clinch [illegible] hand of his alleged uncle and permitted himself to be led into the castle. They passed into a large banqueting hall, adorned with armor and implements of the chase. Mr. Clinch could not help noticing that, although all the appointments were liberal and picturesque, the ventilation was bad, and the smoke of the huge chimney made the air murky. The oaken tables, massive in carving and rich in color, were unmistakably greasy, and Mr Clinch slipped on a piece of meat that one of the dozen half-wild dogs who were occupying the room was tearing on the floor. The dog, yelping, ran between the legs of a retainer, precipitating him upon the Baron, who instantly, with the "equal foot" of fate, kicked him and the dog into a corner.

"And whence came you last ?" asked the Baron, disregarding this little *contretemps*, and throwing himself heavily on an oaken settee, while he pushed a queer uncomfortable-looking stool, with legs like a Siamese-twin connected double X towards his companion.

Mr. Clinch, who had quite given himself up to fate, answered, mechanically, "Paris."

The Baron winked his eye with unalterable elderly wickedness. "Ach Gott, it is nothing to what it was when I was your age. Ah, there was Manon, *Sieur* Manon we used to call her, I suppose she is getting old now. How goes on the feud between the students and the citizens—Eh ? Did you go to the *bal* in la Cite ?"

Mr. Clinch stopped the flow of the justice-shallow-like reminiscences by an uneasy exclamation. He was thinking of the maiden who had disappeared so suddenly. The Baron misinterpreted his nervousness. "What, ho ! within there, Max, Wolfgang, lazy rascals ! Bring some wine."

At the baleful word Mr. Clinch started to his feet. "Not for me ! Bring me none of your body-and-soul-destroying poison ! I've enough of it !"

The Baron stared ; the three servitors stared also.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Clinch recalling himself slowly, "but I fear the Rhine wine does not agree with me."

The Baron grinned. Perceiving, however, that the three servitors grinned also, he kicked two of them into obscurity and felled the third to the floor with his fist. "Hark ye, nephew," he said, turning to the astonished Clinch, "give over this nonsense. By the mitre of Bishop Hato, thou art as big a fool as he !"

"Hato ?" repeated Clinch mechanically, "what he of the Mouse Tower."

"Aye, of the Mouse Tower," sneered the Baron. "Oh, I see you know the story."

"Why, am I like him ?" asked Mr. Clinch in amazement.

The Baron grinned. "He punished the Rhenish wine as thou dost, without judgment. He had——"

"The jim jams," said Mr. Clinch, mechanically again.

The Baron stared. "I know not what thou meanest by 'jim-jams,' but he had, like thee, the wildest fantasies and imaginings. Saw snakes, toads, rats—in his boots. But principally rats. Said they pursued him. Came in his room, his bed, ach Gott !"

"Oh," said Mr. Clinch, with a sudden return to his former self and his native inquiring habits. "Then that is the fact about Bishop Hatto of the story ?"

"His enemies made it the subject of a vile slander against an old friend of mine," said the Baron, "and those cursed poets who believe everything, and then persuade others to do so—may the devil fly away with them—kept it up."

Here were facts quite to Mr. Clinch's skeptical mind. He forgot himself and his surroundings

"And that story of the Drachenfels ?" he asked, insinuatingly. "The dragon, you know. Was he, too——"

The Baron grinned. "A boar transformed by the drunken brains of the *Bauers* of the Siebengebirge. Ach Gott. Ottefried had many a hearty laugh over it, and it did him, as thou knowest, good service with the nervous mother of the silly maiden."

"And the seven sisters of Schonberg ?" asked Mr. Clinch, persuasively.

"Schonberg ? 'Seven sisters ?' What of them ?" demanded the Baron, sharply.

"Why, you know—the—maidens who were so coy to their suitors, and—don't you remember ?—jumped into the Rhine to avoid them."

"Coy ? Jumped into the Rhine to avoid suitors ?" roared the Baron purple, with rage. "Harkee, nephew, I like not this kind of jesting. Thou knowest I married one of the Schonberg girls, as did thy father. How coy they were is neither here nor there, but mayhap we might tell another story. Thy father—as weak a fellow as thou art when a petticoat is concerned, could not, as a gentleman, do other than he did—and this is his reward ! Ach Gott, 'Coy.' And so I warrant this is the way the story is delivered in Paris ?"

Mr. Clinch would have answered that this was the way he read it in a guide book, but checked himself at the hopelessness of the explanation. Besides he was on the eve of historic information—he was, as it were, interviewing the past, and whether he ever would be able or not to profit by the opportunity, he could not bear to lose it. "And now about the Lorelei ?—is she too a fiction ?" he asked glibly.

"It was said," observed the Baron sardonically, "that when thou disappeared with the housekeeper's daughter at Waldeck—heaven knows where !—thou wast swallowed up in a whirlpool with some creature. Ach Gott ! I believe it. But a truce to this balderdash. And thou wantest to know of the 'coy' sisters of Schonberg ! Hark ye, Jann, that cousin of thine is a Schonberg. Call you her 'coy ?' Did I not see thy greeting ? Eh ! By St. Adolph ! knowing thee as she does to be robber and thief, call you her greeting 'coy ?'"

Furious as Mr. Clinch inwardly grew under these epithets, he felt that his explanation hardly relieved the maiden from deceit or himself from weakness. But out of his very perplexity and travail a bright idea was born. He turned to the Baron.

"Then you have no faith in the Rhine legends ?"

The Baron only replied with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders.

"But what if I told you a new one ?"

"You ?"

"Yes, out of my own experience."

The Baron was curious. It was early in the afternoon, just after dinner. He might be worse bored.

"Oh, I see. The old trick ! Well, call the jade ; but mark ye, Sir Nephew, no enchanted maidens and knights. Keep to thyself, be as thou art, the wandering vagabond and knight of the road. What, ho, there, Max, Wolfgang ; call the Lady Wilhelmina."

It was the first time Mr. Clinch had heard his fair friend's name. It was not the first time he had seen her, as the very decided wink the gentle creature gave him testified. But with hands lightly clasped, and downcast eyes, she modestly stood before him.

Mr. Clinch began. Without heeding the Baron's scornful eyes, he graphically described his assent to an invitation from a Lorelei and his descent into a whirlpool of the Rhine, some ten years before. "I am free to confess," added Mr. Clinch, with an appealing glance to Wilhelmina, "that I was not attracted by the graces of the lady, but only by my desire to visit unknown regions. I was burning with a desire to travel and acc—"

"Paris," interrupted the Baron, sarcastically.

"America," continued Mr. Clinch.

"What ?"

"America."

"Yes, a gnome-like sounding name—this Meriker. Go on, nephew. Tell me of Meriker."

With the characteristic fluency of his nation, Mr. Clinch described his landing on those enchanted shores, via the Rhine whirlpool and Hell Gate, East River, New York. He described the railways, tramways, telegraphs, hotels, phonograph and telephone. An occasional oath broke from the Baron, but he listened attentively, and in a few moments Mr. Clinch, continuing, had the satisfaction of seeing the vast hall slowly filling with open-mouthed retainers, hanging upon his words. Mr. Clinch went on to describe his astonishment at meeting on those very shores some of his own blood and kin. "In fact," said Mr. Clinch, "you were a poor calling [illegible] themselves 'Clinch,' but all claiming to have descended from Kolnische."

"But how ?" sneered the Baron.

"Through James Kolnische and Wilhelmina, his wife," returned Mr. Clinch, boldly. "They emigrated from Koln and Crefeld to Philapelphia, where there is a quarter named Crefeld. Mr. Clinch felt himself shaky as to his chronology, but wisely remembered that it was a chronology of the future to his hearers, and they could not detect any anachronism. With his eyes fixed on those of the gentle Wilhelmina, Mr. Clinch now proceeded to describe his return to his fatherland ; but his astonishment at finding the very face of the country changed, and a city standing on those fields he had played in as a boy, and how he had wandered hopelessly on, until he had at last sat wearily down in a humble cottage built on the ruins of a lordly castle.

"So utterly travel-worn and weak had I become," said Mr. Clinch, with admirable simulated pathos, "that a single glass of wine offered me by the simple cottage maiden affected me like a prolonged debauch." A long-drawn snore was all that followed this affecting climax. The Baron was asleep. The retainers were also asleep. Only one pair of eyes remained open, arch, luminous, blue Wilhelmina's !

"There is a subterranean passage below us to Linn. Let us fly ?" she whispered.

"But why ?"

"They always do it in the legends," she answered modestly.

"But your father ?"

"He sleeps. Do you not hear him ?"

Certainly somebody was snoring. But oddly enough, it seemed to be Wilhelmina. Mr. Clinch gently suggested this to her.

"Foolish fellow—it is yourself."

Mr. Clinch, struck with the idea, stopped to consider. She was right. It certainly was himself.

With a struggle he awoke. The sun was shining. The maiden was looking at him. But the castle ?—the castle was gone !

"You have slept well," said the maiden, archly. "Everybody does after dinner at Sammtstadt. Father has just awakened and is coming."

Mr. Clinch stared at the window, at the terrace, at the sky, at the distant chimneys of Sammtstadt, at the more distant Rhine, at the table before him, and finally at the empty glass. The maiden smiled. "Tell me," said Mr. Clinch, looking in her eyes, "is there a secret passage, underground, between this place and the castle of Linn ?"

"An underground passage ?"

"Aye, whence the daughter of the house fled with a stranger knight."

"They say there is," said the maiden, with a gentle blush.

"Can you show it to me ?"

She hesitated. "Papa is coming I'll ask him !"

It is presumed that she did. At least the Herr Consul at Sammtstadt informs me of a marriage certificate issued to one Clinch of Chicago and Kolnische of Sammtstadt, and there is an amusing story extant in the Verein at Sammtstadt of an American *connoisseur* of Rhine wines, who mistook a flask of Cognac and rock candy, "craftily qualified" to dose lower grade wines up to the American standard for the rarest Rudesheimer.

BRET HARTE.

THE BIDDULPH TRAGEDY.

Another Interview with Bill Donnelly.

A report from Lucan on Saturday says :—In an interview with Bill Donnelly to-day our reporter ascertained his views on the interview. The sick man was found in bed at Mr. W. H. Pratt's house, but he was able to sit up and talk, which he did very freely. "In the first place," he said, "I wish to deny the statement that I got up a petition to the Bishop for the removal of Father Connolly. I have hitherto refrained from dragging the name of the bishop or the priest into this affair, but in justice to myself and to them I must do so. After the vigilance committee had searched on my father's premises for Thompson's cow, I wrote a letter to Bishop Walsh, acquainting him with the state of things in the township. I told him of the formation of the Committee, that I understood Father Connolly was at the head of it, and that I was satisfied there were some men on the Committee who wished to end our family ; also that I was not aware that the Catholic Church allowed a sworn party to exist in its midst, and that if he wished to enquire about our character, he could refer to Patrick Nangle, Stephen McCormick, Dennis D'Arcy, Michael Crunnican, J.P., James Keefe and Robert Keefe, men of undoubted respectability, and who declined to become members of the Committee. I also told the Bishop that Father Connolly was present at two or three law-suits against our family, and that I didn't think it a fit place for a clergyman to be. I went so far as to ask him, in the name of God, to do something towards breaking up the organization, or it would end in murder. I never got up a petition for the removal of Father Connolly, and defy anyone to say anything to the contrary. I have no hard feelings against the priest, although at one time I had a misunderstanding with him, which I offered to carry before the Bishop for settlement, saying that if I found I was in the wrong I would lower myself lower than the worm that crawled. The Bishop never answered my letter. He handed it over to Father Connolly, and that was the last I heard of it. It just took five lives to convince them that my prophecy would prove true. There is another fact that the papers do not seem to have got hold of yet, and that is, that nine years ago my father's barn and contents were entirely destroyed by fire. Also in February, 1879, my house in Osborne was broken into by masked men, who, having tied me to the bed, stole $132 from a trunk. So you will see that the Donnellys did not commit all the depredations in the country. It is told by a man who was a member of the Committee that he had to use physical force at one of their meetings to defeat a motion to lynch my brother Tom. The meeting was very stormy and almost came to a fight, but by taking off his coat and holding back two or three of the more violent ones the man managed to restore order and get a majority against the motion. He afterwards left the Committee." Going back to the interview, Bill Donnelly said : "He says our family would not join the Committee. Why, father told me one day he was going to become a member. I advised him to the contrary, as there were three or four men in the Committee who would not scruple at doing anything to injure him. How easy would it have been for them to steal something and hide it on my father's place, where the whole Committee could find it and then send the old man to the penitentiary for robbery. Those are the words that kept him from joining."

THE SMALLEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

The smallest book ever printed since type was first invented is a microscopic edition of Dante's "Divina Commedia" which was on view last year at the Paris Exhibition. The whole volume of 500 pages is only 5 centimetres long by 3½ centimetres wide. Two sheets of paper sufficed to contain all the 14,323 verses of the poem, 30 verses occupying a space of somewhat less than 5 square centimetres. The type with which this curiosity was printed was cast as long ago as 1834, but no complete book had hitherto been turned out in it, the difficulties for compositor and reviser being so enormous that the attempts were given up time after time, no one being able to continue on the work. In 1873 a fresh attempt was made to set up the "Commedia," and some notion of the difficulty experienced may be gathered from the fact that the work occupied no less than five years in its completion. The text is that of Fraticelli, the reader was a certain Signor Luigi Busato, and the compositor Giuseppe Geche. The eyesight of the latter is irretrievably ruined. The writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, from whose article this notice is extracted, states that he is unable to form judgment as to how the corrections were carried out, for even with the best magnifying glass he was unable to follow the text continuously. The edition has been christened "*Le Dantino*," the "Little Dante." A thousand copies of it are to be struck off, and shortly to be put upon the market, after which the type will be at once broken up.

A LONG PRAYER.

How a Session of the Virginia Convention of 1860 Was Opened.

(From the Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle.

We find the following in a Kentucky paper without credit and do not know where it originated. As Gov. Letcher is given as authority for the facts stated, we presume there is foundation for the anecdote, which will be read with interest by everybody who remembers Mr. Southall :

"Gov. Letcher the other day gave an anecdote on the convention of 1860 that must go into print. When Mr. Janney, the president of the convention, was absent, Mr. Valentine Southall, of Albemarle, was always put in the chair. He was indigestively thin and irritable. Janney had been indisposed for a week and the Charlottesville dyspeptic presided. During this time there was no 'opening the session with prayer.' Several delegates complained of the omission. Southall said sharply that it was not his duty to hunt up preachers ; that was the business of the sergeant-at-arms. This officer was Nat. Thompson, of Hanover, a character. Nat. defended himself by alleging that Mr. Janney always attended to getting the parsons, but if Mr. Southall thought that the sergeant always ought to have a preacher on hand, he would to get one. That evening Nat. strolled down Main street in search of a certain 'parsing,' an old acquaintance of Nat. The preacher was off duty and was 'serving tables' by some secular pursuit in Richmond. He was of the hard shell persuasion. Nat. found him and told him of the need of 'a man like him' to lead in prayer at the convention next day. The minister was tickled at the request but hinted that his Sunday suit was rather rusty. Nat. suggested to loan him the proper garments. The hard shell was at Nat's room the next morning, and was duly arrayed in clerical cloths. The two started for the capitol. Nat. remarked, on the route, that the convention had been without any worship for a week, and it was expected that the lost devotions should be made up that morning. The hard shell brother, even in his shortest invocations, never could reach amen under a half hour, and this suggestion of the sergeant fell in with the inclination of of the windy and, as he loved to call himself 'wrestling Jacob.' Mr. Southall's gravel tapped to order exactly at 11. As soon as the parson had struck the regular note, and was beginning to wed his sonnet with 'ver,' Nat. quietly slipped from the hall, locked the door, and went down to the Zetelle's for a lunch, he spent an hour at the restaurant, and slowly returning to the capitol, and finding the hard-shell in full swing, he went down to Rockett's and dined with Dick Haskins, sauntered back about 2 o'clock, and still had a quarter of an hour to sun himself on the capitol steps before the swelling tones of the parson began to taper to the lower key of the conclusion. Nat. unbolted the doors as the prayer ended. It had lasted three hours and a quarter. The convention was far from a devotional frame of mind when the regular business began. Mr. Southall never insisted upon that sergeant-at-arms furnishing ministers any more."

WEDDED AT THE BAR.

Going Into Court to be Tried and Remaining to be Married.

Arthur Kessler and Charles Finn of 21 Carmine street, New York, who were arrested in Jersey City several days ago on suspicion of being sneak thieves, were arraigned before Justice Davis, in Jersey City. Miss Teresa Vance, of 191 Mulberry street, this city, was in the court room, and when the cases were called told Justice Davis that she would like to speak to him. A whispered conversation between the girl and the Justice followed, at the end of which Justice Davis said to the prisoners that Miss Vance had informed him that she was engaged to be married to Kessler, and that he (Kessler) desired to have the ceremony performed in court, promising reformation if the Judge would be lenient. Immediately the throng in the court room became greatly interested in the case, and every eye was fixed upon Kessler, who, with some appearance of bashfulness, stepped up beside the girl who had pleaded for him so well, and said that it was true that he wished to marry her, and to reform.

The proposition met the approval of Justice Davis, and Finn, the companion of Kessler, was given the benefit of the good turn in his fellow prisoner's fortunes. Both men were allowed to withdraw their plea of not guilty to the charge of sneak thieving, and to plead guilty to a charge of being disorderly persons. Miss Vance paid the fines, and then she and Kessler were married by the Justice. Court Officer Quinlan acted as best man, and the bride was given away by Constable O'Neill. The party quitted the court room in a happy mood.

A MEAN STRIKE.

An utterly indefensible printers' strike occurred in St. Paul, Minn., a few days ago. Early in the afternoon an intimation reached the publishers of *The Pioneer Press* that a petition was circulating among the compositors in the news room, asking an increase of pay. An hour later this was followed by the announcement that the men had left their cases and refused to work. An invitation by the foreman to resume work resulted in forty odd marching out of the news room, leaving but five at the cases. After this peremptory action, the petition referred to, which in itself was temperate and respectful, found its way to the office of the business manager, who had had no previous official notice of the trouble or its cause. Somewhat later in the afternoon a committee of the strikers condescended to seek a conference with the business manager, and requested an answer to the petition presented under such extraordinary circumstances. In this and subsequent conferences with the strikers the proprietors found themselves face to face with two difficulties. The demand for increase of pay was complicated by the peremptory action of the compositors in stopping work before their request could be considered—before it had even reached the proprietors. The main question was disposed of by an agreement to give a final answer to the demand for increased pay on the next day but one. The other was met by requiring the men to return to work, and work until the question of pay was decided, or forfeit their positions. After consultation the men refused to do this, and their positions were temporarily filled.

BUTTER MAKING.

The following instruction have been issued in circular form by a leading butter firm in Montreal. We venture to say that if strictly followed they will be found to be of very great service to the butter makers of Canada, and are well worthy of their attention :—The poor tubs that have been used in some parts of the townships the past few years have hurt the sale of the butter. A sawn-stave tub is not fit to keep butter in ; it is too heavy, gets dirty quickly, and cannot possibly be kept clean in shipping. Poor fitting lids, with small sewn rims, are almost worthless, and break up like pipe stems. All tubs should be made from the best wood, split staves (never sawn on any account), and have tight-fitting covers with a broad rim. The proper size is of a tub holding fifty (50) pounds of butter, measured on the outside, with the lid, and fifteen (15) inches. Farmers that will insist on putting their butter into cheap tubs, and expect to sell their butter at a cheap price, the English market is getting very [illegible] about the kind of tubs used. A cool dry cellar to keep your milk in, a cool place to [illegible] in, and a cool place to keep your butter in are all indispensable for good butter making. Remember, the bottom principle of good butter-making is even temperature [illegible] [illegible] place and [illegible] without the above requisites [illegible] system works well with the [illegible] better food and greater care [illegible] to the profits with little cost.

THE POINTS OF TH[illegible]

"You see, boss, dar's a nigger [illegible] way who orter to be tooken car' of," [illegible] old darky to the Captain at the [illegible] tion yesterday. "What's he been doing ?" "Wal, sah, las' fall I lent him my [illegible] when I wanted it back he [illegible] take me dat possumhorn was mine [illegible] an' refused to gib it up." [illegible] odder day I sent de ole woman [illegible] borrowed his bucksaw, an' when [illegible] fur it I told him jist like he [illegible] stood on my dignity." [illegible] "Wal, [illegible] points o' law, didn't I ?" "Yes," [illegible] many pints as de law [illegible] know exactly." "Well, dat's what [illegible] man, fur dat nigger now [illegible] up dis lef' eye fur me, pitched [illegible] after a bar'l an' walked [illegible] my snow-shovel to boot ! [illegible] he mus' hev had sum twenty pin' [illegible] didn't half let himself out !"—[illegible] *Press.*

—Bertie had half a [illegible] whole one unbeknownst. [illegible] whole one and kept the [illegible] being made about his [illegible] [illegible] and kept the [illegible]

C. F. AYLSWORTH, P.L.S. & C. E.,
INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS, Madoc. 1

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

MR. HENDERSON
HAS removed his law office to the rooms over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co.—Entrance—Side door.

G. D. RAWE,
CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D., &c.,
TORONTO.
LICENTIATE of Royal College Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College Surgeons, EDINBURGH.
Office in Victoria Block, Madoc.

J. F. TAYLOR,
SURGEON DENTIST, CAMPBELLFORD, Will visit Madoc, every Saturday.
ROOMS IN MADOC HOUSE, DURHAM ST.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, NOTARY, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc.
OFFICE IN VICTORIA BLOCK.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, BELLEVILLE. MONEY to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

F. G. DUNCAN,
AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 85.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. P. NORTHRUP, M. A.

S. L. NASH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S., and University of Victoria College, Canada.
BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, - STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.
Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., &c. Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B. A. C. W. PETERSON, B. A.

EVANS & BOLGER,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, P. L. S. T. O. BOLGER, P. L. S., C. E. & A.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Moon's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 53

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
—AND—
Commission Agency.
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 95

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 4 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1878.

MONEY! MONEY!
TO FARMERS
Desirous of buying or of improving their farms, or removing
Burdensome Mortgage Encumbrances,
the undersigned offer
EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.
Rate of interest on straight loans from 7½ per cent. On the Endowment [illegible] advantageous terms. Terms and times of payment conveniently arranged. Payments can be made in any month of the year. No commission, utmost expedition and privacy.
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c.,
"O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.
Agents for several Stock Fire and Life Insurance Companies. 134.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MARCH 4, 1880.

MINING NEWS.

The shaft of the Seymour Mine has reached a depth of about seventy-five feet, and while the hanging wall is evidently maintaining the regular slope, the foot wall is almost perpendicular, causing the vein as a matter of course to widen. This, with the high quality of the ore being still maintained, is the most satisfactory thing we could possibly record of this district. With so many iron mines in an embryo state, and many more just about opening, it is highly satisfactory to know that the oldest and most extensively worked mine is not "playing out," but is assuming a character for permanency that promises well for the whole district.—About forty-five men are at work at this mine.

The Dominion Mine is now assuming large proportions, a force of some thirty men being at work. Three openings on the lead have been prospected, and two are being worked vigorously. The prospects are very good; about 200 tons of ore have been raised, and from present appearances a regular supply of from fifty to a hundred tons daily will shortly be produced. Mining at this place, the same as elsewhere, has required considerable capital and perseverance. At least a couple of thousand dollars will have to be expended before the owners can possibly expect any return. Beside this there is the building of roads, platforms, boarding-house, etc. This mine, however, has some peculiar advantages. 1st. They have a vein of 1500 feet, averaging 25 to 45 feet in width. 2nd. There is a continuous descent from the mines to the railway, which is about three and a half miles. 3rd. The iron is of a good quality, free from impurities.

We have also to note a discovery of Hematite on Mr. James Keene's lot in the 14th con. of Huntingdon close by the Railway, and about three fourths of a mile from the Madoc Station. The quality of the sample shown is first-class. The quantity is yet to be ascertained. This property has been secured by Messrs. Pusey and Wood.

Operations at Messrs. Coe, Mitchell & Co.'s Hematite Mine have been considerably delayed lately by water. A new engine house has been erected, and a 15-horse power engine put in, which will be used for the double purpose of hoisting the ore and pumping. About forty men, we believe, are employed.

While on a trip to the northern part of the county a week or two ago, we were presented by Mr. J. B. Cleak with a splendid sample of ore from what is known as the Coulson mine. We have also been shown good specimens of ore from Carlow and Mayo. We have no doubt of there being vast deposits of iron in the back townships, but it is practically useless until a railroad has been built.

At the Gatling Gold Mine operations are being vigorously pushed forward, under the management of Mr. R. P. Rothwell, of New York. Nearly one hundred men are engaged at this mine.

At Bannockburn the new Crusher owned by Mr. Brown has been steadily at work for some weeks past. We have not heard the result of the crushing of the ore from the Maitland and Vanklook Mine, but it will probably be known in a few days.

THE official returns of the vote on the Toronto and Ottawa Railway by-law in Peterboro' gives a majority of 404 in favor of the bonus.

REV. MR. HAMMOND, the great revivalist, concluded his labors in Belleville on Friday last, and left the same day for Montreal, where he will engage in a similar work. Before leaving Belleville he was presented with a purse of $250 as a "thanks-offering" for the good he had done in that city. It is earnestly to be hoped that the results of his good work amongst our neighbors will continue to be felt long after his departure.

Suicide at Canifton.

A Young Man Cuts His Throat.

(From the Ontario.)

On Tuesday morning the people of Canifton were thrown into an unusual state of consternation on learning that a young man named Robert Ferguson, had suicided by cutting his throat with a razor, in his own home. Ferguson arose about 6 o'clock, apparently as well as ever, and after kindling a fire in the cook stove, deliberately took a razor and cut his throat. He fell to the floor, where he was soon after found by his heart-broken wife, who lost no time in sending to the city for Dr. Willson. In the meantime an effort was made to stanch the blood, which was flowing freely from a wound about three inches in length. On Dr. Willson's arrival, he did what he could to save the unfortunate man's life, but as the larynx was severed he found it impossible to do anything for him, and death soon after followed.

The unfortunate man leaves a wife and two children, and no reason for the rash act has been assigned. He was about 30 years of age, temperate in his habits, and bore an excellent character. He was employed in Phippen & Graham's tannery, and owned the house he lived in, and was otherwise comfortably situated, so that it could not have been destitution that caused him to take his life in his own hands. It is said that he yesterday received some news, whether by letter or verbally his wife did not know, that caused a depression of spirits. What that news was is now a mystery.

[The deceased was well known in Madoc. His parents formerly resided here, and now live a short distance from this village. They have the sympathy of the community in this sad bereavement.—ED. REVIEW.]

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

The measles is "raging" in Belleville.

Over $600 has been raised in Belleville by private subscription for the Irish relief fund. It is expected the sum will be raised up to $1,000 yet.

Dr. Boulter has had a bill passed through the Ontario Legislature relieving the village of Stirling of $2,500 back interest on the Grand Junction debentures.

At a late meeting of the Stirling Council a by-law was passed granting a bonus of $500 to Messrs. Tulloch and Haggerty to build a grain elevator in that village.

The Womens' Christian Association of Belleville has opened a soup-kitchen in connection with the "Home." Tickets are supplied free to those unable to purchase them.

The statement made by a writer from Belleville to the Napanee *Beaver*, to the effect that small pox was prevalent in the former place, is denied by the *Free Press*, who says there is not one case of this disease in the city at the present time.

The Campbellford *Herald* has recently undergone a change in the management of its editorial and local matter, both of which are now "made up" on separate pages instead of mixing them together as formerly. It is a decided improvement, friend V.

A class in Calisthenics for ladies has been opened by Mr. E. W. Johnson, athletic instructor of the Belleville Mechanics Institute. It is supposed to be for the benefit of some married ladies who have a mysterious object in view for getting their muscles developed.

The Campbellford *Herald* says a masculine hero of that village, whose fortune or misfortune it is to be married, was arrested and confined one day last week for beating his wife. The case was to have been treated by the magistrate, but previous to the trial, the wife's fond affection for the one who had so cruelly ill-treated her was rekindled afresh, and she entreated and obtained pardon for him.

On Thursday last a young man about 18 years of age named Andrew Fowler, met with a horrible death at McKee's furniture works in Peterborough. He was endeavoring to put a belt over a pully which he had accidentally knocked off, when his clothing caught and he was instantly drawn on the shaft and whirled around until life was extinct. He was terribly mangled by striking against the ceiling.

The Tamworth *Echo* has the following in regard to the mining interests of that locality:—"The interest in the search for metals of every kind still goes on, but the season is much against the work. But the irregularity of the weather throws in a day now and again when men can get about and pick up specimens, some of which are very good. Several parties have put in blasts and obtained good evidences; indeed some samples shown are really excellent. We have no wish to over-rate; in fact we have always, and still advise people not to run wild, which is only another word for ruin. We want every one to assure themselves of whatever minerals they may possess, and get full value for it, but we would be sorry to see any farmer or others building up false hopes to the neglect of their legitimate business, for good common sense should teach every man that mines do not exist in every hill, nor gold or silver or iron in every rock. Nor is every "show" likely to "pan" out well. However, the prospects on the whole are improving every day, and we may expect great excitement all through next summer. After that mining will become a business."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—There has been a heavy thaw here making times very dull, and causing the farmers to have a hard time getting their grain to market, as the roads are nearly all bare.

There was quite an excitement here the other night. A young man starting home with his girl, and being rather shy he there was quite a crowd around, turned the corner too quick and upset the cutter, spilling the lady and himself into a puddle of water. His father being near at hand ran to his assistance, and he was soon able to go on his way rejoicing.

A new store has been started here which has reduced the price of goods considerably.

There is quite an iron excitement here, as this article has been found in the vicinity.

Mr. George, a merchant of this place, has had to draw some of his grain back from the shoreline after taking it a long day's drive from here.

Our fishermen are catching grey trout here that weigh upwards of twelve pounds.

OBSERVER.

Hayesmith, March 1st, 1880.

MARMORA ITEMS.

The Lodge of Good Templars, known as Sunrise Lodge No. 629, I. O. G. T., having become dormant, has seen fit to appropriate what funds remained in the Treasurer's hands to a very good cause, viz., that of dividing them and giving half to each of the new church organs, which have been purchased lately, so you see that our churches are alive to the value and necessity of providing music to aid in the devotions.

I am sorry to say, Mr. Editor, that temperance is at a stand still in Marmora, and the four hotels and one dram shop (that of Bleecker & Son's) stand to-day in defiance to the laws of God, and I may say man, as far as possible, comparatively little being done to stem the great tide of intemperance that is sweeping over our land like a mighty avalanche, bearing before it poor mortals in an unresisting manner, and terminating in death.

The Missionary Meetings here in connection with the Methodist and Anglican Churches have come to an end, and I think the subscriptions on the whole have been above the average.

I am led to wonder at the few marriages that have been celebrated in Marmora this year. I can not say, or pretend to say, how it is. Are our fair young maidens trust their precious selves to any one person for all time to come? Is it on account of the hard times, or is it because Sir John A. and the "National Policy" are in the ascendancy? Remember ladies that this is "leap year," so many of us old batchelors expect to get an opportunity to launch upon the stormy waves of matrimony without having to summon courage enough to make an attempt in this way.

Some of your readers will be gratified to learn that "Captain R. D. Johnson" has been appointed Assessor for this year, so we shall hope that an impartial equalization may be had.

There has lately been two deaths, that of old blind Jack McDowell and Mrs. Thomas Kingston, both old residents, who leave behind them relatives to mourn their loss.

We are all to a great disadvantage on account of the absence of the "beautiful," the snow which should be here to aid in making times less irksome and dreamy.

Valentine's day is past and gone, and there has been a good deal of foolishness indulged in in sending those missives to the fair ones.

Hoping that your paper is still meeting with that success it promised once to have, I am

Yours, &c.,
MORDECAI.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—Notwithstanding what Mr. W. has said, I maintain that one who was present at a meeting is more likely to be able to give a true report of the same than one who is informed by others—not himself being present. I also maintain that Mr. W.'s letter was *brimful of spitefulness towards the Anglican Communion*. To attack every Clergyman present at a meeting for expressions falling from the lips of one sets forth spite of the bitterest kind, and spite against the Clergy is spite against the church, for they are members of the same body. I have always made it a point of saying as little as possible to wound the feelings of others. I do not appeal to Mr. W. to confirm the same, but to those who personally know me and have constantly heard me. In regard to certain doctrines of the Anglican Church—not *my favorite* doctrines, as falsely stated by Mr. W., but the doctrines of the church—I am fully aware they strike at the very root of Mr. W.'s cherished system, and if given attention to would annihilate the same as easily as a six hundred pounder would level down a log shanty. Doubtless the readers of the REVIEW will acquit Mr. W. not on account of innocence of spite, but on account of christian charity.

M. G. P.

Madoc, Feb. 28th, 1880.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

MR. EDITOR,—Yesterday's REVIEW is just to hand, in which I see a letter signed T. B. W., and in which letter it is stated that some members of the English Church congregation, who said they were present at the Missionary meeting held here on 22nd ult., have since sown the seeds of discord, by retailing certain opinions said to have been expressed by one or more of the presiding clergymen. This, Mr. Editor, is the *true meaning* of T. B. W.'s letter, and a man in his position should hesitate to hold such parties, or church adherents, either "respectable" or "trustworthy," who could be guilty of such conduct. There were no churches mentioned but the Presbyterian and Roman Catholic, and what was said was entirely to the credit of both. I was there from the beginning, having gone in with the Ministers, and come out with them, and I emphatically declare this, my statement about the churches is the correct one. Hoping that this will be satisfactory, I may add that there were no Episcopal Church members but myself and a lady friend from a distant city, present on that occasion.

I remain yours truly,
ANNE NORMAN.

Millbridge, Feb. 27th, 1880.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

MR. EDITOR,—I saw some time ago in one of our Canadian city papers an article advocating a certain system of Police. If those in whose power it is to form or organize a rural Police force for this country would but give the matter their serious consideration it would be productive of much real benefit. There are some rumors of establishing a small standing army; this of course would be an expense, but let us have, by all means, what will be of more use and which we cannot very well do without, namely, a number of well disciplined and paid men to help in keeping the peace. Now, from the village of Madoc north for nearly fifty miles we have not even one magistrate,—if I except the few Reeves, one of whom, James McGregor, stands for four townships,—and the Reeves when away at the County Council leave no one in their places to officiate in their stead. At election times the people of the northern townships are told what importance is attached to their support, and that extraordinary things can be done for them in the near future. As yet there has been *nothing* done. It is true a police force will not be needed in the back country as much as in Madoc, but there ought to be a few magistrates appointed at once; afterwards, at no distant day, a body of men as described, to help to maintain order around the village and throughout the mining localities, should be raised. Prevention is better than cure, and oftentimes costs less. Two constables are not enough, neither is it just to thrust them into and exact duties from them which are out of their power. Hoping these few words are sufficient; if not, more will have to be said and done in the matter.

I remain yours, &c.,
A Friend, A. N.

Millbridge, Feb. 25th, 1880.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—Some time ago a young lady of our township received an anonymous letter from Madoc, and to fully let you know of the absurdity of such a thing, I shall send the letter to you in its entireness for publication. The following, I believe, is a correct copy:

Miss ——

MY PRECIOUS ONE,

It is with feelings of the greatest apprehension that I address you upon a subject so dear to me, so closely connected with my most tender feelings. As you are aware I always held you in the highest esteem, always held your name in the most profound respect, "almost reverence," I hope that you will not think it presumptuous of me to thus address you upon such endearing topics that are so closely connected with my very existence. What would I not forfeit to promote your happiness—land, horses, cattle, yes even life itself would I gladly relinquish if I thought it would contribute to your comfort. I received a letter quite recently which I presumed was from yourself, although it was written under an assumed name, in which it was stated that a conversation you held with me on a previous occasion was quite interesting to yourself. At this intelligence I was overjoyed, for to promote your pleasure has always been the sole object of my life, at least since I had the pleasure, honor, and benefit of your most edifying acquaintance. And becoming possessed of the knowledge that some other person (an admirer of yours) was trying to win your favor, trying to make himself of value in your estimation, I received the intelligence with awe. I tremble to think of you falling into the hands of any person that is not worthy of adorable self; but I am rejoiced to be informed that his conversational powers are not equal to mine, that his general behavior does not merit your approval. On all these points I hope, wish and crave that you will satisfy me, for to be kept in doubt as to the bare possibility of I implore you to relieve me of the suspense I have been kept in for a long time past as it is maddening to endure. Hoping that you will think favourable of these things,

I remain,
X. X. X.

Now, Mr. Editor, this is the letter in full, and I trust you will publish it to show your readers that all your young men in Madoc are not gifted with the art of either composing or spelling, and I send this out of regard for the young lady's feelings.

The sentiments expressed in the letter may be true, and had the writer come forward and made bold to them address her, he might not now be the victim of such agonising thoughts as his letter indicates. Now, Mr. Editor, we have some fine young ladies in Marmora, and it's a pity they should be thus imposed upon. However, we shall give the young man a chance to make a full confession in the REVIEW, followed with an apology, as the young lady feels sadly grieved to think that you should have a young man in your village who has been so far led away by love, or is blind madness called love.

Hoping that this may be cleared up that all the efforts of the REVIEW, which tries to keep down anything of this kind, I sincerely sympathize with the young lady whose name I withhold, but will give if necessary.

To the REVIEW I wish every success, and conclude with a wish that its circulation may yet come up to some of the older journals.

Truly yours,
FAIR PLAY.

Marmora, Feb. 28th, 1880.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TEACHER WANTED.

FOR School Section No. 3, Dungannon and Faraday. [illegible] third-class certificate or permit. Duties to commence on April 1st.—Salary $18 per month. Address
[illegible], Secretary,
Bronson P. O.
142-3t

Tenders Wanted

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned until SATURDAY, MARCH 13th, for the furnishing of material and
BUILDING AN ELEVATOR
in the Village of Stirling. Plans and Specifications to be seen at Mr. Faulkner's Office, on and after the 8th inst. Address
TULLOCH & HAGGERTY,
West Huntingdon.
March 2nd, 1880.

New Business.

HAVING purchased the stock and business lately carried on by G. M. Brooks, and having re-fitted up the premises and added a large amount of new stock, I am now prepared to supply the public with
FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES
of all kinds, comprising
Teas, Sugars, Coffees,
SPICES, TOBACCOS,
Canned Fruit of every Variety,
CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS.
Special attention called to our assortment of
CROCKERY & GLASSWARE
which will be found very complete. A choice stock of PURE WHISKIES, from the celebrated firm of Gooderham & Worts, Toronto, also BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, &c., imported direct from the manufacturers.
Farmers' Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for Goods.
Remember the place,—nearly opposite the store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
D. W. WRIGHT.
Madoc, March 2nd, 1880.

DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned as storekeepers, boarding-house keepers, and pedlars, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Neither party to be held responsible for any contracts made by the other after this date.
JAMES SHAW,
JAS. R. SHAW,
Witness,
CHAS. CRAWFORD.
Wollaston, Jan. 28th, 1880. 151

TO BE LET,

LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side [illegible] of the Cashel [illegible] Lots, comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 30 acres cleared, the rest well timbered, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.
Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc.

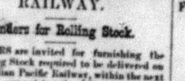
NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of the Township of Madoc will, at their next session, pass a By-law for the opening and establishing of a public road, running from McCoy's Schoolhouse to Eldorado, as follows:—Commencing at the south-east corner of lot 19, in the 7th con., then running between 18 and 19 in the 6th con. 28 rods; then taking a south-westerly course 60 rods; then bearing north-west until striking the line between lots 18 and 19; thence westerly along said line until it intersects the gravel road at Coulin's Hotel.
Said road is to be built on the best site 66 feet wide, not leaving the stakes on either side further that. from one to forty feet, in order to make the road straight.
JOHN R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Mortgage Sale!

—OF—
FREEHOLD PROPERTY.

IN pursuance of a power of sale contained in a mortgage to the Vendor, (which will be produced at the time of sale,) there will be sold by Public Auction, on
Friday, 12th of March, 1880,
At the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at
MOON'S HOTEL,
—IN THE—
VILLAGE OF MADOC.
The following lands and premises, being a portion of lot No. 11, in the 7th concession of the Township of Madoc, more particularly described as follows:—Commencing at a stake planted on the concession line, on the west side of the concession road dividing the 7th and 8th concessions of the said Township, which stake is nearly opposite the road leading east to the Township of Elzevir, in the 8th concession of the Township of Madoc, thence north on the concession line 10 rods to a stake planted, thence west 16 rods to a stake, thence south 10 rods to a stake, thence east 16 rods to the place of beginning, containing one acre, more or less.
Terms Cash. The Vendor reserves the right of one bidding, and will produce only such title deeds as he has in his possession.
For further particulars apply at the Law Offices of Peterson & Peterson, and to the Vendor, Mr. E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.
Dated at Madoc this 11th day of February, 1880.
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Vendor's Solicitors,
Madoc and Belleville.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz.:—
20 Locomotive Engines,
16 First-class Cars, (a proportion being sleepers,)
20 Second-class Cars, do
3 Express and Baggage Cars,
3 Postal and Smoking Cars,
240 Box Freight Cars,
100 Flat Cars,
2 Wing Ploughs,
2 Snow Ploughs,
2 Flangers,
40 Hand Cars.
THE WHOLE TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA, and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.
Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.
Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.
By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
Dept. Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 7th Feb., 1880.

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.
MRS. J. HULIN.
Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 112

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-4m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A GOOD Frame House and Lot, situated on St. Lawrence street, nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Orrin Dunn, in the flourishing village of Madoc. The house is in good repair, and there is also on the premises a good stable and never-failing well of water. For particulars apply to
WILLIAM MULLETT,
140-3m Proprietor, Madoc.

Gold and Iron.

West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.

THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.
A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.
Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

HOUSE AND LOT
FOR SALE OR TO LET,
Situated on corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the
VILLAGE OF MADOC.
ALSO
A Small Shop to Let,
Opposite Harper's Block.
WM. MOORE.

Lumber For Sale!

HAVING purchased all the manufactured Lumber at the Bannockburn Mills, I am now prepared to offer for sale 250,000 feet of all kinds of Dry Lumber at Low Prices.
I purpose bringing a large quantity of the above to Madoc Village, and storing it at the Planing Mill. I will be here every Saturday to attend to the wants of customers. During the rest of the week the proprietors of the Planing Mill have kindly consented to attend to the sale of it. From Monday to Friday I will be at Bannockburn to wait on customers there.
CHARLES FOX.
Madoc, Dec. 8th, 1879. 141-3m

MADOC BAKERY

James Latimer

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and surrounding country that he has commenced business as
BAKER AND CONFECTIONER
and will do his utmost to supply his patrons with first-class
Bread & Graham Bread,
DELIVERED DAILY.
Furnishings for Socials and Tea Meetings got up on the shortest notice.
BUNS,
PASTRY,
PIES,
AND CHEWING CANDY,
All of my own make.
Remember the Place—Corner of the Hastings Road.

MONEY. MONEY. MONEY.
MAY BE SAVED
BY PURCHASING
BOOTS,
SHOES,
GROCERIES,
—AND—
Fancy Holiday Gifts!
—AT—
REDUCED PRICES,
FROM
N. D. PETERS,
O'FLYNN BLOCK,
MADOC.

1879 and 1880.
FRESH
X'Mas Groceries
Gray & McGregor,
Victoria Block, Madoc,
HAVE RECEIVED
FRESH LAYER RAISINS,
VALENTIA RAISINS,
SULTANA RAISINS,
NEW CURRANTS,
NEW FIGS,
DRIED APPLES,
CITRON, ORANGE, LEMON PEEL,
VALENTIA ORANGES,
VALENTIA LEMONS,
CANNED PEACHES,
do PEARS,
do CORN,
do GREEN PEAS,
do LOBSTERS,
do SALMON,
do COOKED CORN BEEF
do LUNCH TONGUE,
ORANGE MARMALADE,
PRESERVED GINGER,
POTTED MEATS,
The Celebrated Diamond Brand Oysters
FINNAN HADDIES,
BLOATERS, CODFISH,
LABRADOR HERRINGS.
—ALSO—
A CHOICE STOCK OF
CONFECTIONERY.
Madoc, Dec. 17th, 1879.

Custom Tailoring.

Just received a choice assortment of the best quality of Scotch Tweeds, which will be made up to order in first-class style.

Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, February 16th, 1880.

JUST RECEIVED,
150 PIECES GRAY COTTONS,
50 " STEAMLOOMS,
All of which we intend to sell at the old prices.

Now is the time to Secure Bargains.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
POST OFFICE BLOCK.
Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1880.

WRIGHT'S
Grocery, Provision,
WINE & LIQUOR STORE,
(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)
NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,
On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,
WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST CLASS
GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS,
(A SPECIALITY.)
FRUITS IN SEASON.
WINE, BRANDY, GIN, SPIRITS, ALES
AND PORTERS,
of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.
—ALSO—
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICE.
JANE WRIGHT.
Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

FISH! FISH!
FISH!
JUST RECEIVED,
WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING,
Wholesale and Retail.
—ALSO—
CROCKERY
AND
GLASSWARE.
Sets, $2.00 and $2.50.
A LARGE STOCK OF
Groceries & Provisions
constantly kept on hand.
The highest price paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.
J. HARPER.
Madoc, December 17th, 1879.

Holiday Goods!!
A rich and complete stock of
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
AND
FANCY GOODS,
Also a choice assortment of
Children's Toys,
and other articles suitable for the present
HOLIDAY SEASON,
will be found at
RAWE'S,
IN THE WILSON BLOCK.
Madoc, December 11th, 1879.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes. CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

HARNESS! HARNESS!

—:o:—

P. SINCLAIR

HAS REMOVED HIS HARNESS SHOP TO

DALE'S BLOCK!

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned.

CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA

LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,

TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?

APPLY TO

The Canada Landed Credit Company.

EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST

And ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

For further particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Madoc.

Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1

Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.

A. F. WOOD.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to at this store.

E. L. WEISS.
Madoc, July 28th, 1879. 122

PORK and BACON

200 Bbls. of Pork

Heavy New Canadian Mess,

—ALSO—

10,000 lbs. Long Clear Bacon,

FOR SALE BY

W. R. McRAE,
140-3m BELLEVILLE.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

Best's L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the 4th Thursday in each month.
O. ELLIOTT, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

Millbridge Lodge, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

Nugentville Lodge, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL CURTIS, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

York River Lodge, No. 524,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

Doxsee's L. O. Lodge, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. [illegible], Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

Queensboro Lodge, No. 137,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

Wannamaker Lodge, No. 265.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P.O.

Madoc Lodge, No. 321.
Meets the 1st Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Allen's Settlement Lodge, No. 223.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
R. B. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

Hazzard's Corners Lodge, No. 1133.
Meets 1st Friday in each month.
B. BELL, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

St. Ola Lodge, No. 1380.
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. District No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge.
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

North Hastings Co. Orange Lodge.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge, No. 139. O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge Room, Madoc, On Thursday Evening, March 4th, at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

FRED. F. TABER, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE No. 17[illegible], I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall on Monday Evening, March 1st, At 8 o'clock.

J. MOUNCEY, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48 A. F. & A. M.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall, On Tuesday, Feb. 24th, at the hour of 7:30 p.m. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

JAMES O'HARA, Jr., Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday, November 3rd, trains will run as follows:

Going South—Train leaves Madoc at 8 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 10.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p.m., arriving at Madoc at 5.05.

Belleville time.

R. LUTTRELL, General Superintendent.

Mr. Dafoe has received a nice lot of Autograph and Photograph Albums from 20 cents upwards.

O. Y. B.

At the late session of the Grand Lodge of Orange Young Britons, Mr. D. W. Wright of this place was elected District Deputy Grand Master for Hastings District.

Personal.

We learn that Capt. Foote, who was present at the taking of [illegible], in Zululand, is a brother of the Incumbent of St. John the Baptist's Church in this village.

The Wilson Block.

Messrs. Kerrs and Walton have secured the contract for the carpenter work of the new block about to be erected by C. G. Wilson. The contract for the mason work has been given to Mr. S. Retallack of Cobourg.

Accident.

On Tuesday morning, the night fireman at the Seymour mill, Wm. Meredith, had the misfortune to lose the ends of three fingers of the left hand, by getting them caught in a pully. His injuries were attended to by Dr. Loomis.

New Elevator.

Messrs. Tulloch and Haggerty, of Huntingdon, advertise in this issue for tenders for the erection of a grain elevator in the village of Stirling. The Council of the latter has submitted a By-law to grant a sum of $500 to the above gentlemen, and it will be voted on in a few weeks.

St. Patrick's Day.

The Oddfellows of this village, with a degree of charitableness for which this Order is especially noted, have decided to give a grand concert on the 17th inst., the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the Irish relief fund. This is an object which appeals not to the religious sectarian, or political feelings of the public, but to its humanity, and we have no doubt but the entertainment will be such a success in every way that will redound to the credit not only of the Society which has taken hold of the matter, but to the people of this village and neighborhood at large. Particulars will be given by posters in a few days and in our next issue.

Bazaar and Oyster Supper.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church of Canada, in this village are making preparations for a grand Bazaar and Oyster Supper on Thursday next, March 11th. A large variety of useful and fancy goods will be offered for sale in the afternoon and evening. Oysters will be served at 6 o'clock. Choice selections of music, addresses, readings and recitations are promised. We have no doubt but every exertion will be made by the ladies of this congregation to make this one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the season. Proceeds for furnishing the parsonage. Admission—to bazaar, free; Supper, single, 40 cents; double, 75 cents.

M. E. Church, Madoc.

Bishop Carman, of Belleville, will preach in the above church this (Thursday) evening at 7.30 o'clock. We understand that steps are being taken for the erection of a new church by this congregation. The recent quarterly meeting conference has appointed a board of trustees and a building committee to prosecute the work. The old church has had its time and performed its good work, but this society is quite competent to have another more in keeping with the progress of this rising town, and in accordance with the requirements of the times. We are informed some very generous offerings by way of subscriptions have been made, and an eligible and central location has been selected. Doubtless the Bishop will have some practical and helpful hints for the committee this evening.

Promotion Examination.

An Examination for promotion to the fifth class will be held in Madoc, on July, in the days appointed for the Examination for admission to High Schools. The papers used will be those set for that Examination. Only those pupils who are successful at the Promotion Examination will be recognized as Fifth Class pupils. To all such certificates will be granted. Full information in regard to the subjects of Examination will be found on page 252 of the Compendium of School Law. Teachers are kindly urged to do all in their power to make the Examination a success.

W. MACKINTOSH, P. S. Inspector, North Hastings.
Madoc, Feb. 27th, 1880.

Model School Entertainment.

The second entertainment of the above series will be held to-morrow (Friday) evening. The band will be present on this occasion, and the programme in addition ought to draw a full house. Mr. Weiss will have the music in charge, and songs will be given by the Misses Ketcheson, Rawe, and Kerr, readings by Rev. Mr. Martin, and Messrs. Wood, Mackintosh, E. D. and W. H. O'Flynn, and a quartette by Mrs. Seymour, Miss Ross, and Messrs. O'Flynn and Kirk. Admission only 10 cents.

Bridgewater.

Our correspondent at Bridgewater writes as follows:—A tea-meeting was held in this village on Thursday last, in connection with the C. M. Church. Bountiful tables were provided. There was a large gathering from the village and surrounding country. The chair was taken by Dr. Nash, and speeches were delivered by the Revs. Messrs. Smith, Sabine, McAmmond, and Mr. E. James, interspersed with music by the choir. A very enjoyable evening was spent, and the meeting was a great success, financially and otherwise.

—On Sunday evening last the Rev. Mr. Tozeland preached a very effective sermon from verses 55 and 56 of the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, upon the death of Dr. Higginbotham, of Belleville, formerly a resident of this village, giving high eulogiums of the deceased, who was universally respected here.

Madoc Model School.

The following is the attendance for the month of February, 1880:

	Miss Wootton	Miss Chouquette.	Miss Riddell.	Mr. Kirk.	Total.
Number of pupils present during month	53	63	56	46	250
Average attendance	37	46.25	48	43	194.25
Percentage of attendance	67.90	73.41	85.71	93.47	77.7
Greatest number present any day	44	57	52	45	218
Least number present any day	43	34	45	40	162
Number of pupils late—aggregate	164	100	112	54	437
Average of lates	3.05	5	5.6	2.7	
Percentage of lates	14.32	10.81	11.66	6.51	

From Marmora.

A correspondent, "F. B." writing from Marmora, says the Missionary meetings of the C. M. Church in that village this year terminated very successfully, the receipts and subscriptions from Marmora amounting to nearly $50, and from Beaver Creek about $20. Referring to the late Good Templars' Lodge, of which "Mordecai" speaks in this issue, F. B. has the following:—"An elegant copy of the Scriptures and a handsome Regalia of W. [illegible], with an address, were presented to Mrs. J. Wilkinson, on her removal from this neighborhood, as a slight token of reward for her long and faithful labors in the temperance cause. It is a fact greatly to be deplored that of four lodges of the Independent Order which at one time were flourishing in Marmora and one in Madoc, not one now is left to unfurl the temperance banner in opposition to the mighty foe, Intemperance, which, on the contrary, now seems to have gained the victory." The other matters referred to in this correspondence are omitted as they are already in type, a representative of the Review having been present at the concert, and "Mordecai" deals with the rest.

Mining Material.

The Kingston *Whig* of last week has the following:—"Last evening three teams arrived here en route to Madoc with mining material. They left Montreal on the 12th, the sleighing being good. The contractor for the conveyance of the merchandise from one place to another expected to make the trip in much less time than it has taken him to reach here. At Prescott, however, the sleighing panned out, and the rest of the journey had to be made by waggons. The party left here for their destination this morning."

Since the above was put in type the waggons have arrived safely in this village. The "material" consisted of dualin, one of the most powerful explosives known, consigned to Mr. H. S. McMinn, from the Montreal Powder Co. The contents of the waggons were valued at $1600 each, the valuable but dangerous caravan being fifteen days on the road. The person who had the contract to deliver the dualin here says they experienced the greatest difficulty in securing waggons to continue the journey when the sleighing gave out, the people evidently believing their property would be "blown to nothing" before the stuff arrived at its destination. It is now stored at the powder magazine about half a mile west of the railway station.

An Evening with the Poets.

On Thursday evening last we had the pleasure of attending an entertainment in the village of Marmora, the object of which was to raise funds to assist in paying for a new organ lately purchased by the congregation of the Canada Methodist Church in that village, through the exertions of the Pastor, Rev. S. McCauley. The principal feature of the entertainment was the lecture, "An Evening With the Poets," delivered by Rev. J. W. Savage, of Stirling. The rev. gentleman commenced by sketching some of the leading poets, but prefaced his remarks by saying that Jesus Christ was the greatest poet the world ever knew. He then gave the names of Homer, Shakespeare, Dante and Milton, of former ages, and Tennyson and Longfellow, of the present day, as the six leading poets of the world. He briefly discussed Milton, Poe, Pollock, and others, reading some fine selections from the former, and also Pollock's graphic description of the "hypocrite," more of the works of the latter being described as grand and beautiful. He also gave Will Carleton's "Over the Hills to the Poor House," Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," and other selections from unknown poets. The lecture throughout was most interesting and instructive, and much appreciated by the audience. The musical part of the programme was excellent, songs being rendered by the Misses Annie and Adelia Tabor and Miss Ketcheson, of Madoc, in their usual style; Miss Pearce, of Marmora, who possesses a remarkably sweet voice; Mrs. Jamieson, of Stirling, and Mr. Preston, of Norwood. The proceeds amounted to about $40, which was further supplemented by a subscription of about $20 [illegible]. Another [illegible]

Personal.

At the meeting of Provincial Grand Orange Lodge of Eastern Ontario, at Gananoque, last week, R. J. Graham, Esq., of Stirling, Co. Master of North Hastings, was elected Junior Deputy Grand Master, and Robert Gordon, Esq., of Tweed, Grand Treasurer. Better men could not have been selected for the positions.

Magistrates' Court.

(BEFORE A. F. WOOD, J.P.)

Joseph [illegible] complained that James Fox had turned his horse out of his stable and used offensive language to his wife. A question of ownership having arisen, the right of property was deferred, but Fox was fined $2 and costs for offensive language.

Peter Sandford alleged that when driving home from the village he was run into by two parties and his buggy broken. Charles Burns and Wm. Barkley were summoned to answer the charge, which was sustained against the latter, who had to pay $0.20 damages, $2.20 costs. Result of stupid driving. Mr. Peterson for complainant.

Thomas C. Elliott charged Joseph Fraser, of Bridgewater, with non-payment of wages. Defendant admitted wages due, but plead a verbal agreement by which it was to be turned off to another party. This was not sustained, and defendant was ordered to pay balance of wages due, $10, and costs. Mr. Henderson for complainant.

Village Council.

The regular meeting of this body was held on Monday evening last, for a report of which we are indebted to the Clerk, as our reporter was unable to be present.

The members were all present.

A petition from R. Thompson to have his poll tax remitted was received, and on motion of Messrs. Ross and Tuller, granted.

George Phillips' poll tax was also remitted on motion of Messrs. Tuller and Ross.

The matter of taxing livery stables, and also billiard tables, was again laid over to the next meeting. We understand a stormy opposition will be brought to bear against the former.

The Auditors' Report was presented and received. On motion of Messrs. Tuller and Ross the Auditors were ordered to be paid $8 each for their services.

Moved by Mr. Dingman, seconded by Mr. Tuller, that the Street Surveyor examine the ditch opposite John Robertson's, and report at next meeting.

On motion of Messrs. Dingman and Ross, Mrs. Stevens' taxes were refunded.

Wm. Ferguson and H. Bulpit were allowed to work the amount of their poll tax under the Street Surveyor.

Council adjourned to next regular meeting.

HENDERSON & HENDERSON,

BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c. Chambers,—Graham Block, Belleville, Ont.

G. F. HENDERSON, Q.C. R. E. HENDERSON, Barrister, &c.

Money to Loan, &c. 151

NOTICE.

ALL parties are hereby forbidden trespassing on Lots numbers Two and Three, in the Second concession of the Township of Madoc, as the undersigned hold the above lots by deed and lease.

CHAS. J. PUSEY,
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, February 16th, 1880.

MISS M. A. CUMMINGS,

GRADUATE of St. Mary of the Lake Convent, Kingston, is prepared to receive Music Pupils in Madoc and immediate vicinity.

TERMS MODERATE.

All information required may be had by calling at the residence of Rev. Father Davis.

TIES! TIES!

I AM now prepared to make contracts for any quantity of HEMLOCK, TAMARAC, OAK, or ROCK ELM TIES, delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway.

Madoc, Nov. 22nd, 1879. A. F. WOOD. 127

MONEY TO LOAN.

$700 OF PRIVATE MONEY to Loan on good freehold lands.

CHARLES GREAM, Solicitor.
Madoc, Feb. 26th, 1880. 154-4t

TEACHER WANTED!

FOR Union S. S. No. 6, Wollaston and Lake, male or female, one holding Third Class Certificate preferred—duties to commence on 1st April, 1880. Apply, stating salary, to

JAS. McGREGOR, Trustee, The Ridge P. O.
The Ridge, Feb. 23, 1880. 152-4t

NOTICE.

THE undersigned offer for sale the mineral right of lot 19, in the 5th con. of Madoc. This lot adjoins the famous Richardson mine, and is believed to contain a vast deposit of gold and hematite iron ore.

—ALSO—

The mineral right in over 5,000 acres of land in Marmora, Madoc, and Elzivir, and the townships of Lake, Tudor, Grimsthorpe, and Hungerford. Apply to

HENDERSON & HENDERSON, Barristers, Belleville.
Belleville, Feb. 13th, 1880. 151

NOTICE.

FOR SALE OR TO LEASE,

FOR a term of years, an undivided one-quarter interest in Lot [illegible] 2nd Concession, Madoc, 200 acres. On this lot occurs an inexhaustible Bed of Magnetic Iron Ore of excellent quality, and within easy distance of the Railway. Apply to the Proprietor,

GEO. E. HENDERSON, Barrister,
Feb'y 11th, 1880. Belleville.

Fire and Life Insurance.

LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL, [illegible] Sterling.
INVESTED FUNDS, $27,000,000.

Risks accepted on Farm and Isolated Property only.

North British & Mercantile Co'y.

CAPITAL, *Two Million Pounds.*

The security of Standard English Companies, with the conveniences of a Canadian Office, is assured. Risks accepted at lowest rates.

FRED. W. O'FLYNN, Agent, Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn.
Madoc, Feb. 23rd, 1879. [illegible]

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS for a second 100 miles section West of Red River will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Office, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By order,
F. BRAUN, Secretary.
DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, OTTAWA, 12th Feb., 1880.

FOR SALE!

LOT 11, in the 15th Concession, Township of Wollaston. About 30 acres cleared. Good log barn, also logs hewed for a large barn. Soil deep and free of stone. Good springs close to the barn. Terms easy. For particulars apply to

MRS. KATE ELLIOTT,
146. Tweed P. O., Ont.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The undersigned, having disposed of his Grocery and Liquor Business to Mr. D. W. Wright, would return thanks to his numerous friends and the public generally for their liberal patronage during the past thirteen years, and would respectfully ask for a continuance of the same patronage to his successor in the business.

All parties indebted to me, either by Note or Book Account, are notified that the same must be settled within the next thirty days, either by Cash or Note, or costs will be made.

G. M. BROOKS.
Madoc, Feb. 25th, 1880.

GRAIN, GRAIN!

MR. A. F. WOOD

WOULD take this means of announcing to the farmers in this vicinity, that as soon as he can get the Storehouse, which he has secured from Mr. Thos. Cross, fitted up, he will be in the market as a buyer of all kinds of grain, for which as heretofore, he will be prepared to pay the highest prices.

December 23rd, 1879.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has dissolved partnership with E. B. Fralick, and is continuing his general practice in No. 2, Ashley Block, over Bank of Commerce, opposite Anglo-American Hotel, Belleville. Any quantity of private money to loan on reasonable terms and in sums to suit borrowers. Straight loans only. He represents no Building Society or other Loan Company at 5½ or 6½ per cent., as advertised by others. It is too cheap to be good.

HUGH BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, &c.
Belleville, Jan. 28th, 1880. 148

Terrible Explosion AT MADOC.

500 KEGS OF POWDER

On hand to meet all demands made for Mining, Exploring and Blasting.

Also, Fuse and Dualin, to be had at lowest prices possible.

Apply to THOS. CROSS, Madoc.
H. S. McMINN, Agent, Hamilton Powder Co.

NEW BAKERY!

THE subscriber begs to inform the citizens of this village and surrounding country, that he has again commenced business as

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER

IN THE

Old Stand on Elgin St.

Having secured the services of a

FIRST-CLASS WORKMAN!

I am prepared to guarantee a

Good Quality of Bread, Pastry, or anything in that line, at the very lowest cash prices.

Livery Stable!

I am also continuing my Livery business, and will furnish on short notice

First-Class Horses and Comfortable Rigs,

on very reasonable terms.

Residence and Stables on Elgin Street.

JOSEPH SHALTRY, Proprietor.
Madoc, February 11th, 1880.

MADOC *Flour & Feed Store.*

I BEG to announce to the citizens of Madoc and the public generally, that I have opened out in the

VICTORIA BLOCK

a first-class Grocery, Flour and Feed Store, and am now fully prepared to attend to the wants of Customers.

CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR,
CORNMEAL,
OATMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
BRAN, SHORTS,
AND
CRACKED FEED

of every description, kept constantly on hand.

PRIME MESS PORK,

By the barrel or pound.

GROCERIES,

CONSISTING OF

Teas, Sugars, Raisins, Currants, SPICES, TOBACCOS, &c., &c.

Highest Cash Price Paid

FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

All goods purchased from me will be delivered free to any part of the village.

TERMS *CASH.*

ROBERT ROLLINS.
Madoc, December 10th, 1879.

Boots!! Boots!!

TO THE PUBLIC:

THE undersigned wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has lately opened a Boot and Shoe Shop in the Village of Madoc, and is prepared to execute all orders in the above line in a first-class manner and at low rates. Particular attention given to repairing and all kinds of custom work. Give me a call.

M. RAE.

Shop—Directly opposite Bristol's Carriage Works. 141

IRON.

FOR SALE AT

Wilson's Drug Store,

A FIRST-CLASS LOT OF

MILLER'S IRON-BOUND BOOKS,

—AT—

PUBLISHERS' PRICES.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.
Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

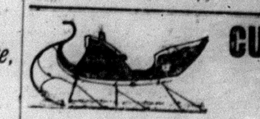
The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.
Madoc, June 29th, 1879.



CUTTERS, CUTTERS, CUTTERS

LOTS OF CUTTERS FOR SALE AT

BRISTOL'S.

First-Class Timber, and Well Ironed, With Steel Shoes.

SOME AS LOW IN PRICE AS $25.

—ALSO—

FIRST-CLASS SLEIGHS FOR SALE CHEAP.

Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

NEW GOODS,

at Low Prices

AT

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

CALL FOR THE GREAT

SIERRA NEVADA SMOKING!

At C. G. Wilson's Drug Store, one of the most delicious aromas ever smoked. Cures colds, catarrh, asthma, and all bronchial complaints. Singers and speakers use it successfully. M. L. SMITH, Acton, Ont.

E. L. WEISS

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweller,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELLERY

ALWAYS ON HAND

CHEAP FOR CASH.

$20,000 TO LOAN

AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to

GEO. E. SKI[illegible]
140 Solicitor, [illegible]

ST. CATHARINES NURSERIES

A full assortment of splendid

FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES

ORDERS BY MAIL received full and prompt attention.

AGENTS WANTED

To take Orders in every part of the [illegible] PAY LIBERAL.

DEALERS!

Should call and see the Stock [illegible] Prices as low as in the [illegible] by saving the duty of twenty per [illegible] Address,

D. W. BEA[illegible]
140-6m

THE FAMOUS BELLS OF LIMERICK.

They are said to have been cast by an Italian for a convent close by his home, in the sunny land of his birth. In the wars between the Italians and Spaniards, the bell founder had the misfortune to lose his sons, who joined the army of Italy, and, having no other children, enjoyed, as the solace of his woes, the sweet tones of the bells. During a prolonged absence from his native village, the convent had been plundered and despoiled of its bells. This severed the tie which bound the old man to his home beneath the Apennines. He resolved to search the wide world over in hopes of hearing their sound once again. Let the graceful lines of Dennis Florence McCarthy tell what chanced:

A bark bound for Erin lay waiting; he enter'd like one in a dream;
Fair winds to the full purple sails led him soon to the Shannon's broad stream.

* * * * * * *

Borne on the current, the vessel glides smoothly but swiftly away,
By Carrigaholt, and by many a green sloping headland and bay,
Twixt Cratloe's blue hills and green woods, and the soft sunny shores of Tervoe,
And now the fair city of Limerick spread out on the broad banks below.

Still nearer and nearer approaching, the mariners look o'er the town,
The old man sees naught but St. Mary's square towers, with the battlements brown;
He listens—as yet all is silent, but now with a sudden surprise,
A rich peal of melody rings from that tower through the clear, sunny skies.

One note is enough; his eyes moisten, his heart long so wither'd, outswells;
He has found them—the sons of his labor—his musical, magical bells.
At each stroke all the bright past returneth, around him the sweet Arno shines;
His children, his darling Francesca, his purple clad trellis of vines.

Leaning forward he listens, he gazes, he hears in that wonderful strain
The long silent voices that murmur, "Oh, leave us not, father, again."
'Tis granted; he smiles, his eye closes, the breath from his white lips hath fled,
The father hath gone to his children, the old campanero is dead.

FRUIT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

"On Planting Trees Along Our Roadsides for Shelter, Shade and Ornamentation — What to Plant, and Benefits of Such Planting."

At the meeting of the Fruit Growers' Association on Wednesday the following interesting paper on the above subject, by Mr. John A. Warder, President of the American Forestry Association, North Bend, Ohio, was read by Rev. Dr. Burnet:

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—At your earnest request, backed by that of your worthy "Directory," but with great diffidence and hesitation on the part of one who is so much of a stranger to your surroundings, is this effort undertaken.

The crowd of duties, too, devolving upon him, toward those who are nearer to him, who may, perhaps, claim to have rights pertaining to the members of his own household, would naturally prevent him from transcending the limits of his special bailiwick; but, fortunately, all this was provided for anticipatively by those who applied the title American to the society for the promotion of forestry in our country—they desired to gain the advantages to be derived from your co-operation, they wanted to be free from the "pent up Utica" of their own more limited area, they wished to gather information from the length and breadth of the continent—hence their offer to your servitor as well as theirs.

Allow him, therefore, to come among you and to address you under the broad ægis of an American, and as one who is ready to judge you all by the specimen members you have so willingly sent over to our side upon various occasions, and who have always so nobly represented their fellow citizens of the Dominion, that the names of Burnet, Dougall, Beadle, Arnold, Saunders, and those of your neighbors Jas. Brown, Chas. Gibb, Henry Evans and others in the Provinces, are familiar as household words.

Yes, my friends, the scope of forestry opens a problem of continental proportions, and hence, in the various countries of Europe, though each State and Kingdom enacts its own laws and establishes its own customs and usages for the management of its woodlands, and though these may differ materially, as do the results, in better or worse condition of the forests, even there the great questions are admitted to be continental, and these are referred to the famous meetings of the International Congress of Foresters.

But, after all, why should we address our friends as "over the way"—what is in the way, but an imaginary line, a mere politico-geographical line that is no broader than the spider's slender thread, which is supposed to separate those of us, here at home, who reside in the several commonwealths of our broad Union? You and we boast of a common ancestry; to a great extent we use the same language; in our customs and religion, in our pursuits, studies and interests, we have much in common, and in the question of forestry, we should certainly be united since this involves the consideration of problems that are continental in their scope and import.

In coming over the border to discuss what is so essentially a home question, another and serious impediment arises, and this is a want of familiarity with your necessities and knowledge of your resources. The trees that may be best adapted to your soil, climate and tastes may be very different from those of another country that is differently situated, so that any indications that may be made must be based upon general principles, and the scanty observations that have been afforded by some very limited and hasty journeys through the Dominion.

And now, then, after having disposed of one difficulty to our satisfaction, having opened the gate, as it were, to your country, let your courteous invitation be graciously accepted, while we proceed to discuss the topic before us, "the planting of trees by the wayside, for shelter, shade and ornamentation." This is a question which can hardly be considered debatable by any one who loves trees, and yet we not unfrequently meet those who oppose the proposition, nor are their objections to the practice altogether devoid of reason.

No one can have seen the long miles of avenues of various trees that are found beside the public highways of many parts of Europe without expressing his admiration for the forethought of those who planted those trees in the time long ago. To the pedestrian, sauntering at his leisure in the survey of these lands, if a stranger, or to the native citizen intent upon his errands from place to place, and especially to the masses of soldiers, heavily encumbered with their accoutrements, while making forced marches, the refreshing shelter furnished by these continuous allees of umbrageous shade must indeed be most grateful.

In planting avenues there is room for the exercise of taste, and here we need the experience of others to guide us; nor have the examples just now referred to, always proved entirely satisfactory, and many of the long allees become monotonous and perhaps tiresome by their sameness and by the stiff formality of the trees employed, or by their peculiar treatment. This is particularly apparent when the Lombardy poplar is used, as it is in some countries almost exclusively, used for many continuous miles, and especially when, to keep it within bounds and at the same time to make it furnish successive crops of fuel, it is cut as a pollard and chopped off every few years. Another favorite tree, the horse-chestnut, has a very different habit of growth, being umbrageous and more grand, and when in blossom very beautiful, almost gorgeous indeed.

In some parts of the country, particularly in the more retired roads of the agricultural regions, the way-side trees are almost exclusively such as produce eatable fruits—apples, pears, cherries or plums, especially the prunes in some parts of Germany. In this case, the rights of property are rigidly observed; their growing in the public highway does not make them public—they do not become public plunder. Where the fee of the land remains with the adjoining proprietor (as is almost universally the case in the United States, and perhaps also in Canada,) the trees are planted by the owner of the land, and the wood as well as the fruit belongs to him. Where the land has been condemned by the Government, and taken for a part of *King's Highway*, the authorities plant the trees, and their products are usually farmed out to contractors, who look after their own interests. In some provinces the income thus derived is applied to the expenses of educating the children of the parishes, which is no mean incentive to the people to aid in their preservation, since it redounds to their own advantage. The moral effect is good, and serves to aid in producing a high-toned appreciation of the ideas of *meum* and *tuum*, worthy of imitation.

In northern regions, and especially in the northern portions of our own continent, with its climate of extremes, we need shade in summer from the fiery rays of the sun, and in the other seasons we also need shelter from the cold blasts of winter, and not unfrequently we require a barrier against the drifting snows. This condition of affairs will need some modification in the plans and in the selection of the trees to be planted for avenues.

The protection afforded by a single row of trees standing across the direction of the wind has been found to be very perceptible in our western prairies. This effect is greatly heightened by a shelter-belt of several rows, even while the plants are yet comparatively small, but a thick belt, or even a single row of evergreens, seems really to modify the climate by checking the winds.

One of the railroads traversing the broad open plain of Nebraska has devised a style of snow-shelters that promises to be very efficacious. This consists of a double or triple row of trees, set on the windward side of the cuts. It may be that the highways and railroads of other parts of the country will find it to their advantage to adopt this plan.

Even in the mild climate of Southern Ohio, the shelter of evergreens is found to be very acceptable by all who have an opportunity of enjoying them. In laying out and planting avenues it is well to select evergreens for the north and windward side of exposed situations, while deciduous trees are planted on the opposite margin. And just here it may be well to consider the arguments which have been raised by the practical road masters, who object to the planting of trees upon the highways. The shade even of the naked boughs of deciduous trees is sufficient to keep the winter's sun from melting the accumulations of ice as quickly as would be desirable, and at any season of the year the very shelter which trees furnish to ourselves from the cutting blasts of wind will also check the evaporation of the superabundant moisture that is so injurious to our common dirt roads.

Until we can have more perfect roads, constructed upon scientific principles, and made of some better material than that furnished by rich humose soils and tenacious, unctuous clays, such as are common in extensive regions, it may be well to keep the road-bed well thrown up for proper drainage and thoroughly exposed to the natural road masters, the sun and the wind.

But this may be considered a digression from the strict line indicated in the request of your Directors, who have asked for a paper on road-side trees and their planting for shelter, shade and ornament. An attempt has been made to respond to your first query, and as to the last there can be but one mind as to the æsthetic effect of trees anywhere, whether planted on the grassy slopes of the lawn, either in groups or singly, in groves sheltering and forming a background to the dwelling, even the most humble, in the broad o'erarching avenue of approach, and also on the wayside of the public highway, trees are and always must be ornamental, if properly handled and well managed.

Referring to your commission, Mr. President, (whose expressed wish is accepted as a command) it appears that you further ask, What to plant? Now you are coming to the point that must tax the practical knowledge of your respondent; no glittering generalities as to deciduous trees or evergreens, nor as to the broad-leaved or the needle trees, no æsthetic remarks as to the beautiful, in form or color, tint and shade, strict or spreading, pyramidal or weeping, will now be in order. You ask the broad question: What shall we plant to shelter, to shade and to ornament the highways of the Dominion? And, unfortunately, you have proposed this question to one who must confess his ignorance of the kinds that are best adapted to your peculiar soils and climate, and to one who fortunately does not know what species are to be found in your nurseries, so, at least, you cannot bring the charge against him that he is puffing anybody.

Your respondent, therefore, is necessarily thrown back upon his personal acquaintance with these vegetables themselves and their greater or less ability to withstand a rigorous climate and the abuse to which they may be exposed.

Beginning with the evergreens, so admirably adapted to furnish shelter, which is your first requisite, the hardy native evergreens of our continent are to be preferred for all large planting to those which, at great expense and pains, have been brought from foreign lands, too many of which, after trial, have proved unsatisfactory, and have to be cast aside with the ignominy attaching to that which is "far-fetched, dear-bought and little-worth."

SPRUCES.—The white and black, *Picea* (Link), *alba* and *nigra*, are sturdy northrons, having a beauty all their own, and often assuming quaint forms of great attractiveness and putting on tints of peculiar colors.

The Norway spruce, *Picea excelsa*, though an imported species, has proved itself a good immigrant in all parts of our continent where it has been planted. It is a noble tree of very erect habit and conical form, that rapidly assumes large proportions. This tree is entitled to a front rank in avenue, wind-break or grove, and furnishes fine timbers for architectural and naval construction. The young trees are now so abundantly furnished in America that it is no longer necessary to import them from the nurseries of Europe.

The spruces of the Rocky Mountains, though still comparatively rare, deserve a share of your attention, especially the *Picea pungens Engelm.*, formerly called the *P. Menziesii*, the silver spruce of those mountains; the *Picea Engelmanni* and the *Pseudo-Tsuga Douglasii*, formerly the *Abies Douglasii*. All these trees are very beautiful; but you must be warned not to import them from Europe. Look to the Rocky Mountains themselves and not to the Pacific coast, as the original source of supply of these trees; nor need you look beyond the United States, (Messrs. R. Douglas & Sons, Waukegan, Ill., have grown these plants in quantities.) This matter has been thoroughly tested in the valley of the Mississippi, considerably to the south of your valley of the St. Lawrence, and the western coast trees have failed.

While considering this section, the hemlock spruce must not be overlooked. The *Tsuga Canadensis*, formerly *Abies*, is one of your most beautiful native conifers, and will probably succeed nearly everywhere. Though not so valuable a timber tree as many others, it is one of the most beautiful when well exposed upon a grassy lawn or springing from a mass of native rocks. Its color is supremely lovely and holds well. Planted thickly, it makes a perfect screen and shelter hedge, that bears the shears admirably, and when it attains full size as an avenue it furnishes the perfection of a "dark walk."

The balsam fir, *Abies balsamea*, is very abundant in many parts of your country. Its deep green foliage, and its compact, upright habit, are much admired, especially when young, and it is a universal favorite with those who purchase evergreens to plant about their homes. This species would be useful for shelter in exposed portions of the roads through your country.

The European silver fir, *Abies pectinata*, is a more beautiful and a nobler tree, but it is no favorite with the nurseryman, especially in America, because it requires a long period of "schooling" before it can be induced to produce a strong leading shoot, after which it grows rapidly enough. The beautiful arrangement of the deep green foliage of this fir, which is very persistent, lasting several years, makes it dense and very desirable, and yet it occasionally suffers in the winter, and should have a sheltered situation.

The firs of the Rocky Mountains are particularly desirable, but perhaps they are not yet sufficiently tested for general planting. They should be tested with you, however, and at once. Who will undertake the good work?

Among foreign firs that known as Nordman's has been most satisfactory here, and bore our last trying winter better even than the native hemlock spruce.

The arbor vitæ, *Thuya occidentalis*, though it has merits as a timber tree of the second class as to size, is very ornamental, and is especially useful as a shelter. Bearing the shears or knife well, its especial value is for making a dense screen and hedge.

The white cedar, with which the above plant is often confounded, is the *Cupressus thyoides*, a valuable tree, but one which has its range so much further to the southward, it can hardly be recommended for Canada, unless you know it to be indigenous to your region. It is known to exist upon the northern lakes.

The red cedar, *Juniperus Virginiana*, is a most hardy tree of very wide range by the meridian as well as by the parallels of latitude, ranging the continent in both directions. Though so common as to be considered vulgar, and certainly less beautiful than many others, it is exceedingly valuable to the planter, and has well been called the poor man's evergreen. Its great value as a timber tree is only attained with age, for though it grows rapidly there is a large preponderance of the white or sap wood in young trees. It is useful to plant for shelter screens, and will subsist on very poor and rocky soils.

The pines, however, furnish our great supplies of lumber in the northern forests especially, and among them you have some of the very best for your planting, which should be largely propagated for their perpetuation to supply the future necessities of the country.

Queen among these is the white pine, *Pinus strobus*, doubtless too well known among you to require a single letter of introduction, and yet it cannot be passed without remark as to its extreme grace and beauty, either singly or in groups upon the lawn, with its horizontal limbs clothed with soft and yielding leaves of glaucous hue resting upon the green. In the forest or ancient avenue its tall shafts always arrest the attention of the traveller. This tree was taken to Europe in 1705. It is there known as the Weymouth pine, and noble specimens are to be seen in many parts of Europe that were distributed by Lord Weymouth. In Bavaria it has become so nearly naturalized that it is reproducing itself by self-sown seeds as in its native forests.

By all means plant the white pine and you will be much better rewarded than by its more beautiful cousin from the Himalayas, the *Pinus excelsa*, which is so grand a tree in Asia, but has not proved entirely satisfactory upon this continent; perhaps its Aryan countrymen might prove equally unsuccessful if brought here and placed in competition with the Anglo Saxon race born on the soil. The Norway pine, or red pine, *Pinus resinosa* is another of your noble northern trees, producing a more resinous timber than the preceding. How did it ever receive the cognomen Norway is a mystery in nomenclature, as it is a veritable American with no analogue in the great northern peninsula of Europe. Indeed, it more closely resembles the Austrian pine of the southern portions of that country. To this, however, the red pine is a very superior tree for us and for you, whether planted for shelter and for ornament or for its ulterior use as timber; indeed, the foreigner is fast losing its prestige among planters, and even in its home among the Styrian Alps it is very capricious in its choice of soils and aspects; it may be found on one slope of an elevation and not a tree of this species is to be seen when you cross the apex of the same ridge.

You are advised to plant the red pine largely without fear of disappointment. The growth of young trees is very satisfactory and excels that of the Scotch and Austrian, though perhaps less rapidly aspiring than the white pine.

The grey pine, *P. Banksiana*, is another of your natives, and as such, to have a place in your collections, but like the *P. Rigida* and the *Mitis* further south, and the *P. Inops* of New Jersey, they are surpassed in excellence by the two first named, the red and the white.

The famous pines of the Southern States of the Union can not be recommended for your plantations, nor, indeed, for ours, in latitude 40 degrees, nor can we expect to succeed to our satisfaction with those from the Pacific slope, nor from Mexico any more than with the pines of Southern Europe, much less so with the conifers from Australia, Africa or South America, so far as known.

The Scotch pine, *Pinus sylvestris*, and the Austrian *Pinus Austriaca* have already been alluded to. They have their merits, and will be more largely planted in America for timber than for ornament. The former is largely grown in Germany, especially for its fuel on the sandy plains and foot-hills of moderate elevation. Its rotation or period is from 60 to 90 years.

The writer is well aware that in this very brief sketch he has omitted all mention of a host of evergreens, coniferous and others that crowd the catalogues and nurseries, which require volumes for their description and which deserve, for their merits, the commendations that have been bestowed upon them. Many of these are shrubs, and though very appropriate for the lawn and even for the garden, as some of these may be, especially the new class of *Retinisporas*, *Biotas*, *Junipers* and many others, your queries were particularly launched at trees and those adapted to planting on the roadsides.

The consideration of all others, the possible and the impossible, may, therefore, well be handed over to the discussions that will naturally follow the reading of this paper and be carried on by your very intelligent fellow-members, who are doubtless *au fait* in such matters.

This brief analysis of the class of evergreens thus presented to you gives but a few trees that can be heartily recommended, but that small selection may be double-starred, as we say in pomological lists.

Let us now turn, in this very hasty sketch, to the deciduous trees, which are crowding around for notice, and it is feared your patience will yield to the strain upon it, and, therefore, must start the pen on a double-quick to accomplish the march through the dense sylva before us, touching only upon those of the most hardy and most valuable characters for the purposes indicated in your query of what to plant, and leaving entirely out of sight the corollary suggested respecting the benefits of such planting, supposing them to be self-apparent.

DECIDUOUS TREES.

Among the most hardy and the most rapidly growing trees are the poplars and willows, all of which may be multiplied by cuttings that anybody can prepare and plant. The native cottonwood is one of the largest and will very quickly produce a shaded avenue. In some situations it may prove desirable. Of this tree the species *Populus canadensis* will be perfectly hardy.

Populus grandidentata, the Michigan poplar, grows rapidly and makes a fine shade, blooms very early and holds its leaves of dark green until late in the autumn. It is objected to this and to all the aspen tribe, next to be mentioned, that they sucker profusely, and are thus unsuitable for planting on the lawn, near a garden, or on the roadside next to cultivated lands.

The Abele, or silver poplar, the *Populus alba* of Europe, with its many garden varieties, are much admired on account of their green and white foliage. They grow very fast and make a good shade. They attain a large size very soon, and, for certain purposes in the arts, where soft wood is needed, the timber has its value. The trees will endure any amount of abuse, and are therefore adapted for planting in school lots and other public places.

The quaking aspen, *Populus tremuloides*, is a hardy northern plant, and forms a small or middle-sized tree, with little claim upon our attention. It must be familiar to you in every part of the Dominion. Scarcely worthy of cultivation for our purpose, and yet in low, wet grounds it might be adapted for a street tree.

The Canada balsam, *Populus valsamifera*, is one of the hardiest of the tribe, growing in the extreme north, and everywhere within your borders. Like all its fellows it is readily propagated by cuttings, and has thus been disseminated to a considerable extent southward. It cannot be admired, however, for any special grace or charm, beyond its hardiness, facility of propagation and that it is a tree. In the valleys of the Rocky Mountains this species is represented by the willow-bowed balsam, the *P. angustifolia* (James).

The Lombardy poplar, introduced from Europe, has been widely planted in America, and for a street tree it has some merit in its tall strict habit, so that it does not offend the road master by its shade. Though a striking object in the landscape, whether in formal rows of avenues, or as the spiring centre of a group, it is not a favorite when largely planted, but is interesting botanically and horticulturally, and perhaps historically and mythologically also. Though long considered a species and called *Populus dilatata*, it is now believed to be only a sport, of peculiarly erect form, from the *Populus nigra* of Europe. In a horticultural aspect this tree is very interesting as bringing evidence of the possibility of multiplying plants indefinitely by cuttings, for this was common in Italy before the days of Ovid, the Latin poet, and it still prevails in all that region as the favorite avenue tree. Botanically it is the staminate form; the male of a diœcious plant, and has never been known to seed. Mythologically Ovid makes it the memorial of the unwise and unfortunate. Phaeton, whose ambition exceeded his skill and ability to drive old Phœbus' chariot of the sun, and whose temerity was punished by Jupiter's thunderbolts, that hurled him headlong into the river Po, beside which he was allowed to rise as the poplar of Lombardy.

The maples are all of them worthy of more consideration for our purpose. On low grounds and beside water-courses particularly, the common Silver Maple, *Acer dasycarpum*, may be recommended, especially for its thriftiness, its rapid growth and broad shade; though not so fine a tree as some of its family, the qualities above named and its cheapness, ever make it a favorite.

The red or scarlet maple, *Acer rubrum*, like the above is also called soft maple. This tree is very ornamental both in spring and fall, on account of its brilliant color of flower, seed, and autumnal foliage. The wood of old trees often furnishes the curled and birds-eye maple. This tree is well adapted by its size for the street and for the roadway, but it is beautiful in the lawn also.

Another maple, very common in the Western States and extending far to the northward is the Box-Elder, or Ash leaved Maple, the *Acer Negundo*, of which there are two forms; that of the Ohio River has bright green bark on the young twigs, while the northwestern form has the shoots of a purple hue and covered with a thick, white bloom. The latter Box-Elder is much the better tree, and quite a favorite on account of its hardiness and rapid growth. For street trees it is commendable, for roadsides it will serve a good purpose, but its timber has comparatively little value. It is diœcious, and the female tree has the better habit, being more snug and compact, and therefor to be preferred for planting.

The sugar maples are the best of this group, making majestic trees of great beauty, and putting on, in the autumn, the most gorgeous coloring. The rock maple, *Acer Saccharinum*, is so familiar as the tree of the "sugar bush" (or "camp" on our side), that it need only to be named, as its value is duly appreciated. There is another tree, however, and recognized as a different species, which must be noted, the black sugar tree, the *Acer Nigrum*, which is not so prevalent in the Eastern States nor in Canada as in the valley of the Ohio. This is noted for its broader foliage, and it usually has a more majestic form in the forest. The timber of both trees is equally valuable.

With such a wealth of maples it is hardly worth while to import the European forms.

Elms will, of course, assert their claims upon our attention, and indeed they are worthy of a place in the grand avenue, as well as in the extended sweeps of the park and lawn. For this purpose the American white elm, *Ulmus Americana*, has the highest claim, though perhaps it is too large and wide-spreading at maturity for a road-side tree, except as an occasional object, serving thus as a landmark. This tree, however, varies wonderfully in its habit; it was a great favorite with Michaux, who introduced it to his fellow-countrymen of France, as the "most magnificent vegetable in America."

The red elm, *Ulmus fulva*, is not so noble and wide spreading an object, but on that very account it is better suited to our purpose. It grows rapidly and furnishes a more valuable timber, which is more durable also, and much used for railway sleepers.

The rock elm, cork elm or hickory elm, *Ulmus racemosa*, is perhaps more beautiful as a tree than either of those named. It is also capable of yielding timber of great value and both of the last two are worthy of a prominent place in our timber plantations. They are both presumably in your native forests.

You, Mr. President, and some of your compatriots, will desire to plant the elms of Europe. Do so, by all means, as pleasant momentoes. The common form of *Ulmus campestris*, long ago brought over to Boston Common, is perhaps better adapted to the road-side than any of our American species just now presented. The garden varieties of the European species have no especial merit or adaption to the road-side, but may be introduced into your parks.

The oaks of our country are quite varied and have been too much overlooked by the tree-planters, and yet wherever they have been introduced into village streets they have given great satisfaction. The European, particularly the *Quercus robur pedunculata* succeeds admirable in the temperate latitudes of our land.

The Holme oak, *Quercus ilex*, of Europe, and grown in the south of England for its evergreen leaves, has not succeeded here and would not be likely to endure your winters. But you have a wealth of natives that are well worthy of your care, and it is to be hoped they will be extensively propagated and planted.

Among these the white oak, *Quercus alba*, the yellow oak, *Quercus castanea*, the swamp white oak, *Quercus prinos palustris*, and the burr oak, *Quercus macrocarpa*, all furnish white oak lumber, and all are worthy of trial, first in your parks and lawns, perhaps also on the road-sides, and, if successful, largely in your forests.

While upon the oaks, let the opportunity be improved to urge you to adopt the old German custom of gathering acorns year by year, or whenever there is a crop. If not convenient to grow them in nurseries for future planting, still save the acorns and plant them any where in the woods. They need to be put into the ground at once, quite shallow, and they vegetate and continue to struggle on, even in the shade of other trees for an indefinite period, until at length, when the original forest is removed, they are ready to spring up and soon make a valuable succession of woodland.

The red oaks constitute another class, characterized by the pointed lobes of the leaves, terminating in a bristle, and some with entire leaves, but all furnish an inferior kind of lumber.

Some of these are remarkable for their beautiful forms when grown singly, and for their exquisite coloring in the autumn. On this account the scarlet oak, *Quercus coccinnea*, and the pin-oak, *Quercus palustris*, are specially noteworthy, aye, and place-worthy too by whomsoever has a vacant space on his grounds where he may desire to place a beautiful object. The former prefers a dry, the latter a damp, situation, and both may be planted on the roadside with a certainty that in a few years they will furnish a most gorgeous fringing to the highway during an autumnal drive; after the frosts have destroyed all your flowering plants the parterre in all its brilliancy will be replaced by these lovely oaks.

The Ash trees should not be ignored even in this hasty glance at our arboreal wealth. Here, again, the American trees will be found superior to the foreign. The white ash, *Fraxinus Americana*, is pre-eminent, though it may become at last too large for the road; still it should be planted, and then its valuable timber is available at any age, and trees grown thus exposed to the air furnish the very best lumber.

The green ash, *Fraxinus viridis*, on account of its smaller size and its clean, bright, shining and dark green leaves, will be a better subject for roadside planting. This tree is of rapid growth when young, is very hardy, being found far out on the exposed prairies of the northwestern plains, the outside tree, and one of the first to contend with the grasses for a sylvan supremacy; it may be safely recommended for your road and village planting.

Your own native birches and those introduced from Europe should have their place secured to them on the roadside, where they will lend a charm by their graceful forms and peculiar spray and foliage.

Of the glorious beech, *Fagus ferruginea*, not a word has been said. The wide-spreading, so well named by Virgil in his opening line, describing the shady retreat of Titigrus, gives this tree a classical and a very attractive appearance wherever this character may be developed, but the broad sweep of the park is much better suited for its style than the narrow limits of the roadside.

In European forests the beech, *Fagus sylvatica*, is largely cultivated, particularly on the lower lands devoted to forestry, and it is often introduced into oak plantations for the sake of filling up the interspaces, and thus forcing the oaks to produce tall shafts.

Two other trees have been jotted down upon the paper before me, as too valuable to be overlooked or omitted, and yet they have not been brought to the front, because of some uncertainty respecting their adaptation to your conditions.

They represent two families which have not been included in the catalogue already given.

The roses may be now placed before you in the person of the wild black cherry, *Prunus Serotina*, a rapidly growing tree, probably hardy enough, which cannot fail to give you pleasure by its graceful form, its light and open foliage, its racemes of white flowers followed by abundant fruit for the birds. This tree would be very appropriate on gravels, if planted by the sides of your highways. The timber of this species has great value and is highly prized for the inside finish of houses and for flooring, and is much more agreeable in its hue than the sombre walnut so universally employed for our furniture.

The magnolias may be represented among you by the tulip tree, the white-wood of some parts of our country, and also, unfortunately, sometimes called poplar. The *Liriodendron tulipifera* is a magnificent tree of the largest size in its native forests. When standing alone or in avenues it rises majestically and clothes itself with abundant branches that are disposed in a regular conical form, and in early summer, after the broad and showy foliage is well developed, the points of twigs are bedecked with the large, bright colored tulip shaped flowers that make a grand show.

Especially adapted for a lawn or for avenues, the tulip-tree is also well suited to the roadside.

Walnuts and hickories have been purposely omitted because of their ill adaptation to the purpose in view. In their proper place they are exceedingly valuable—so of many other trees of our own and other lands—which would require too much space, and their recital would try your patience, if, indeed, that has not already been exhausted.

THE SUNRISE NEVER FAILED U YET.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away.
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.

—Physicians are a favorite target for the arrow of the wit. Here is an arrow which is still shivering where it struck:

My dark, cold breath, I cannot find,
So now I'm quite at sea.
Quoth Dr. Bolus, "Never mind—
There, take the recipe."

—Sir William Gull says that drinking habits are not on the increase among English ladies; but the Rev. Dr. Norman Kerr is of a totally different opinion.

KITCHEN ECONOMY.

A Batch of Useful Receipes.

COFFEE acts upon the brain as a stimulant, inciting it to increased activity and producing sleeplessness; hence it is of great value as an antidote to narcotic poison. Coffee, unlike tea, does not increase the vaporizing action of the skin, but decreases it, and therefore dries the skin. It increases the action of the heart and the fullness of the pulse, and excites the mucous membranes. It is more fitted than tea for the poor and feeble. It is [illegible] more fitted for breakfast, inasmuch [illegible] skin is active and the heart's action [illegible]; whilst in good health and with sufficient food it is not needful after dinner; but if drank should be taken soon after the meal. There is probably not the same degree of reaction after drinking strong coffee as follows strong tea, and none of these effects may be marked if the infusion be very weak.

CHICKEN SALAD.—The meat of a cold boiled chicken, three-fourths of the amount of meat of chopped celery, two hard-boiled eggs, one raw egg well beaten, one teaspoonful of made mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, one of pepper, one tablespoonful of melted butter or salad oil, or mixed if you prefer, one tablespoonful of white sugar, and one-half cup of nice vinegar. Shred the meat well, not chop it, cut the celery in small pieces, mix them well, and then prepare the dressing. Rub the yolks smoothly, add the seasoning, then the oil, beating hard and putting in but a little at a time. Then add the raw egg beaten to a froth, and pour in the vinegar slowly, beating well as you do it. Pour this over the meat and celery, tossing lightly so that it will become saturated, turn into a salad dish and set in a cool place. When ready to serve garnish with hard-boiled eggs cut in rings, and sprays of bleached celery. If you do not have celery, crisp white cabbage is a nice substitute, using celery salt or celery vinegar.

TURKISH SOUP.—This soup owes its introduction into this country to Miss Dod. In one of her cooking lectures she took a quart of second stock, the broth which comes of the second boiling for about five hours, of soup joints, and removed the grease from the surface with a piece of paper. She next took half a teacupful of raw rice, and after washing it in cold water placed it in a saucepan, pouring over it the second stock, and allowed this to boil for twenty minutes. At the end of that time the soup is passed through a coarse wire sieve, and then returned to the saucepan, being stirred well to prevent lumps. The yolks of two eggs are next placed in a bowl, to which are added two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, with a little pepper and salt, and this is well mixed together—not beaten. To this a spoonful of the stock and rice is added, so as to prevent curdling, and it is then poured into the saucepan. The whole is placed on the fire for a few minutes, but not allowed to boil, after which it is ready for serving.

COLORING BUTTER.—Notwithstanding all that is said and written against the practice of coloring butter, there are very few who prefer it white. With the greatest care my winter butter will be light-colored, and I use carrots to give it a golden tint, though, of course it will not be gilt-edged. I scrape or grate a carrot press out the juice and turn it over the salt before it is worked into the butter. If one wishes to use annatto I think the easiest way is as follows: Tie the annatto in a thin cloth and dampen; have ready a quantity of salt (the quantity must depend on the quality of butter made, but enough must be prepared to last some little time), squeeze the softened annatto over it in drops, dampen and squeeze again. The salt should be mixed and more color added until it is sufficient to make the butter as nearly as possible the desired color.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Drain the liquor from the oysters. Then take one cup of the liquor, one cup of milk, three eggs, a little salt and flour enough to make a thin batter. Mix all together and stir the oysters in the batter. Have hot in a frying pan lard about the same quantity as for doughnuts. Drop the oyster batter in, a spoonful in a place, and when cooked to a light brown take them from the fat and lay them upon a platter covered with a napkin to absorb the fat from them. Serve while hot.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—Three fourths of a cup of butter or meat drippings, one cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, three-fourth of a cup of hot water, in which dissolve a piece of alum the size of a hazelnut, one tablespoonful of salt one tablespoonful of ginger, one dessert spoonful of soda mixed in the cup of molasses. Mix the ingredients and add flour sufficient to make a soft dough. Roll out and cut in square cakes or cards and with the back of a knife mark it in strips across the top of the loaf.

MARBLE CAKE.—Dark kind; yolks of four eggs, one cup of brown sugar, one half cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, two and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, one-half teaspoon of cream tartar, two teaspoons of cloves, two teaspoons of cinnamon, two teaspoons of allspice, two teaspoons of nutmeg. Light kind; whites of four eggs, one cup of white sugar, one half cup of butter, one third cup of sour cream, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cream tartar, two teaspoons of extract of lemon.

CORN BREAD.—We had a splendid loaf of corn bread for dinner yesterday, and when I asked my hostess how it was made she replied: "Easy as possible. I take three cupfuls of sweet milk and one of sour; three of meal and one of flour. The rule is, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of molasses, two cupfuls of sweet milk, three cupfuls of corn meal, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and one teaspoonful of salt. Turn into a buttered basin, steam three hours and bake one hour in a moderate oven."

SOUP POWDER.—Two ounces of parsley, two ounces of summer savory, two ounces of sweet majorum, and two ounces of thyme, one ounce of lemon peel, one ounce of sweet basil, dry, pound and sift, and keep tightly corked in a can or bottle. Add these flavors to your soup not so as to be strong, but quite delicate. The excellence of French soups is the combination of flavor, all so delicate that no one is allowed to predominate.

CREAM PIE CRUST.—Can pie-crust be made without lard? A correspondent says, this is my way: Take thick cream, chop in quickly with a knife, or edge of a spoon, in an earthen bowl, flour till thick enough to roll, without sticking to the board. Do not touch it with the hands any more than you would lard crust. Roll thin—make as any pie. Bake a little more carefully, as it burns easier than lard crust. A teacupful of cream will make crust enough for three small pies.

HULLED CORN.—The white, yellow or sweet corn may be used. Soak the corn over night in warm water, and in the morning put it in an iron kettle with water enough to cover it. To each quart of corn put in a generous teaspoonful of soda or saleratus, and boil until the hulls come off readily; then wash in several clean waters, and after it is thoroughly washed put it on to boil again in clean water. Boil until tender and then salt it. Turn into a sieve and drain thoroughly.

SOFT CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one-third cup of butter, one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder.

SOME BIG FIGURES.

A Thing or Two Showing What A Billion Is.

(From the London Times.)

To the Editor of the *Times*:—It would be interesting to know how many of your readers have brought fully home to their inner consciousness the real significance of that little word "billion" which we have seen of late so glibly used in your columns. There are, doubtless, many thousands who can not appreciate its true worth even when reduced to fragments for more easy assimilation. Its arithmetical symbol is simple and without much pretension; there are no large figures—just a modest 1 followed by a dozen ciphers and that is all.

Let us briefly take a glance at it as a measure of time, distance, and weight. As a measure of time I would take one second as the unit, and carry myself in thought through the lapse of ages back to the first day of the year 1 of our era, remembering that in all those years, we have 365 days, and in every day just 86,400 seconds of time. Hence, in returning in thought back again to this year of grace 1880, one might have supposed that a billion of seconds had long since elapsed; but this, is not so. We have not even passed 1-16th of that number in all these long eventful years, for it takes just 31,687 years, 17 days, 22 hours, 45 minutes and 5 seconds to constitute a billion of seconds of time.

It is no easy matter to bring under the cognizance of the human eye a billion objects of any kind. Let us try in imagination to arrange this number for inspection, and for this purpose I would select a sovereign as a familiar object. Let us put one on the ground and pile on it as many as will reach 20 feet in height; then let us place numbers of similar columns in close contact, forming a straight line, and making a sort of wall 20 feet high, showing only the thin edges of the coin. Imagine two such walls running parallel to each other, and forming, as it were, a long street. We must then keep on extending these walls for miles—say, hundreds of miles, and still we will be far short of the required number. And it is not until we have extended our imaginary street to a distance of 2,386½ miles that we shall have presented for inspection our one billion of coins.

Or in lieu of this arrangement we may place them flat upon the ground, forming one continuous line like a golden chain, with every link in close contact. But to do this we must pass over land and sea, mountain and valley, desert and plain, crossing the equator, and returning around the southern hemisphere through the trackless ocean, retrace our way again across the equator, then still on and on until we again arrive at our starting point; and when we have thus passed a golden chain around the huge bulk of the earth, we shall be but at the beginning of our task. We must drag this imaginary chain no less than 763 times round the globe. If we can further imagine these rows of links laid closely side by side and every one in contact with its neighbor, we shall have formed a golden band around the globe just 52 feet 6 inches wide, and this will represent our 1,000,000,000,000 of coin. Such a chain, if laid in a straight line, would reach a fraction over 18,328,445 miles, the weight of which, if estimated at ¼ oz. each sovereign, would be 6,975,447 tons, and would require for their transport no less than 2,325 ships, each with a full cargo of 3,000 tons. Even then there would be a residue of 447 tons, representing 64,081,920 sovereigns.

For a measure of height let us take a much smaller unit as our measuring rod. The thin sheets of paper on which these lines are printed, if laid out flat and firmly pressed together as in a well bound book, would represent a measure of about 1-333 of an inch in thickness. Let us see how high a dense pile formed by a billion of these thin paper leaves would reach. We must, in imagination pile them vertically upward, by degrees reaching to the height of our tallest spires; and passing these, the pile must still go higher, topping the Alps and the Andes and the highest peaks of the Himalayas, and shooting up from thence through the fleecy clouds, pass beyond the confines of our attenuated atmosphere and leap up into the blue ether with which the universe is filled, standing proudly up far beyond the reach of all terrestrial things; still pile on your thousands and millions of thin leaves, for we are only beginning to rear the mighty mass. Add millions on millions of sheets and thousands of miles on these, and still the number will lack its due amount. Let us pause to look at the neat ploughed edges of the book before us. See how closely lie those thin flakes of paper, how many there are in the mere width of a span, and then turn our eyes in imagination upwards to our mighty column of accumulated sheets. It now contains its appointed number, and our 1,000,000,000,000 sheets of the *Times* superimposed upon each other and pressed into a compact mass has reached an altitude of 47,348 miles.

Those who have taken the trouble to follow me thus far will, I think agree with me that 1,000,000,000,000 is a fearful thing, and that few can appreciate its real value. As for quadrillions and trillions, they are simply words, mere words, wholly incapable of adequately impressing themselves on the human intellect.

I remain, your obedient servant,

HENRY BESSEMER.

THE SMALL BOY NOT "A SLUMMIX."

(Detroit Free Press.)

It is often charged by writers that the small boy is a "slummix." That is to say, he goes sloshing around with his thoughts at the North Pole and his eye on the south, and that it is all the same to him whether he runs over a street-car or knocks down a lamp-post. Such attacks on the small boy arise from pure jealousy. One of them, and one who may have been attacked by jealous historians and small minded poets, was waiting on a Woodward avenue corner yesterday, when afar up the street he espied a load of hay. The farmer on the load was smoking. The small boy had been sent on an errand and told to hurry up or he'd get his jacket nicely dusted, but he no sooner saw the hay and the smoke than he jumped over a fence and lay flat on his stomach. In a few minutes along came the load. The horses were on the walk and the driver on the puff. He had just got down to where the tobacco tasted good, and was making the most of it. As the load was passing the boy drew in his breath and shouted, "Fire! fire!" at the top of his voice. The effect on that farmer was wonderful. He threw the pipe clear to the curbstone, rolled off his load to the pavement, jumped up, and had begun unharnessing his horses when a pedestrian demanded the cause of his excitement.

"Some one hollered fire and I thought it was the hay," he explained.

He walked all around the load, sniffed at it, and when certain that there was no fire, he shook his fist at every house in the neighborhood and climbed back to his seat and drove on.

If that boy had been a slummix he wouldn't have seen the hay. If he had been careless he wouldn't have put the hay and pipe together. If he had been a moke he wouldn't have reasoned:

"One load of hay, plus one pipe, equals two yells which lifted that fellow clear out of his boots."

DIDN'T BELIEVE IN 'EM.

"You've got a telephone here, haven't you?" asked a citizen, as he yesterday entered an office on Griswold street in a seeming great hurry.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, I never believed in 'em to any great extent, but I want to order some coal from a yard up the river."

The owner of the office proceeded to "call," and when he got the coal dealers he said:

"Mr. Blank is here and he wants to know if you have any soft coal?"

"Yes—500 tons," was the answer.

"Well, he wants you to send him up a ton."

"We'll see him blowed first! He has owed us a bill for over two years!"

"Yum!" muttered the man as he stepped back.

"Did they say they'd send it?" asked the other.

"N—o, not exactly."

"What did they say?"

"I—I didn't catch it very well. Let me repeat." Picking up the trumpet again he stood with it to his ear and asked:

"Did you say you'd send it?"

"Not by a blamed sight!" came the response.

"Well?" asked the man after a painful pause ensued.

"Well," replied the operator, "this line isn't working very well this morning, and you'd better go to the office four doors below. The dealers seem to hear me well enough, but I don't get hold of their answer plainly. The other instrument is probably working all right."

"But I shan't bother any one else," growled the man. "As I said before, I never did believe in 'em to any great extent, and now I've lost what little faith I had. Much obliged—good day."

If his ear had been at the trumpet his faith would have been as big as a mountain.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A MAN WITH A RECORD.

Mr. Ben F. Wilson, of New Haven, is now (Feb. 4th, 1880) 82 years of age. He has been magistrate twelve years in Nelson County. He fines every man $1 for each time he uses a profane oath, and has receipts for payment of same.

He never uses a profane oath.

He never tasted a drop of liquor.

He never smoked a cigar or tobacco, or chewed in his life.

He never saw a horse-race for money.

He never was at a theatre.

He never knew one card from another, though he is known from here to New Orleans.

He has been a Mason for forty years.

He has been a member of the Methodist Church for sixty years,—class leader and steward for fifty-nine years.

He has been going to Sunday-school for sixty four years.

He has travelled through eleven States of the Union.

He is ready to say with Paul; "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

—The pronunciation of Cabul is Cawbyl. The first syllable accented.—*Ex.* For nine long dreary months, in perfect good faith and with a trust and confidence that has never for a moment flagged or wavered, we have in season and out of season been pronouncing that word Cabul with the accent on the last syllable. If every Afghan should come into our office and should Cawbyl in our ears, and every killed Afghan were to come in with his head under his arm and the lips of that head were to gasp Cawbyl, we would stick to Ca-bul to the bitter end. All Aryan words in Asia, with significant suffixes, of which Cabul is one and bul the suffix, are accented on the last syllable. Go to! Ca-bul!—*Waco (Tex.) Examiner*.

BRITISH FEDERATION.

Mr. Brassey's Book on England's [illegible] al Empire—the Necessity [illegible] time Confederation to Secure [illegible] Pre-eminence.

(New York Herald.)

Some few weeks ago there were presented in these columns, in condensed form, the outline of a plan which had for some time been engaging the attention and occupying the thoughts of some of those advanced thinkers who were concerned not only for the welfare, but for the preservation intact of the widely extended Empire of Great Britian. The question it will now be seen, is commanding widespread and serious attention. It has long been apparent that certain rapid changes were necessary in the relations which bind the colonies to the mother country, if these colonies were to be of any permanent advantage to the mother country, or rather if they were not, one after the other, when the age of mature and lusty manhood was reached, to claim independence and follow the example of the United States of America. From the circumstances in which the people of the British Isles find themselves there is always what may be regarded as a surplus population. Connected with this is the constant twofold necessity of finding markets in which to dispose of the home manufactured goods and in which also to purchase food for the home population. The British Islands contain more people than they can feed without importation, and they manufacture more goods than they can find a market for without exportation. In such circumstances emigration is a constant and abiding necessity. In sixty-two years, from 1815 to 1877, the total number of emigrants who left the United Kingdom was 8,424,942. Of these over five millions have settled in the United States. Only a little over two millions have permanently settled in the British possessions. In 1877 the total value of imported food, such as foreign stock (live and dead), corn, flour and grain of all kinds, butter, cheese and eggs amounted to £96,879,737, or $484,398,485.

FEEDING POWER OF THE COLONIES.

It is also calculated that in the Colonial Empire alone, not to speak of India, there is rich food producing territory of over seven million of square miles, with a population of about one inhabitant to the mile. From these and other figures equally suggestive and instructive, together with certain revealed tendencies of the times, the question has been put:—"How can Great Britain best conserve her own interests and at the same time advance the welfare of her colonies?" Or, to put the matter otherwise and perhaps more concisely:—In Great Britain there is a large surplus population, with an immense demand for foreign grown; in the colonies there is a large undeveloped, food producing area, with an immense demand for foreign labor. How can these conditions be so combined as to be naturally satisfying? In the article above referred to, it was stated that of all the views advanced, that which implied a federation of the whole Empire, home and colonial, was the most sensible and the most likely ultimately to prevail. Since the question was discussed in the *Herald* it has attained a wider publicity and has been commanding more serious attention.

BRASSEY'S "COLONIAL EMPIRE"

Toward the close of January—the 20th—Mr. T. Brassey, M. P., delivered a lecture before the Chamber of Commerce of Bradford on the "Colonial Empire" of Great Britain, a lecture in which, dealing with some fresh facts, he reiterates the sentiments and conclusions formerly expressed in the *Herald*. Mr. Brassey's first object is to bring out the importance of the colonial trade. The figures are significant and instructive. While British exports to foreign countries had risen from £141,900,000 in 1869 to £195,700,000 in 1872 and had fallen again in 1878 to £126,911,000, the colonial trade had steadily grown in the same interval from £48,000,000 to £66,237,000, or from 25.3 per cent. to 34.4 per cent. of the total commerce of the country. It further appears that the Australian colonies consume, in proportion to their population, a larger quantity of British manufactures than the British people themselves. The British people are never indifferent when their pockets are concerned. It is wonderful, therefore, that Mr. Brassey, who is an Englishman of the English, and one of the best informed men in Parliament, by actual experience, regarding the condition and prospects of the various British colonies, should be proud of those various children of the mother country, and should at the same time reveal some anxiety as to the continued friendly and intimate relations of both. Mr. Brassey sees the danger which threatens the more distant colonies in the event of the mother country becoming involved in a great war. Quoting from an address which he heard delivered by Mr. Strangway, late Premier of South Australia, he said: "If called upon by England to join her in a general advance of the whole Empire, the question which the colonies wished first to have answered was whether England was prepared to give those colonies a voice in the question of peace or war. The answer of the question was this. If England became involved in a great war it would have one of two effects—it would bind England and her colonies into one vast Empire such as the world had never seen, or it would entirely separate her from those colonies."

A MARITIME CONFEDERACY.

Mr. Brassey quotes from the late Earl Russell and from Lord Beaconsfield to prove that under the present management the colonies would be helpless in time of war, and that the relations are the reverse of satisfactory. What he wishes to see established, and what evidently the wisest and most far-seeing of the colonial statesmen wish to see, is a grand maritime confederacy, in which the colonies as well as the mother country will be fairly represented. The colonies, at present, are liberal in the provision they have made for local-self-defence. Not to speak of the militia, which in all the colonies is strong and well organized, care has been taken in many places to provide local navies. Sydney owns a turret ship, Melbourne has a small navy, Adelaide is making arrangements to build an iron-clad, and it has lately been proposed by each of the governments of Victoria and New South Wales to expend £300,000, besides an additional annual outlay of £73,000 for ships, guns and torpedoes. The fisheries of the Dominion give, it is estimated, employment to 1,000 ships and 17,000 smacks, which are manned by 7,000 sailors and 26,000 fishermen—the nucleus of a great navy. It is desired that all their sources of strength be utilized, that the colonies be not left to isolated action, and, therefore, to the distracting influences of divided counsels of rivalry and jealousy, but that the formidable combination should be organized and controlled under the supremacy of the mother country. Difference of opinion prevails as to the quotas to be furnished by the different members of the proposed maritime confederation and as to the relative expenses. These are questions, however, which, it is felt, would not be difficult of solution if the project were fairly under way. Mr. Brassey lays great stress upon the value of coaling stations in this age of steam, and shows that their coaling stations are absolutely unprotected; dwells with equal emphasis on this question of dock accommodation and points out that, with the exception of Malta, Hong Kong and some points in Australia, there is no accommodation for large iron-clads away from England. Mr. Brassey also argues that the commerce of the country should be made as far as possible self-defending, meaning that the large ships of the great commercial lines should be so constructed that they could be made available for purposes both offensive and defensive. In view of the fact that the annual value of the commerce of the country exceeds £600,000,000 sterling, which, with the value of the shipping added, would make a total of £650,000,000 at stake, Mr. Brassey makes a vigorous concluding appeal for the immediate initiation of this maritime confederacy, by making adequate provision for the defence of their coaling stations, which would cost not more than one million sterling.

A PRESSING QUESTION.

Mr. Brassey, it will be observed, looks at the question of the interrelation of this colony with the mother country from a purely commercial standpoint. His thoughts are less directly occupied with the welfare of the peoples as such, or with the preservation of the colonial empire intact, than with the commercial interests of the empire at large. It is a business view of the question. It is just because business men are feeling themselves driven by the stern logic of facts to look this question in the face that we are no longer permitted to regard the federation of the British Empire as a mere whim or fancy of the theoretic mind. It is a something which is in the air, in the atmosphere in which British men at home and abroad live and move and have their being, and sooner or later it will be the opportunity of the statesman of the hour to take hold of what is now an idea and give it practical shape. No such arrangement as that which Mr. Brassey desires is practicable until the colonies and the mother country begin to live together on equal terms, and that cannot be until local and imperial interests are judiciously separated, and until local interests shall be intrusted to local parliaments, while [illegible]

[illegible] questions of the [illegible]

AROUND THE WO[illegible]

—House property in towns [illegible] in Ireland now. There is no sale for [illegible] property.

—Cents have begun to appear in San Francisco. Hitherto five-cent pieces have been the least coin received.

—Although British savings banks pay high interest, each year proves that the public prefer the 3 per cent. of the government.

—Two hundred families of Philadelphia Quakers will form a colony in Minnesota, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, next spring.

—A sale by auction of a tract of land fifty-one by thirty-eight miles in area, in Kansas, is to be made to satisfy a mortgage of $5,000,000.

—A physician says that people become thin by eating salt meat and smoking cigars. A sort of mixture of corn beef and cabbage leaves?

—Voting a ring to the handsomest girl is always an enjoyable affair, without the least ill-feeling or jealousy, and the homely girls never say a word.

—For sleeplessness a high London authority recommends, instead of stimulants, a breakfast cup of hot beef tea, made from half a teaspoonful of Liebig's extract. It allays brain excitement.

—There are no barrooms at Cornell, Ill., but the place abounds in drug stores, in which the traffic is almost entirely in liquor, each having a business connection with a physician, who writes alcoholic prescriptions on demand.

—A husband whose wife had joined the ranks of the crazy religious enthusiast, Mrs. Girling, in the south of England, stormed the camp last month, and after a fierce contest of fifty minutes, carried off the truant *vi et armis*.

—A New York paper has published a romance to the effect that Cal Wagner is now drawing a salary of $500 a week. In a good season Cal Wagner is worth, to a prodigal manager, about $50 a week, and that is probably what he gets.

—The Italian Government has repeated its warning against emigration to Algeria and Tunis, which is continuing in alarming proportions, despite privations there, leading some to commit crimes in order to get into prison and escape starvation.

—The Chicago School Board have abolished the study of German and music in the public schools, in obedience to a public demand for retrenchment. Efforts are making in St. Louis to abolish the study of German in the schools, and are likely soon to be successful.

—By previous agreement, the keepers and frequenters of saloons of Albia, Iowa, pretended to be unconscious of the presence of the women who made a recent raid, but continued their diversions as though nothing unusual was going on. The women held several prayer meetings, but at last got angry and went home.

—*New Jersey* is not regarded as a far country, yet muskrat trapping is made a considerable business in the southwestern part of the State. These rodents burrow along the edges of creeks and ditches in great numbers, but are wary and difficult to catch. Their hides are sold to the furriers at ten to fifteen cents each.

—There has been no creation of a peerage in Lord Beaconsfield's administration since Lord Norton's in 1878, nor of a baronetcy since Sir Andrew Buchanan's in 1876. There are now 577 peers or peeresses and 865 baronets, making a little over 1,400 persons who are possessed of hereditary dignities out of a population of thirty odd millions.

—A litigant at Owen, O., said to his counsel, "Abuse the defendant, and I'll take all the consequences." So the lawyer spoke of the enemy as a perjured, thieving, murderous villain, and got soundly whipped for it as soon as court adjourned. He has now sued his client for damages, on the ground that the promised protection was not afforded.

—Chemists have found in the smoke of a cigar acetic, formic, butyric, valeric and propionic acids, prussic acid, creosote and carbonic acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, viridine, picoline, lutidine, collodine parvoline, coradine and rubidene. And yet a New York woman was fined $10 and costs for assaulting a man who blew cigar smoke in her face.

—The Sultan recently ordered the dismissal of all the Englishmen serving in the Ottoman navy. Upon the Naval Minister begging to observe that the service would be disorganized by the loss of the engineers and artisans, most of whom were English, the Sultan demanded a list of the British naval employees, expressing at the same time his determination to dismiss, if not all, at least the greater part of them.

—At Birkenhead, England, lately, a man was arrested for furiously driving a horse. It was explained in extenuation that he had become, while in the possession of a drummer of convivial habits, so addicted to strong drink—"standing on its hind legs and drinking beer like a man"—that it was hopeless to attempt to get it past old boozing haunts without putting it into a gallop. The explanation was deemed satisfactory.

—An incident, which would be absolutely incredible were not its truth amply vouched for, recently occurred in Marseilles. A man hanged himself at the door of his house with a girdle of wool. A neighbor having given the alarm, a number of persons rushed up, but they never thought of cutting the man down, and calmly watched him as he writhed in the death agony, which was very long. An officer of customs, who reached the spot a quarter of an hour after the crowd had begun to collect, released the victim, but he had ceased to breathe.

—John Nevins was a fireman on the Evart and Osceola Railroad in Michigan. A log was chained to the track one night, and his locomotive was wrecked, killing him instantly. His widow sued the company for $6,000 damages. While the suit was pending a good looking young fellow made her acquaintance, professed to fall in love with her, and made a marriage engagement. Having confidence in him, Mrs. Nevins told him that the log was placed on the track at her request, she desiring to get rid of her husband, while they were to have all the money that could be gained by a lawsuit. The wooer induced her to repeat the story in the hearing of concealed witnesses, and then had her arrested. He was a detective in the company's employ.

—The history of a bean, accidentally planted in a garden at Southbridge, Mass., is traced by a newspaper correspondent, who figures out its produce for three years. The bean was planted in a rich, loamy soil and when gathered in the autumn its yield, as counted, was 1,515 perfectly developed beans from a single stalk. Now, if a single bean produces 1,515 beans, and each bean produces 1,515 more, the sum total of the second year's product would be 2,295,225, equal to 1,195 pounds, 597 quarts or 2,390 army rations, equal to 18¾ bushels. This would be the product of the second year. Now, if we plant this product and the yield is the same we have a product of 3,[illegible] beans equal to 1,871,[illegible] tons, or 48,[illegible] bushels, or 548,754,[illegible] soldiers' rations. This third planting would give the steamship Great Eastern nine-two full freights.

—*London Telegraph*:—"In Japan, it would seem, they honor the aged with the same congratulations as we offer on their attaining a remarkable number of years, though in a somewhat different way. Mrs. Iwa Kura, mother of one of the dignitaries of the Empire, has just arrived at the age of fourscore years. In order that she might understand how great was the joy of her friends, eighty of them came to the understanding each to write her a short poem. Among the authors were included some of the greatest personages of state, and from what a Japanese paper says of the subject it may be inferred that the lines were of a highly figurative and ornate character. The verses, for instance, written by her Majesty the Queen delicately remind of the great age to which the stork attains, and, contrasting Mrs. Iwa Kura with this favored bird, draw inferences of the most flattering character. It is not said that the old lady read all the poems, but it is noted that she took pains to conserve them by having every one pasted on a pair of screens and relegated to a distinguished place in her dwelling. Whether the authors will take this as a compliment or not the writer who recounts the fact seems as yet unable to decide."

—"There's something about your daughter," Mr. Waughop said reflectively; "there's something about your daughter—" "Yes," said old Mr. Thistlepod, "there is. I had noticed it myself. It comes every evening about 8 o'clock, and it doesn't get away usually till about 2 o'clock. And one of these nights I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the side gate, and see what there's in it."

—Nothing mortifies a temperance man so much as when he begins talking chemically to a lady to learn her age [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. | ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] | TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 154. | MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1880. | POSTAGE PREPAID.

[illegible] unexampled [illegible] telephone Office [illegible] a number of its [illegible] was early in September [illegible] of October a tall, thin, [illegible] solemnly courteous person, [illegible] professional melancholy which [illegible] undertaker, called upon Mr. [illegible]

[illegible] of mournful interest he inquired: [illegible] wish to have a telephone put in this house?"

It was as if he had asked, "Are you really been [illegible] measured for your coffin?"

Mr. Brown, [illegible] little timidly, said "Yes."

The [illegible] and turned his head away, as if to [illegible] his deep emotion.

"You really want a telephone?" he continued after a pause, as much as to say, "For heaven's sake be cautious!"

Mr. Brown's uneasiness considerably increased. He replied:

"Well, yes; I certainly did express a desire to have a telephone in my house."

A look of infinite pity suffused the stranger's face. Contending impulses struggled in his breast. His dark eyes glistened with a tearful sympathy, perhaps protest. Extracting a paper from his pocketbook for the last time, in a voice of agonized regret, he cried:

"Do you really want a telephone in your house?"

Mr. Brown with hideous audacity said "Yes!"—also for the last time.

"P-p-please sign this p-p-paper!" sobbed the stranger, and the honest fellow pulled out his pocket handkerchief and wept.

The paper was a third formal request that the Bell Telephone Company should establish one of its instruments in Mr. Brown's house.

That was in October.

About the 6th of November, a dark person, with a scowl upon his face and mud upon his boots, rang Mr. Brown's bell so violently that the servant girl went into convulsions and shouted "fire!" Upon being admitted into the house, the dark person inquired in a voice like a rising thunderstorm:

"What room does he want the telephone in?"

He was shown the room. After scowling darkly upon every separate piece of furniture, and [illegible] so many holes in the wall that it looked as if it had recently suffered a very severe attack of mural small-pox, the dark person commanded the desk to be moved, and then where the desk had been tacked upon the wall a cardinal red placard on which was printed:

BELL TELEPHONE CO.
PUT INSTRUMENT HERE.
JOHN SMITH,
Inspector.

Then he left as gently as he came.

That card remained there till the 3rd of the following December.

On the 3rd of the following December the sun way, about noon, was darkened by the sudden apparition of four men, three boys and a coil of wire.

Fortunately, they were in Capt. Murphy's precinct—for had it been after dark in any other precinct they would have been arrested on the spot as burglars.

"We're the [illegible] as has come to put in your tallyphone," said the spokesman of the party. Upon which three of the men and one boy entered the house, and the rest began leaning up against the railing—a feat in which they successfully persevered until dusk.

Meantime, those who entered the house performed all sorts of marvelous mechanical and gymnastic feats. They bored fifteen or twenty holes in the window frame. The dragged coils of wire up and down stairs. They kept going up on the roof and coming down again. They hung loops of wire out of the windows. They clambered all over the front of the house like flies. They darted hither and thither on short excursions that ended abruptly, like beetles. They squatted among the chimneys like pigeons.

All day long those inside the house kept up their mysterious operations, and all day those outside leaned up against the front railing and thought.

When they had left—both divisions of them—there were two wires peering through two holes in the window frame. That was all.

On the 10th of December two men apparently in a tremendous hurry rang Mr. Brown's bell with a great vehemence. One carried a small package, the other a still smaller box of tools.

"We're the men that's sent to put up yer tallyphone," said the younger of the two.

By nightfall the tallyphone—a panel of black walnut, with a box and a bell and an infinity of knobs and wires in the middle of it—was in its place.

"When shall I be able to use it," inquired Mr. Brown, mildly.

"Oh! We don't know nothing about no using it," said the conversationalist of the duo. "The inspector 'ill be along here soon. He'll tell you when it's all right."

On the 14th of December, a timid, shrinking, scholarly person tripped up the front stoop, rang the bell and cautiously announced that he was the inspector detailed to examine and report on the instrument. He was shown up stairs, and, shutting all the neighboring doors upon himself, began, with great industry, to test the telephone.

He tested it by cautiously fingering a white knob as if he were picking out some imaginary tune on a silent piano, and by shouting at regular intervals of a minute, "Hello! hello! is that you, Wylie?"

It was evidently not Wylie, for he got no answer whatever to his inquiries.

After keeping up his fingering and his shouting till sundown, the new inspector retired from the telephone, a worn and weary man.

"When shall I be able to use it?" quoth Mr. Brown, curiously.

"The line is grounded somewhere," said the inspector, "and we shall have to go all over it to find out what is the matter."

On the 20th day of December the telephone was still useless, Mr. Brown attempting without avail, thrice every day, to effect a communication with the central office. On the 20th, his temper being a little the worse for wear, he communicated with the central office by another means, and asked:

"How about Mr. Brown's telephone?"

"Mr. Brown, of Nine Hundred and Seventy-First street?"

"Exactly."

"Oh! that's all right."

"How long has it been all right?"

"Nearly two months."

"Great heavens! I'm Mr. Brown, and I haven't heard a sound out of it since it's been in my house!"

"Can't help it, sir. You used your telephone yesterday, and held a long conversation with the Lee Exchange."

"The deuce I did. What time?"

"Three o'clock."

"But, my dear sir, at 3 o'clock yesterday I was in Westchester County."

"Can't help it. Must have been your family then."

"But my family was with me!"

"Can't help it. Must have been your servant!"

"My servant! She'd sooner play with a keg of dynamite!"

"Can't help it. It's down on the records, and you must have done it."

"Your inspector says the instrument isn't working, and I insist upon somebody being sent to attend to it."

"Who are you, sir?"—this time in a smooth, courteous, conciliatory voice.

"John Brown, Nine Hundred and Seventy-First street."

"All right, sir. I'm Wylie, the chief operator. Your instrument shall be attended to at once."

On the 25th of December a boyish young fellow came along, with a small valise in his hand and a pleasant smile on his face.

"My name's Morris," he says briskly. "I'm an inspector of telephones—Bell Exchange. Your's wants seeing to, I believe?"

He goes upstairs and operates on the Bell telephone for about two hours. He takes it to pieces, puts it together again, discovers that the wires have been reversed, and that everything that ought to have been done has been done, and that everything that ought to have been done has been left undone. Then he, too, fingers the white knob and inquires, "Wylie, is that you?" to which, this time, Wylie makes faint response that it is he.

Upon which Inspector Morris says, "Mr. Brown, the instrument is all right! You can use it all you want"—and then goes.

Mr. Brown, trembling with gleeful anticipation, goes to the instrument and, according to rule, presses thrice upon the white knob and then puts the telephone to his ear.

"Hello! hello!" he says, after the orthodox fashion.

He listens for a while to a confused murmur of voices, to girls laughing and scuffling. Then a clear girl's voice says:

"Shut up, Lena! I can't hear what he says."

Mr. Brown—"Hello! hello!"

Fair Unknown—"Hello! hello!"

Mr. Brown—"Am I speaking to Central Office?"

Fair Unknown—"Will you hush, Lena? What do you say?"

Mr. Brown—"Am I talking to Central Office?"

Fair Unknown—"Eh?"

Mr. Brown—"Am—I—talking—to—Central Office?"

Fair Unknown—"Lena, do hush, I can't hear a word he says. What's that?"

Mr. Brown—"AM I TALKING TO CENTRAL OFFICE?"

Fair Unknown—"I don't know."

Mr. Brown—"Who in the name of heaven are you?"

Fair Unknown—"Blumensteil, Forty-first street."

Mr. Brown—"Never mind. Thank you."

In a half an hour Mr. Brown has another fly at the Bell telephone. He rings twice and puts the telephone to his ear. This time another young lady sweetly replies.

Young Lady—"Hello! hello!"

Mr. Brown—"Hello! hello! Am I speaking to central office?"

Young Lady—"Yes. Who are you?"

Mr. Brown—"John Brown, Nine Hundred and Seventy-first street?"

Young Lady—"What do you want?"

Mr. Brown—"To know if my telephone is in working order yet?"

Young Lady—"Keep your instrument to the ear, if you please. I will find the general superintendent."

In about five minutes, just as Mr. Brown is about to drop the telephone with a loud curse, a tremendous explosion goes off in his right ear. Twelve extra large bunches of fire crackers have been apparently fired off in the telephone.

Before he has quite recovered his senses a voice says:

"Did you get me then?"

"Get you then?" roars Mr. Brown; "I only wish I could get you now. What do you mean by exploding torpedoes in my ear?"

"I wanted to see if your instrument was all right," says the voice.

"Is it all right?"

"No."

"Can't I use it?"

"No, not yet."

"When shall I be able to use it?"

"Can't tell."

"But Inspector Morris says it's all right."

"He knows nothing about it."

Another explosion of crackers; then silence.

On January 2, 1880, Inspector Morris returns to the charge.

"How is your telephone working?"

"It doesn't work at all."

"Who says so?"

"Some fellow at the central office."

"It was all right the other day."

"I told him you said so, and he replied that you didn't know anything about it."

"He said I didn't know anything about it, did he? If I find out who it was I'll punch his head."

And with great indignation Morris sets out to prove that he does know something about it by taking the instrument to pieces, by discovering that something else is out of gear and by putting it together again. Then he says:

"It's all right now, and I'll bet ten dollars on it."

That afternoon, none too sanguinely, Mr. Brown rings up Central Office, and a very pert young lady, so far as one can judge from her voice and her manner of speaking, replies with the usual "Hello! hello!"

"Is my telephone all right?"

"Who are you?"

"Brown, Nine Hundred and Seventy-first street?"

"I'll see—but, say Brown, what's the matter with you? I've been ringing your bell half a dozen times, and couldn't get you anyhow?"

"I've been sitting right under the bell all day and it hasn't sounded once."

"Then there's something wrong, and our inspector 'll have to call and see what's the matter."

Inspector Morris does call on the 5th of January.

"The bell's wrong now, is it?" he says. "I'll soon fix that!"

He does fix it and goes.

Then Mr. Brown once more, faint-hearted and desponding, tries his telephone.

"Hello! hello!"

"Who are you?"

"Brown—Nine Hundred and Seventy-First street! Is my telephone all right?"

"Yes!"

"Please have the kindness to——"

Cr—r—r—r—rack!

Silence.

That conversation has never been ended.

On the 9th of January the Bell telephone in Mr. Brown's house reached such a degree of perfection that he has ever since been able to hear the commingled conversation of all other telephonists without being able to chip in more than two words at a time on his own account.

One minute at his telephone enabled him thus to tap this huge river of dialogue:

"Send me hello! hello! home at six two bushels short of ostrich feathers numbers ninety-five half a column more in which to finish hello! hello! who are you? dinner will be six crates on the Fall River case tried and judgment rendered hello! hello! Mrs. Blumensteil please hang up three-forty train from Grand Central Depot twenty-two casks more darling I didn't mean what I said this hello! hello! Going to see Kelly right off no swearing please hello! hello! I want to be connected with warehouse receipts are on their way up town now Jennie wants to hush Lena I can't hear a hello! hello! and take South Ferry boat the funeral's at 12 hello! hello! who are you Gordon you've short of copy down town Truth office to go to hello! hello!"

Some day, perhaps, Mr. Brown will have a chance to cast his own little talk upon this phantom current of small talk.—*N. Y. Dramatic News.*

TOM JONES.

We are told of Fielding's "Tom Jones" that when the work was completed the author, "being at the time hard pressed for money took it to a second rate publisher with a view of selling it for what it would fetch at the moment. He left it with the bookseller, and called upon him the next day for his decision. The publisher hesitated, and requested another day for consideration, and, at parting, Fielding offered him the manuscript for £25. On his way home Fielding met Thompson, the poet, whom he told of the negotiations for the sale of the manuscript, when Thompson, knowing the high merit of the work, conjured him to be off with the bargain. To the author's great joy the ignorant trafficker in literature declined and returned the manuscript to Fielding. He next set off with a light heart to his friend Thompson, and the novelist and poet then went to Andrew Millar, the great publisher of the day. Millar, as was his practice with works of light reading, handed the manuscript to his wife, who, having read it, advised him by no means to let it slip through his fingers. Millar now invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee-house on the Strand, where, after dinner, the bookseller, with great caution, offered Fielding £200 for the manuscript. The novelist was amazed at the largeness of the offer. 'Then, my good sir,' said he, recovering himself from this unexpected stroke of good fortune, 'give me your hand; the book is yours; and waiter,' continued he, 'bring a couple of bottles of your best port.' Before Millar died he had cleared £10,000 on 'Tom Jones,' out of which he generously made Fielding various presents to the amount of £2,000; and when he died he bequeathed a handsome legacy to each of Fielding's sons."

—The Rev. Dr. Pentecost said in a Detroit sermon: "Show me an atheist, and I will show you a corrupt man." An atheist retorts with the following challenge: "He and I will go together through the jail, the house of correction, the gambling hells and the lowest resorts of the city, accompanied by three disinterested Christian gentlemen as arbiters. For each atheist, (*i. e.*, 'one who disbelieves or denies the existence of a God, or supreme intelligent Being'—see Webster's Unabridged) he finds among the persons in these places I will pay him $10. On the other hand for each Christian (*i. e.*, 'one who professes to believe or who is assumed to believe in the religion of Jesus Christ') whom we find among those classes he shall pay me $1."

—Mrs. Partington says the has bought a horse so spirited that it always goes off on a decanter.

RUSSELL AND WOLSELEY.

The Great Special Reiterates His Charges of Indiscipline Against the British Troops in the Transvaal.

William Howard Russell writes an energetic letter to the London *Daily Telegraph* in reply to Sir Garnet Wolseley's charge that he had been "hoaxed into circulating transparent falsehoods." He says:—On my return to England this week, I was made aware of the communication which was addressed in my absence by the Adjutant-General of the Forces in reference to a letter of mine written and posted at Pretoria, in the Transvaal, on October 10, last year, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 21. I find that the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief having delivered himself of the expressions "gross exaggerations" and "transparent untruths" in reference to my statements—as observations he wished to offer—and charitably suggested that I had been made "the victim of a hoax," announced that "a full inquiry was being made, and that the official report should be sent to his Royal Highness." I have too much respect for myself and for Sir Garnet Wolseley to bandy strong adjectives and offensive substantives with his Excellency and I will only say that I think—I venture to think—it would have been as well had he waited for the report ere he permitted himself to indulge in such language and to demand publicity for it. I stated in my letter of October 10 that "I begun it with reluctance." I may add, with anger and disgust. I declared I had no doubt on my mind "that if the provisions of the new code of military law be applied to the British army in its present state in any country which is situated like Natal or the Transvaal, it will be utterly impossible for the officers to maintain discipline." Why did I make that declaration? Because those officers told me so, and because I saw what they said was true. How and where did I gain my information? I will tell you:

PROOFS GATHERED ALONG THE ROAD.

All along the road from Durban to Pretoria. I was obliged, after my return from Zululand, to remain for some time at Durban and Pietermaritzburg while Sir Garnet Wolseley proceeded to Ulundi. I heard much while there from officers of the "scares" among the troops in Zululand, which made night hideous again and again. I witnessed some of the effects of these stampedes on the persons of sufferers, whom, if challenged, I will name. I heard, too, of the repeated floggings which were administered by officers, whom, if challenged, I will name. I heard, too, of wild alarms, and of outbursts of musketry and cannonading at nothing, at places and on occasions which, if challenged, I can name. I said nothing of these things, which I attributed to the youth and inexperience of many of the men composing the mass of our battalions. But then came rows and evidences of relaxed discipline in the bearing of some of the soldiery and in the drunken men in the streets of towns far from the seat of war, who were cleared out by strong pickets at night. I attributed all that to the abandon cause among young troops by a demoralizing kind of war, and by their joyfulness at their return to comparative civilization. I left Pietermaritzburg and went up the country. All along the road I heard stories of the indiscipline and excesses of detachments of men on the march. I found that officers in command of stations were obliged to put the adjacent towns and villages "out of bounds," so that soldiers could not visit them without passes, as if they were ticket-of-leave men. Are these "gross exaggerations" or "transparent untruths?" At Newcastle I was informed by a distinguished soldier, who has recently been awarded by his Sovereign for his gallantry in the war, that "he never had been in so much danger throughout that war as he was the other night in Utrecht, when the soldiers of the ——th regiment attacked the hotel in which he was lodged, and smashed in the windows with huge paving stones because they were refused drink. He got out of bed and crept under it to escape, and was rolled over by a stone like a rabit; and he then got his revolver and called on the landlord to fire, and the fellows went away." On visiting Utrecht a large store, with broken windows and doors, was pointed out to me as having been "wrecked by the soldiers;" and the landlord of one of the hotels there described an attack on his premises, as if they were undergoing a siege in due form. The officer in command had resorted to the measure declared to be illegal, but wholly necessary and justifiable, of closing the public houses and taverns by force and making it penal to sell liquor at all. Is that a "gross exaggeration" or "transparent untruth?" While I was at that place awaiting the arrival of headquarters another officer in command of a regiment on the march adopted the device of ordering a supply of spirits to be brought out on the field, so that the men who so desired might get drunk in the open out of sight. And they did, in some degree, but not all were unseen. Two soldiers of another corps at Utrecht died of "choking in drink" when I was there, and one was buried the day Sir Garnet Wolseley inspected the troops at the close of the ceremony. But is it "a gross exaggeration" or "transparent untruth" that the mess stores of Sir Garnet Wolseley's own personal staff were stolen in his own headquarter camp and the wines and liquor drank by the men around him?

THE SACKING OF HEIDELBERG.

I thought all that I heard very bad and deplorable, but still I held my peace. I hoped that things would mend. But when I reached Pretoria the matter assumed a serious aspect. The gravity of the political consequences on the situation in the Transvaal of misconduct on the part of any of the Queen's troops came home to me forcibly. I heard complaints of personal violence and of insecurity of property. Soon after my arrival at Pretoria, I met, at the table of the highest official personage in the territory, an English gentleman who had been introduced to me at Heidelberg by his Excellency Colonel Lanyon, the distinguished administrator of the Transvaal, and whom I understood to be one of the first merchants in South Africa. He was accompanied by his wife. The picture they drew of the state of things in the town they had left filled me with indignation. "There is not a single store in the town of Heidelberg which has not been broken into and wrecked by the troops," and details were given of robberies small and great, from chickens up to the church clock; but the lady's statement was still more painful, for she said "she was afraid of remaining in her house by herself, and she knew of several who were thinking of leaving and going to the coast." There were officers present who admitted and deplored the existence of outrages "which they could not adequately punish, as they could not turn out the few men" who committed them with ignominy from the service they disgraced, and they could not flog them as they were not before the enemy. On another occasion the officer in command of the Queen's troops in a country as large as France said, "If I am to carry out my orders I shall not have a man for duty." "Why?" asked I. "How is that?" "Because," answered Colonel ——, "one-half of the men will be guarding the other half in the guard tents or marching them along the roads under arrest." I heard complaints from Durban, Pietermaritzburg, Greytown, Stanger-Pearson, Ladysmith, Estcourt, Heidelberg, etc., and I read reports in the newspapers of police cases and judicial trials. From other towns came stories of disorders of the most serious kind, and at last "the spirit was kindled within me and I spake." At Middelburg some men of a party of one regiment passing through attacked the principal innkeeper, knocked him down, took ten or twelve sovereigns out of his pocket and beat him and his barman. They were not punished, because the officers promised the innkeeper compensation. I heard the man make the statement before the Administrator. The statements in my letter, written on October 10, were published in London on Nov. 21. Why they were so long on the road I do not know. The next mail left London on Nov. 27, and it would have been quite possible to have telegraphed in fourteen or fifteen days at the furthest, and to have let me know of the inquiry being ordered, as I did not leave Pretoria till December 23, and only quitted Cape Town on January 13. I now await the results of the inquiry, and meantime I repeat my question and ask that I may be pointed out in what I have grossly exaggerated, in what have I been "hoaxed into circulating transparent falsehoods?" The letter in which the Duke of Cambridge's attention was so usefully, I would fain hope, directed to evils which might have been heard of through other channels, and as to the existence of some of which at least official records of what had been going on in South Africa ought to have enlightened the Adjutant General and the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, stated that it was only a few bad men in certain corps who were guilty of conduct which brought discredit on the army. The officers of that army spoke through my pen. It was their voice of complaint that I uttered. If any one ventures to say that I have made false charges against the British army my words are in evidence to convict him of gross exaggeration and transparent untruth.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL,
Late your Special Correspondent in South Africa.

Middle Temple, Feb. 6.

TEA TASTER'S OCCUPATION.

Dr. C. L. Dana, in an article in the *Medical Record* on tea tasting by brokers and dealers in teas, maintains that it is a healthful occupation, which is not in accordance with the conceived opinion of other writers on the subject. In support of his assertion, Dr. Dana reports cases of living men far advanced in life who have followed the business of tea tasting for periods ranging from thirty to forty years without injury to their health. But whether the writer's conclusions are correct or otherwise, the life of a tea taster is a curious one, and the process of examining and deciding upon the qualities of the article is one not generally known.

There are, says Dr. Dana, probably more than a hundred firms engaged in tea tasting in New York. In all of their offices there are large tables with round, revolving tops. A circle of teacups is placed along the edge of these. The tea taster sits down before the display of crockery, and tastes one cup after another, moving the table-top around. In the centre of the table is a pair of scales with a silver half dime in one of the balances. One or two large kettles are kept constantly with boiling water in them. When a sample of tea is to be tasted, as much is weighed out as will balance the half dime. This is put in a tea cup and the boiling water poured on. The tea-taster then stirs up the leaves, lifts them on his spoon, and inhales the aroma. At the same time he generally takes a sip of the infusion, holds it in his mouth for a short time, and then spits it out. Enormous brass cuspadores, holding two or three gallons receive the tea thus tasted and the contents of the cups that have been examined. On some occasions, when a large amount of tea of a certain kind is to be bought, many samples of this are brought in from different houses. The buyers and sellers sit around the revolving table with the samples made into infusions in the cups before them. These are tasted all around, the "body," fineness, "tastiness," etc., are learnedly discussed, and the poorer systems discarded. Then those that are left are tasted again and the number further reduced. So it goes on until the article which unites the desired quality and price is obtained.

The skill displayed at these "drawings" is quite remarkable. A tea taster will detect not only the quality of a tea as regards age, strength, flavor, fineness, etc., but he can tell in which of the numerous districts in China the tea was grown. The facts regarding the different samples are sometimes put on the bottom of the cups, where they cannot be seen. The cups are then mixed up, and the infusions tasted again and sorted out simply by their flavors.

A great deal of tea may be tasted before these tea drawings are finished. It is hard to tell the amount that a tea taster takes during a day, for it varies a great deal with the activity of the business. Few of the gentlemen whom I asked could give any idea. Sometimes, however, as many as four or five hundred cups are tasted in the day. It is quite the custom to have to be tasting tea steadily for the most of the day, or for hours at a time. Probably an average of two hundred cups a day throughout the year is a low estimate. The poorer kinds of tea are often not sipped at all. But the sense of smell is depended on. Of the better qualities of tea, some is swallowed, and some spit out. Indeed, whenever the tea is taken into the mouth a little of it is swallowed. The tea gets into the system, therefore, in three ways: by inhalation, by absorption through the oral mucous membrane and by the stomach. More tea is simply taken into the mouth without swallowing than is inhaled alone; but all the tea is inhaled, even if it is tasted also. It is only a small proportion, amounting to not more than two or three cups a day, that is swallowed. A silver five cent piece weighs 1.18 grms. (gr. xviii). Estimating that an average of two hundred cups of tea are tasted per day, about one-half of a pound would represent the whole amount used.

Japan tea has of late years become by far the most popular variety, and more of it is imported than of all other kinds together. Green tea, on the other hand, is much less extensively used than formerly.

A FIERCE COMBAT.

The Life and Death Struggle Between a Cat and a Rattlesnake.

(From the Americus (Ga.) Republican.)

About three weeks ago, during the beautiful sunny weather we have had, which induced the trees to bud and bloom, I was walking in my garden one morning, thinking about my early start for spring vegetables, when I saw a large rattlesnake running. My first impulse was to go to the house, get a gun and kill it. But looking around, I saw a very large house cat cautiously creeping upon the reptile. Anticipating a fight, and equally desirous of getting rid of the cat, which killed chickens, I concluded to witness his attack upon the snake. The cat crawled upon his stomach, pulling along on its feet, whistling its tail from side to side, and every now and then stretching its neck to view the snake, when about eight or ten feet off the snake suddenly coiled up, sprung its rattle, faced the cat and darted its forked tongue out rapidly. The cat commenced a rapid circle around the snake, so fast in fact that the eye could hardly keep up with it. At last it got near enough and made a dart at its enemy, but through providential reasons it went high above the snake, which also struck at the cat, thus breaking its coil. The cat went too far and by the time that it had turned to its foe the reptile was again coiled and ready for the attack. The same method was adopted and carried on for four or five times, occupying at least half an hour. The cat wished to catch the snake, but seemed aware that if it missed the neck it would be certain death. At the sixth assault they met, and instantly the snake was wrapped in several folds around the body of the cat, which used its sharp claws with deadly effect. The cat had been bitten on the head and neck several times, and both continued to fight. The snake was torn nearly to shreds, but did not unloose its coil around its victim. The poison was swift and deadly, but before the cat died it caught the snake's head in its mouth and crushed it, and fighting they died, the snake enwrapping the cat in its coils. The snake measured four feet eight inches and had 13 rattles.

—A remarkable breach of promise case is to come up for adjudication at the next Guelph assizes. The parties were introduced to each other, engaged, the engagement ring given, the wedding raiment purchased and made, the wedding ring bought, the parson engaged, the license procured, the meats baked, the company invited, the day set, the engagement broken and the writ issued, all inside of ten days.

—Small child (to youthful acquaintance): "Ma says I must not play with you, because my papa is an officer, and you are common children." Little Brown (in a rage): "Common children, indeed! Mamma says my papa is a bankrupt, and that he will always remain one."

—Pauline Markham, the famous beauty of the original Lydia Thompson company, has been heard from in Arizona. She quitted her husband and a "Pinafore" company, leaving a letter in which she said that she was tired of both.

EDISON.

He Still Has Perfect Faith in Himself—His Plans for Lighting New York.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Mr. Edison says: "My experiments have been crowned with perfect success, and the commercial value of the electric light for illuminating either streets or dwellings is established beyond question." The difficulty at first experienced in the breaking of the lamps, caused by the expansion of the wires, has nearly, if not entirely, been overcome. In his laboratory are lamps which have been burning constantly for upward of a month without the least sign of interruption of any kind, and he says that he sees no reason why they should not continue in their present perfect condition *ad infinitum*. Besides twenty lamps used for lighting the streets at Menlo Park, every night there are sixty lamps placed in different houses, which furnish the only light for illuminating the residences. Mr. Edison is now preparing the ground for laying the foundation for three new buildings in connection with those now in use. One of these will contain dynamos for lighting the Park, his intention being to erect, as soon as possible, 700 additional lamps in the Park. Another building, 25 by 100 feet and two stories in height, will be devoted to the manufacture of his lamps. The third building will be constructed of iron, 25 by 34 feet and one story in height, and will be used for making the horseshoe carbons. The carbons and lamps are the only articles in connection with the electric light which will be manufactured at Menlo Park; the dynamos will be made at Newark.

Mr. Edison has already taken steps toward establishing central stations in New York City, and has perfected his plans for districting the city, each district containing from twenty-five to thirty-two stations. Each station will be supplied with five Holly engines of from 250 to 300 horse-power. Four of these engines will be in constant use, the fifth to be reserved for use in the event of an accident to any of the others. Each station will occupy a space of 50 by 100 feet. His canvassers in that vicinity of New York known as Newspaper Row, fronting the City Hall, have nearly completed their work of ascertaining the number of burners in each building in the proposed station, the number of hours that gas is used, and the amount consumed.

"It is astonishing," observed Edison, with a significant smile, "with what cheerfulness the people give the information desired, and how ready they are to extend every courtesy to our canvassers when it is ascertained what they want the information for. I guess there are a great many people in Philadelphia who feel the same way toward your Gas Trust."

It is the purpose of the Electrical Light Company to sell the franchise of large cities absolutely. In reply to the inquiry: "Do you know how much capital will be required to put a station into practical operation?" Mr. Edison answered, "Yes, I know to a fraction, but I am not at liberty to state the figures. I will say this, however, that it will cost four times less than it would to furnish the same illuminating power in gas."

"I am bound to wipe every gas company in existence from the face of the earth. I will do this by supplying light at a figure which no gas company can touch and live," he said; "the least figure for which gas can be manufactured is $1 per 1,000 feet; of course, they will attempt to put it below this figure, but it will be useless to compete with the electric light. The electric light I can furnish at a rate equal to 50 cents per 1,000 feet of gas, and make a magnificent profit. Besides supplying light at night, I have another advantage over gas companies. I can supply motive power in the day time. The same machinery and apparatus which I use for lighting purposes at night I can utilize for hoisting elevators, running lathes and sewing machines, pumping water, and, in short, for any purposes in which motive power is required. In one block in New York my canvassers found where fifty-horse power could be divided among twenty-eight small firms, and that is three-fourths of the lighting power. In other words, if seventy-five horse-power is required for lighting a certain locality at night and if I can use fifty horse-power of this in the daytime, I have saved three-fourths of my power for lighting purposes. The percentage of power required for lighting is one horse to every eight lights. The power required for running a sewing machine, for instance, is equal to burning one lamp."

Mr. Edison says the great item of importance to be secured in connection with his electric light is cheap steam engineering. A pretty correct idea of the relative value which he places on his lamp may be gained from his own division of the relative value of the component parts of the entire system. He says: "Steam engineering forms 75 per cent of the electric light, 20 per cent is in the system itself, 4 per cent is in the dynamos, and 1 per cent in the lamps; and yet they are howling about the lamps as if they were the item of greatest importance, when, in fact, they are the least."

An article clipped from a Philadelphia paper was shown to Mr. Edison, in which the statement appears that it has been "proved that his lamps were invented twenty-five years ago in France; further, that his admirers urge that the generator and the division of the current are the real triumphs of the invention, and that these are his invention." Then the announcement is made that his generator is "borrowed," and that Dr. Siemens divided the electric current long ago, and put his invention to the practical test of lighting the Imperial Arcades in Berlin.

"It is strange," said the wizard, with a disdainful smile, "how these false reports creep into the newspapers. Let a man get up a phonograph or something which, in fact, is a mere toy, and has no commercial value, and there will never arise so much as a breath of dispute as to the rightful claim of the invention; but the moment he has perfected something of commercial value, something that will conflict with the interests of long-established monopolies, and then there is a general rush to endeavor to pull him down, and to show that, after all, he has accomplished nothing. The idea of electric lights in France twenty-five years ago was only a theory. When an inventor gets a patent from the Patent Office it is a contract between himself and the public for furnishing something practical, not for a mere theory; and it is simply absurd to assert that any one else has ever put to practical test the use of the electric light as you see it illustrated here. To say that my generator is 'borrowed' is unqualifiedly false, and, so far as the statement is concerned that Dr. Siemens divides the electric current in lighting the Imperial Arcades in Berlin, why, he divides it in the same manner that John Wanamaker divides the electric lights in his store. He can divide them into groups of twelve or fifteen, and no more. But a system that cannot divide and subdivide from one lamp to a million of lamps is simply imperfect. With my electric light I can cut out any one or more lamps from 100,000 lamps, and can light and extinguish all of them at once. I can stand by the switchboard in my laboratory and extinguish any one or all of the lights in the park or in the houses illuminated from my laboratory. Siemens cannot do this, and never professed to. Now, in relation to the generator: Of course, Faraday was the original inventor of the generator, but generators are like sewing-machines,—they are of many different kinds. My machine will afford 40 per cent. more of electricity than any other machine ever made. What I mean is the amount of electricity you actually get into the lamps."

In response to the inquiry as to the date when he would be able to open his first central station in New York, Mr. Edison said he could not fix a definite time. His lamp, he claims, is perfected; but, before starting with it in New York, he will test an entire station by construction at Menlo Park a facsimile of the first station to be opened in New York. So careful is he in his experiments that the arrangement of every belt, the distances between pulleys, the elevation of machinery, and every minute detail connected with his electric lights will first be tested at Menlo Park, and then removed to New York and placed in exactly the same position there.

Taking down a book containing over 300 pages, Mr. Edison remarked: "There is a book on the way of baking, in which are the opinions of over 100 master-mechanics, and no two of them are alike. What am I to do? Why, I must find out for myself before I run the risk of putting up my apparatus in New York. In less than a year we will have the electric light in successful operation in New York, and then gas monopolies will be a thing of the past.

CANADIAN POULTRY AND EGGS FOR THE BRITISH MARKET.

Valuable Information for Raisers and Dealers and Exporters of Poultry and Eggs.

(From a Circular issued by John Dyke, Canadian Government Agent in Liverpool, G. B.)

Having paid considerable attention to the initiation and development of a trade between Canada and Great Britain, in poultry and eggs, I have arrived at the conclusion that a very remunerative business can be conducted if proper care can be taken. This opinion is based upon a careful examination of nearly every consignment made from Canada since February, 1874, when, with the first shipment of fresh meat from the American Continent, we had a ton and a-half of poultry; and upon an intimate knowledge of the market here. With the view of extending this branch of export trade, I propose to give the result of my enquiries, together with the practical experience of shippers from Canada, and also of the London and Liverpool salesmen, who have for many years conducted an enormous trade from France, Holland, Belgium, Italy and other parts of the Continent. The value of poultry imported into the United Kingdom from abroad in 1877 was upwards of $1,600,000, being upwards of $100,000 more than in 1876, and it is hardly probable that the present high prices would be seriously affected if these imports were quadrupled. Shipments of Canadian turkeys to England have proved most remunerative, whilst those of fowls, ducks and geese have also proved fairly successful. The directions for fattening as given by *La Basse Cour*, an eminent French journal, specially devoted to the interests of the poultry yard, to ensure white plump poultry, are as follows:—To get good weight and a delicate color, only meal from grain of last year's growth should be used in the fattening process, and the water employed for mixing the food should be salted in the proportion of six drachms, or about one-third of an ounce to the quart. Further a small quantity of coarse gravel should be added to the paste thus made, so as to assist the bird's digestive functions. Special care should be taken to keep them perfectly quiet, and not to give them any heavy meal for at least twelve hours before they are to be killed, so that the intestines may be empty at the time of death, and the acid fermentation of their contents, which would otherwise ensue, and which facilitates decomposition, may be avoided. Poultry killed when digestion is going on will hardly keep for a week. By attention to the above directions, they may be preserved for a fortnight in mild wet weather, and for a longer period when it is dry and cold."

The necks of all poultry should be broken close to the head, not cut. A slight incision may be made in the roof of the mouth to dislodge the blood, which would otherwise settle in the head and neck. They should then be placed in a position to thoroughly cool, care being taken to arrange the feathers, for an attractive appearance is of primary importance. It is very important that all poultry for shipment to Great Britain should be neither plucked nor drawn. The feathers not only absorb any moisture which may arise during the passage, but act as the most natural and at the same time most efficient, non-conductors of heat. Nothing, in fact, will tend to the preservation of any bird more than its own feathers. Select young cock turkeys, the heavier the better. Cock turkeys will realize at least 20 per cent. more than hens. If convenient arrangements can be made, shipping in a refrigerator on board ship is to be preferred. The packing should be in light wooden cases, not necessarily air tight, about 7 feet long, 2 feet 6 inches to 3 feet wide, and about a foot high, to contain about a score in each case, which should be marked with the weight and sex of birds, to facilitate the sale to dealers. On no account should the heads be placed under the wings. Place them as straight as possible in the cases, that they may retain their proper shape, taking the precaution to arrange them breast downwards, thus avoiding sweating. If it is impossible to obtain space in refrigerators, in cold, frosty weather, they may be enveloped in newspaper and packed in flour barrels, and shipped as ordinary freight. No hay, straw, or any other article which will heat or ferment, should be used in packing. Several lots sent in this manner have arrived in excellent condition. Exporters to the London market from the Continent and the West Coast of Ireland use a solution of permanganate of potash as a preventative of decomposition or taint with great success. The plan adopted is this—a piece of paper—or perhaps cotton batten would be best for Canadian shippers to use—is soaked in the solution, and placed in the mouth and vent of each bird. I should also recommend that the heads be wrapped in paper prepared in a similar manner.

The Canadian fresh eggs which have as yet arrived this season have not been of the same general good quality as in former years. It is my duty to warn shippers that, if there be any doubt about the freshness they should on no account ship them. The injury already done by not taking these precautions may seriously effect the prices of Canadian fresh eggs at Birmingham, Leeds, Newcastle and other centres of population, this season. That they can be safely and remuneratively shipped is proved by the large shipments made during the last three seasons by the same parties. I was much amused the other day when my attention was called to a shipment of pickled eggs from Canada, they were packed in the following manner:—Placed rather loosely in layers of chopped straw, in a beer barrel, and then filled in with salt brine and headed up. No bill of lading accompanied them and the commission agent had to pay freight and other charges. A letter arrived informing the consignee that other shipments would follow. The result may easily be imagined. Upon opening the barrel a terrible stench was emitted, and not only did the unfortunate man lose the expenses advanced, but was threatened by the police with proceedings for creating a nuisance in the street in which the eggs were opened. Eggs pickled in this manner, I need hardly state, are not required in England. The method of pickling, as generally followed in Canada, leaves nothing to be desired; but the following simple precautions must be taken to ensure successful transit to Great Britain, viz.:—The eggs must be thoroughly dried; then take a flour barrel, and place in it about three to four inches of chaff, or finely cut hay, which has been previously dried in a kiln or oven. Commence packing the eggs flat, with the large end towards the side of the barrel, in circles, care being taken to keep at least 1½ inches of chaff between the sides of the barrel and the eggs; then place another layer of chaff, and repeat until the eggs are about 6 inches above the top of the barrel; they should then be pressed, and headed in, and will arrive here with a wonderfully small amount of breakages. In this manner seventy dozen eggs can be placed in each barrel, and the freight on the same from places easy of access in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec will not exceed 2 cents per dozen, and the same from the Maritime provinces. Unless the British salesman is personally known to the shipper, I strongly advise him to accompany the first shipment.

—Sir Garnet Wolseley gets the next vacant British Colonelcy, as an exceptional recognition of his services. The dignity is a sinecure, but not an empty one. It is worth from £2,200 in the Guards £1,200 in the line regiment. When a general has a couple of regiments to back up his pay or pension he is a fairly comfortable pluralist. The Duke of Cambridge has no fewer than five Colonelcies, the Grenadier Guards, the Seventeenth Lancers, the Royal Artillery, the Sixtieth Rifles, and the Royal Engineers, all netting the tidy increment of £5,200, over the above his Field Marshal's income of £3,600, which again is independent of £4,400 as Commander-in-Chief.

—If you want eggs in winter never keep old hens. When a hen is three years old sell her for a spring chicken.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

—We read that the present pet of the Russian stage is Barbara Parnunova Kossieckvakaji. What do they call her for short?

—We see it stated that Dudley Buck and W. S. Croffut, the popular humorous writers, are at work on a comic opera in the Gilbert-Sullivan vein.

—Miss Annie Montague declined to sing in "Pinafore" on Sunday in San Francisco, and the theatre had therefore to be closed on that evening.

—Mr. V. M. Newell has followed Pease and Pattison as pianist at Daly's New York theatre. This style of *entr' acte* music has proved exceedingly popular.

—The success of the performance of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" in New York has been phenomenal. It has been given three times to immense audiences.

—Mr. Gilbert has written a note of congratulation to Mrs. Agnes Booth on her artistic conception and execution of the part of *Belinda* in his comedy of "Engaged."

—A rich man, who had begun life as a bootblack happened to remark that he had taken a box at the opera, and some one meanly asked him if a brush went with it.

—John T. Raymond, now acting in Boston, has closed a contract with Mr. Hollingshead, and will go to London, and act at the Gaiety Theatre, at the end of his present season in America.

—In emulation of Gilmore, Dodworth has fished out his "Hymn of Columbia," written and produced by him during the war times, and has been giving it in New York with a large chorus and orchestra.

—That was a very mild way of putting it in an exchange when it said that the "finest portion of the Burgess minstrel performance was not given because it had all been pasted on the bill-boards."

—A Boston musical journal says young musical persons should not play the piano at home. Probably wants them to confine their playing to the church entertainments and such, where people pay to be bored and expect to be.

—Miss Anna Dickinson will shortly make a tour through the West and give readings of her new play, "Aurelian." It will be remembered that this play was read by Miss Dickinson to a select audience in New York recently, and was highly commended by the critics.

—A writer in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* states that Mr. Sothern's right name is Douglas Stewart. This is an error. Mr. Sothern's name is Sothern. The name of "Douglas Stewart," or Stuart, was assumed by him when he first went on the stage, but, after a time, by the advice of J. W. Wallack, the veteran, he reverted to his real name.

—McKee Rankin, the actor, has begun a suit in Chicago to recover $200 from a former agent. He says that when "The Danites" was first acted in that city the agent told him it would be necessary to bribe the critics of the *Inter-Ocean*, *Tribune* and *Times*. He seems to have made no objection to such a proceeding, and provided $200 for the purpose; but he has since learned that the agent was fooling him, and now he wants the money back.

—The Boston correspondent of the *Graphic* criticizes Miss Anderson's way of making love on the stage. He asserts that she is not skilled in the traditional way of doing it, and Boston, where she is now playing, is very much displeased thereat. Every girl in Boston thinks they could make love better than Miss Anderson, and all the men declare that the actress is sadly in want of a course of instruction. The correspondent writes: "Miss Anderson's style of love-making in "The Hunchback" is suggestive of a Greco-Roman wrestling match. Atkins Lawrence is a pretty robust man and stands it rather well, but he looks as if he did not like it. *Julia* shouts '*Clifford*' at the top of her voice, and rushes upon her lover like a whirlwind; she clasps her hands firmly behind his neck, hangs her head upon her left shoulder, and drops her whole weight a little to the right, literally hanging from his neck. She remains thus long enough to afford the gods an opportunity to murmur an appreciative "yum-yum," then draws back, and with her mouth about six inches from her lover's chin, shouts some amorous sentiments at him and returns to the charge once more. *Clifford* responds but faintly to this overwhelming attack, and as soon as possible he manages to get out of the way. The audience is vastly amused, but the applause that always follows this scene seems to be for the most part satirical."

A PHILANTHROPHIC BARONESS.

The Duchess of St. Albans, in bequeathing her fortune to Miss Angela Burdett, desired her to take the name of Coutts. This lady was born in 1814, and received the vast legacy of $20,000,000 in 1837, since which time she has been conspicuous for her charitable deeds and humanitarian schemes. Her liberality in establishing the corps of nurses under Florence Nightingale, in the Crimean war, is familiar to every one. She is said to spend her entire income, $1,000,000 to $1,200,000 a year, in her philanthropic projects. She is an unfailing friend to the poor, a protector of dumb animals, and founder of churches and schools. In 1847, ten years after obtaining her fortune, she endowed a church with parsonage and school attached, in Rochester Row, one of the most neglected parts of London. She also established the drinking fountains, which are such a blessing to weary pedestrians; also the coffee saloons, which are such aids to the temperance movement. She is so much revered and beloved by all classes that the very populace, when exasperated by poverty to extreme measures of violence, protected the home of Miss Coutts, and declared that no hand should be raised against the peace of their benefactor. This beneficent lady, who has spent her wealth so freely for the improvement of human welfare, is by no means averse to the pleasures of life. She has just been seeking a little healthy recreation in a yacht voyage up the Mediterranean with a party of distinguished guests, one of whom, Mr. Henry Irving, of the Lyceum, had an opportunity thus given him of surveying the identical scenes which he so forcibly portrays in enacting the part of *Shylock* in the "Merchant of Venice." After returning from the Sunny South and re-entering the Thames, her ladyship's commodious steamer lay a week off Gravesend, where she and her companions had leisure to study the vast maritime, coasting and river traffic of the port of London, which had great interest to Miss Coutts, as the condition of those employed in it had long engaged her kindly attention.—*Boston Herald.*

—Sir Henry Selwin Ibbetson has just had, according to the *English Country Gentleman*, a couple of very curious experiences in fox hunting. Upon the hounds being put in a covert close by his house, where the meethad previously breakfasted, a fox was found and almost immediately lost. To everybody present the disappearance seemed so mysterious that a more than ordinarily careful search followed, when one of the field espied the creature lying along the branch of one of the trees in Sir Henry's fernery, forty feet above the ground. Stranger still, another fox was directly afterwards seen similarly lodged on another branch of the same tree. With the aid of a long ladder and a pole the vermin were dislodged, and after a sharp run, one was killed. But the day's adventures for the Financial Secretary were not yet concluded. Another fox was presently started from the gorse and kept the hounds going for an hour and ten minutes, being pulled down inside a cottage. The paper which chronicles these occurrences very properly allows them as both rare and notable.

—Disenchantment. (All along of this awful weather.)—The Captain (who had taken charge of blooming beginner at the skating rink): "Once more round!" Fair Novice (they had been careering about, without a break, for twenty minutes): "Oh, do stop now, Captain Bowbridge, and let go my hands! I must blow my nose!"

—A wicked man out West wants to know—

I.	II.	III.
Whoever heard	Whoever drank	Whoever heard
A bull sigh?	A ship's ale?	A mill d—n?
Whoever saw	Whoever heard	Whoever ate
A house fly?	A fence rail?	A door jamb?

PERE HYACINTHE.

He Gives an Interesting Lecture on "Divorce" and "Human Nature."

PARIS, Feb. 29.—Pere Hyacinthe's lecture on "Divorce" and "Human Nature" on Friday night were most interesting, though not likely to convince Naquet or Dumas. The Salle des Conferences was packed. Nearly half the audience were ladies. It was bold of the lecturer to touch such a burning subject, and bolder to touch it so honestly. There was no beating about the bush. Hyacinthe was not always logical, but he was always frank. To a great extent he evidently shares the ideas of Paul Feval. He does not absolutely forbid the right of communities to make divorce laws, but he believes them to be symptoms of decadence, not of progress. Marriage, he says, may be considered in three ways—as a natural contract, a civil contract and a religious rite. Viewing the question purely in relation to human nature, he advocates indissolubility and monogamy. He quoted St. Matthew in support of his views, but admitted that the law of Moses sanctioned divorce. Hence he does not condemn Protestant countries like England and America, though he refused to take them any more as examples than he would Turkey. The lecturer was occasionally mistaken in his facts. He stated, for instance, that in England adultery was the only ground for divorce. He recognized and adopted Feval's definition of marriage with slight modifications. "Marriage," says Hyacinthe, "is the full and perfect union of man and woman. Ideal marriages are rare, even impossible. Nevertheless, we must strive to tend toward the ideal marriage. This should imply love and purity as twin flowers on one stem. All true love hopes and promises eternity. Clearly, then, indissolubility is a law of human nature. Unity or monogamy, despite the corruptions of Salt Lake and the degradation of lower civilizations, is also natural law. It is necessary to the dignity of woman and inseparable from Marriage" as he defined it. M. Naquet, in conversation, had acknowledged to the lecturer that his ideal law would make divorce as easy as marriage. Naquet, in fact, aims at free love legalized—a sort of ordinary prostitution. "What," said the lecturer, "though there be even 2,500 couples separated in France every year, are we for these to lower the level of our national morality? Husbands and wives may separate, but they cannot undo the mystic and spiritual communion that has come with carnal union. Prevention is the best cure for wedded life. France should reform its false and wretched way of contracting marriages. Divorce is a remedy worse than the original evil. Naquet says that four-fifths of the people are judicially separated from illicit connection, and that absolute continence is impossible. Why impossible? Do we not demand it of all unmarried women? Do not many priests, many laymen, observe it? Did not the speaker himself observe it for forty years? It is not only possible, but needful; and all pure-minded men—especially young men—know it." During the lecture, which did him infinite honor, Hyacinthe had frequently to bandy words with cynical and foolish interrupters.

VICTORIA ON HER THRONE.

A Pen Picture of Her Majesty as She Appeared at the Opening of Parliament.

Her Majesty acknowledges the grave greeting of her lieges by scarcely more than a glance of the eye. The head bent slightly, perhaps, but I am not sure. She, too, walks slowly; there is no vulgar hurry about any part of the business. As she rounds the corner of the dais, her face is turned full towards our gallery. It is the business of courtiers to say that the Queen looks always well. For my part, I thought she had grown gray since last I saw her, and that the lines of the temples and about the mouth were cut deeper than ever. It can never have been more than a comely face, and there is nothing, strictly speaking, in its contour, and nothing in the figure, which can be called beautiful or noble. What strikes you, nevertheless, is the air of authority and the air of stern majesty which sits upon this royal brow and marks the least gesture of the Queen. The sadness of the face is profoundly touching; the dignity with which the burden—the all but intolerable burden of her life—is borne, appeals to your respect. She is here, they say, to mark once more her sympathy with the First Minister of the Crown; and with the party which, under his guidance, has been leading this country so strange a dance for these years past. But politics are forgotten in such a presence; and any criticism one has to offer is put decently aside so long as the woman and the Queen is here.

When she had seated herself upon the robes spread over the throne—which she might have worn, one would think—there is again a pause, almost solemn, and there is time to observe the gown which the Majesty of England has on. The Majesty and the Beauty of England are face to face, for the Princess sits nearly opposite; and as the Princess is perhaps the best dressed woman in the room, so is the Queen almost the worst. Her gown is of velvet, with broad longitudinal streaks of miniver or ermine running down the skirt and horizontal trimmings to match about the body. But you need not stop to look at it; the Koh-i-noor glows in her corsage, and a miniature crown of diamonds shines above the stony head. The Princess Beatrice, in blue velvet, stands by her mother's side, with traces of the womanly attractiveness which belongs to her sister Louise, now reigning over the hearts of our Canadian friends. There was some maneuvering with footstools and arrangement of trains, and the Queen's veil had to be extricated from the netted work of the throne. Then the Queen said, "Pray, be seated," and once more came silence.—[*Smalley, in New York Tribune.*

FINANCIAL CONDITION OF MARRIAGE

President Porter, some time since, in a sermon before the students of Yale College, gave them a new decalogue, not so general in principle as the old one, but doubtless quite apposite to his audience, and to the occasion. It commences thus: "Don't drink, don't chew, don't smoke, don't swear, don't deceive." Very good thus far. Excellent! The next precept, however, no matter how justly and wisely intended, is liable, without some qualification, to mischievous, if not ruinous abuse. Here it is: "Do not marry until you can support a wife."

The time was, when a young man upon becoming of age, having learned a good trade, and having laid by a few hundreds, or even if a collegian, without the hundreds, but having got a fair start in an honorable profession, took to himself a nice little wife, and so had a home of his own. This home proved to be a very good thing, after one had left a father's house forever, for the want of which, many a one has fallen by degrees into irregular habits, and got well started in the way to ruin, before being surrounded by better circumstances, and a better condition of thing.

These two put their heads together in laying plans for future life. He bent his shoulder to the rougher and sterner work, and she, guiding discreetly the affairs of her household, ever and anon turned her hand to some lighter species of industry, which brought a small addition to their limited income, perhaps, a very convenient thing, and quite helpful withal. And so in innumerable instances, attended by virtue and contentment, life ran on smoothly, pleasantly, and on the whole successfully.

Now, if we are to take into the account the average of those American girls who expect to be "supported," and who suppose that this is the chief end of women, the college graduate who has a debt on his hands, and enters on professional life, not generally remarkably lucrative at the present time, has before him some pretty long days ere he will find himself fairly settled in life. It would be no wonder if he should become discouraged before he gets an establishment in good running order, adequate to the demand of the President's injunction as modernly interpreted.

Again, it may be worth while to consider what sort of an estimate this precept puts on women. She is to be "supported." Is she stark helpless? A born imbecile? Has no muscles? no brain? no ambition? no enterprise? Possible a little activity, only contribute to lighten family expense, but at the same time conduce to her own health, to say nothing of her morals!

And besides, if this modern notion of wife "support" obtains, we shall lose all appreciation of those grand pictures of the excellent women of the olden time.

—"Give me three yards of mustard plaster," said a physician to a Philadelphia apothecary, "and be quick, if you please, for the patient is suffering dreadfully." The apothecary was dazed with surprise, until the physician added, "One of the giraffes of the Zoo has an acute attack of tonsilitis. His throat's sore all the way down. That's what the plaster's for."

ORISMADE.

I see him in the starlight gleam
His soft gleams [illegible];
With nodding beak and bending [illegible]
I see his [illegible]
My garden wall! I see him [illegible]
Still, heart! [illegible]
I hear his voice—his [illegible]
The cat upon the wall.

C. F. AYLSWORTH, P.L.S. & C.E.,
INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS.
Madoc. 1

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

MR. HENDERSON
HAS removed his law office to the rooms over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co.—Entrance—Side door.

G. D. RAWE,
CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D., &c.,
TORONTO.
LICENTIATE of Royal College Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College Surgeons, EDINBURGH.
Office in Victoria Block, Madoc.

J. F. TAYLOR,
SURGEON DENTIST, CAMPBELLFORD, Will visit Madoc, every Saturday.
ROOMS IN MADOC HOUSE, DURHAM ST.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, NOTARY, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc.
OFFICE IN VICTORIA BLOCK.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, BELLEVILLE. MONEY to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

P. G. DUNCAN,
AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 35.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

S. L. NASH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S., and University of Victoria College, Canada. BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, - STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.
Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., &c.
Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

EVANS & BOLGER,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, P. L. S. T. O. BOLGER, P. L. S., C. E. & A.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Mott's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 52

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
—AND—
Commission Agency.
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 8th, 1879.

MONEY! MONEY!
TO FARMERS
Desirous of buying or of improving their farms, or removing
Burdensome Mortgage Encumbrances,
the undersigned offer
EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.
Rate of interest on straight loans from 7½ per cent. On the Endowment plan most advantageous terms. Terms and times of payment satisfactorily arranged. Payments can be made in any month of the year. No commission, utmost expedition and privacy.
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c.,
"O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.
Agents for several Stock Fire and Life Insurance Companies. 132

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MARCH 11, 1880.

THE Coroner's inquest on the bodies of the victims in the Biddulph tragedy was closed last week. The jury returned an open verdict to the effect that the unfortunate Donnellys came to their death by being "murdered and burned by parties unknown."

THE Ontario Legislature was prorogued on Friday last, after a session of about two months. After all the railway deputations, and petitions and memorials presented, one of the last statements of the Premier was to the effect that the Government would grant no railway aid at this session. What about the T. & O. and B. & N. H. extension now?

VENNOR, the weather prophet, is no doubt strongly impressed with the wisdom of the maxim, "Try again." Notwithstanding his disastrous failures this winter he still persists in prophecying for the future. His latest prognostication is to the effect that the heaviest snow falls of the winter will come after the 15th of March. He says we will have a heavy storm on St. Patrick's Day and the day following. If he don't succeed this time we advise some one to shoot him.

PARNELL, the Irish agitator, delivered an address in Toronto on Saturday evening last, on the Irish land question and distress existing among that people. His mission to this country as an "agitator" appears to have been highly successful so far, the principal part of his discourse being a tirade of abuse against England and the English Government, and its alleged mis-government in Ireland. During his speech he expressed his belief that this agitation would result in driving the landlords out of Ireland, and the poor tenantry would ultimately become the owners of the soil. At the close of the meeting the land attempted to play "God Save the Queen," but the strains were drowned by hisses, and the piece was left half finished. The proceeds of the meeting, subscriptions and entrance fee, amounted to $975.

THE *Globe*, with "commendable enterprise," has been giving its readers a series of wood-cut portraits of the ill-fated Donnelly family and those who are figuring most prominently at the present time in connection with the Biddulph tragedy. Some of our contemporaries, however, seem to think the cuts were not as artistically finished and life-like as they should be. The Toronto *Telegram* says they are cut out with a meat axe and a circular saw, while the Detroit *Free Press* says: "The Toronto *Globe* adds a new horror to the Lucan tragedy by the pictures it publishes of the participants in the affair. These astonishing portraits are wood cuts in all the term implies, being probably backed out of the back woods of Biddulph by some one not very handy with the hatchet. If the prisoners now confined in London ever get free, they will no doubt institute immediate proceedings against the *Globe*."

THE Irish relief movement has now spread to almost every city, town, and hamlet in the United States and Canada, and contributions are daily being raised, either from private funds or public enterprises, which must swell the total receipts to an almost incredible sum. But there is no doubt as to its being all needed, as Erin's starving people number tens of thousands, who are relying and will have to rely for several weeks yet to come, on these contributions for their daily bread. In response to the appeal for aid we are glad to see that Canada is not behindhand, and is doing her full share to alleviate the suffering of that famine stricken people. The Dominion Government appropriated $100,000, and the Ontario Government, $50,000, besides innumerable liberal contributions from municipal corporations, societies, and from private subscriptions. The United States Congress has made a grant of $500,000, and the New York *Herald* fund now reaches nearly the same amount. If these vast sums of money, and the large amounts that will yet be raised, are but judiciously and honestly handled, we see no reason why the giant hunger may not be met and subdued in a manner that will reflect credit on a civilized and christian nation.

GOVERNMENT AID TO RAILWAYS.

"To be or not to be, that is the question." The refusal of the Ontario Government to give aid to railways this last session of the Legislature has caused much comment throughout the Province, and to most people there is a doubt as to whether the action taken is in the interest of the Province or not. To a degree we find the same difficulty. We can't help thinking, however, that the trouble has not suddenly risen. The evil is in the past, not in the present or probable future. It may be best under all the circumstances that have arisen, that grants should stop for the present, but what are the causes that have brought this necessity about? To our mind no one need go far to find them. When John Sandfield McDonald instituted the "Railway Aid Fund" it was intended, and so stated to the Legislature and people of the Province, that *it was to aid the opening up and developing the new parts of the Province!* And to make this a certainty the Act was so worded that aid—in the spirit of the Act—could only be given to roads running from the front into the interior, and partook of the character of Colonization roads. But the Fund had hardly began to be destributed before this principle was departed from. We find many parties blaming this Government, or rather the Reform Government, for these departures. To such parties we would ask how much of a Colonization road is the Grand Junction from where it intersects the B. & N. H. R. and runs west through the old settled country to Peterboro? And yet this was the work of John Sandfield. Since his defeat, however, the Reform Government under Mr. Blake took a decided departure from the land-marks laid down, and Railways in every direction have been aided. Take the rich County of Prince Edward, with a railway easily built and with no difficulties to encounter, and yet more in proportion to its need has been paid to that railway than to any other in the Province. The evil is just here—railway funds have been voted not so much in the interest of the newer parts of the Province as in the interests of friends and supporters of the government. We do not mean to say the aid has not done good, but this we do mean to say, had the "Railway Aid Fund" been applied as originally intended, and as it commended itself to every true lover of his country, by building roads into the new parts of the country, we should not now be without a railway into North Hastings, nor would the government find it necessary to withold their hands at a time when they should be most active in destributing for the purposes originally intended. We do not blame one set of men more than another. When the member for North Hastings supported aid to the G.J.westerly, he helped to break through the principle on which the aid was founded, and he has no reason to find fault with it now. And so with others. We believe however the refusal will do good in the end, and when the grants are made again they will be where they should be, to open up the back country.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Maple sugar has already been offered for sale in Belleville.

The market fees of Trenton this year were sold for $975.

Ship building is reported to be unusually brisk at Mill Point this season.

The resident ministers of Belleville are keeping up the revival services lately conducted by Mr. Hammond.

The increase of the exports at Belleville for February 1880, exceeds those of a like period last year by $6,105.

A large amount of sickness exists in Mill Point at the present time. It is stated that in one week there were seven deaths.

The township of Brighton has fixed the amount to be paid for tavern licenses at $199, which amounts to prohibition.

412,072 bushels of Barley, reported at the U. S. Consulate office, Picton, were shipped out of Prince Edward County last year.

The Roman Catholics of Picton held a bazaar a week or two ago at which $1,500 were raised towards building a new church in that town.

The people of Belleville are rejoicing because of the mildness of the season, as the prospect of the customary spring freshet is thereby greatly diminished.

Mr. John H. Corby, of Belleville, is feeding 150 cattle, the greater number of them being of Durham breed, for shipment to the English market in the spring. These are said to have cost about $14,000.

Edward Hanlan, on the occasion of his late visit to Belleville, presented the Rowing Club of that city with the sculls with which he rowed five miles in 33 min. 55 sec. on Chautagne Lake last fall.

Fifty-two carloads of freight were shipped from the village of Hastings during the month of February. They comprised the following:—Grain 29; Flour, 6; Lumber, 2; Cattle, 1; Wool, 7; Sundries, 7.

Since the opening of the Iron Mines in North Hastings, no less than twelve hundred cars of ore have been shipped from two mines. These cars average twelve tons each, making 13,400 tons in all.—*Intelligencer.*

A change has lately been made in the clerkship of the Rawdon township Council, the office being vacated by Mr. Joseph Hogle, who has occupied the position for a great many years. Mr. G. D. Wiggins is the new clerk.

On Wednesday afternoon last, the Grand Junction Railway train from Belleville to Campbellford, when about five miles from the latter place, ran over a squaw, killing her almost instantly. She was under the influence of liquor at the time, the inquest disclosing the fact that she had procured it from two men who had been in her company.

On Saturday night last, between eight and nine o'clock, a fire in the Oak Hills was observed from the village, which proved to be the residence of Mr. George Danford, living in the 8th concession of Sidney, about two miles from the village. Everything was destroyed except a sewing-machine and clock. The origin of the fire is a mystery. The loss, which was not ascertained, was but partially covered by $200 insurance.—*News-Argus.*

The Campbellford *Herald* says:—"During the past six months, from the 1st of September, 1879, to the last of February, 1880, our townsman, R. Cockburn, Esq., has purchased 70,000 bushels of wheat, and 30,000 bushels of barley, peas and rye. For wheat he paid out $85,000, and for coarse grain, $19,000. This is an extensive trade for one buyer in a small place under dull and sometimes inactive markets—a fair ratio as compared with the best grain firms in the larger towns."

The Hastings *Star* says:—"An old man named James Dalton, who had been for the last three or four months living with S. Herndon, was found dead in bed last Saturday morning. An inquest was held on the same evening by Dr. Sinclair, Coroner. The jury after hearing the evidence of Dr. Mallory, who made an examination of the body, returned a verdict of 'Death from natural causes.' The old man had been suffering for some time from a severe cold. His age was supposed to be about 72."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOY WANTED,
IMMEDIATELY, a smart, intelligent lad, about 15 years of age, good scholar preferred. Apply at "REVIEW" Office.

NOTICE.
ALL parties are hereby forbid trespassing on the east half of Lot No. 2, 1st concession of Madoc, as the undersigned holds the above lot by deed.
WILLIAM WEST.
Madoc, March 10th. 1880. 154-4

NOTICE.
THE Merchants of Madoc are hereby forbid giving goods on credit to any person in my name, without my written order or consent, as I will not be responsible for the same.
MARY DECLAIR.
Madoc, March 10th. 1880.

FOR SALE IN MADOC.
THAT valuable Building Lot forming part of No. 1, situate on the south-west corner of Durham and St. Lawrence Streets, in the incorporated village of Madoc. Frontages on Durham Street, 73 ft. 6 inches, and on St. Lawrence Street (exclusive of a lane 12 ft. in width,) 218 feet 7 inches to Deer Creek.
This Lot is situate in the centre of the business portion of the flourishing Village of Madoc, and peculiarly adapted from its unrivalled position for a first class block of buildings.
For terms, &c., apply to the owner,
MRS. JANE WRIGHT.
Madoc, 5th March, 1880. 154

New Business.
HAVING purchased the stock and business lately carried on by G. M. Brooks, and having re-fitted up the premises and added a large amount of new stock, I am now prepared to supply the public with
FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES
of all kinds, comprising
Teas, Sugars, Coffees,
SPICES, TOBACCOS,
Canned Fruit of every Variety,
CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS.
Special attention called to our assortment of
CROCKERY & GLASSWARE
which will be found very complete. A choice stock of PURE WHISKIES, from the celebrated firm of Gooderham & Worts, Toronto, also BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, &c., imported direct from the manufacturers.
Farmers' Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for Goods.
Remember the place,—nearly opposite the store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
D. W. WRIGHT.
Madoc, March 3rd, 1880.

DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP
NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned as storekeepers, boarding-house keepers, and pedlars, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Neither party to be held responsible for any contracts made by the other after this date.
JAMES SHAW,
JAS. R. SHAW,
Witness,
CHAS. CRAWFORD.
Wellaston, Jan. 28th, 1880. 151

TO BE LET.
LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.
Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gram, Esq., Madoc. 130

FOR SALE OR TO LET.
A GOOD Frame House and Lot, situated on St. Lawrence street, nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Orrin Dunn, in the flourishing village of Madoc. The house is in good repair, and there is also on the premises a good stable and never-failing well of water. For particulars apply to
WILLIAM MULLETT,
140-3m Proprietor, Madoc.

NOTICE.
E. B. FRALECK, Barrister, &c., having dissolved partnership with Hugh Blair, will continue his general practice in his present office, No. 17, Ridley's Building, opposite the Opera House, Belleville. Plenty of private funds to loan on first-class mortgage security, at low rates of interest and reasonable charges.
If borrowers desire it, Company money loaned at five and one quarter per cent. interest.
E. B. FRALECK.
Belleville, Jan'y 20th, 1880. 147-41

NOTICE.
NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of the Township of Madoc, will, at their next session, pass a By-law for the opening and establishing of a public road, running from *McCoy's* Schoolhouse to Eldorado, as follows:—Commencing at the south-east corner of lot 19, in the 7th con.; then running between 18 and 19 in the 8th con. 58 rods; then taking a south-westerly course 60 rods; then bearing north-west until striking the line between lots 18 and 19; thence westerly along said line until it intersects the gravel road at Coulin's Hotel.
Said road is to be built on the best site 66 feet wide, not leaving the stakes on either side farther that from one to forty feet, in order to make the road straight.
JOHN R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Mortgage Sale!
—OF—
FREEHOLD PROPERTY.
IN pursuance of a power of sale contained in a mortgage to the Vendor, (which will be produced at the time of sale,) there will be sold by Public Auction, on
Friday, 12th of March, 1880,
At the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at
MOON'S HOTEL,
—IN THE—
VILLAGE OF MADOC,
The following lands and premises, being a portion of lot No. 11, in the 7th concession of the Township of Madoc, more particularly described as follows:—Commencing at a stake planted on the concession line, on the west side of the concession road dividing the 7th and 8th concessions of the said Township, which stake is nearly opposite the road leading east to the Township of Elzevir, in the 8th concession of the Township of Madoc; thence north on the concession line 10 rods to a stake planted, thence west 16 rods to a stake, thence south 10 rods to a stake, thence east 16 rods to the place of beginning, containing one Acre, more or less.
Terms Cash. The Vendor reserves the right of one bidding, and will produce only such title deeds as he has in his possession.
For further particulars apply at the Law Offices of Peterson & Peterson, and to the Vendor, Mr. E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.
Dated at Madoc this 11th day of February, 1880.
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Vendor's Solicitors,
Madoc and Belleville.

HENDERSON & HENDERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c. Chambers,—Graham Block, Belleville, Ont.
G. E. HENDERSON, Q.C. H. E. HENDERSON, Barrister, &c.
Money to Loan, &c. 151

NOTICE.
ALL parties are hereby forbidden trespassing on Lots numbers Two and Three, in the Second concession of the Township of Madoc, as the undersigned hold the above lots by deed and lease.
CHAS. J. PUSEY,
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, February 16th, 1880.

MISS M. A. CUMMINGS,
GRADUATE of St. Mary of the Lake Convent, Kingston, is prepared to receive Music Pupils in Madoc and immediate vicinity.
TERMS MODERATE.
All information required may be had by calling at the residence of Rev. Father Davis.

TIES! TIES!
I AM now prepared to make contracts for any quantity of HEMLOCK, TAMARAC, OAK, or ROCK ELM TIES, delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Nov. 22nd, 1879. 137

TEACHER WANTED!
FOR Union S. S. No. 8, Wollaston and Lake, male or female—one holding Third Class Certificate preferred—duties to commence on 1st April, 1880. Apply, stating salary, to
JAS. McGREGOR, Trustee,
The Ridge, Feb. 23, 1880. The Ridge P. O. 152-4i

NOTICE.
THE undersigned offer for sale the mineral right of lot 19, in the 6th con. of Madoc. This lot adjoins the famous Richardson mine, and is believed to contain a vast deposit of gold and hematite iron ore.
—ALSO—
The mineral right in over 5,000 acres of land in Marmora, Madoc, and Elzivir, and the townships of Lake, Tudor, Grimsthorpe, and Hungerford. Apply to
HENDERSON & HENDERSON,
Barristers, Belleville.
Belleville, Feb. 13th, 1880. 151

NOTICE.
FOR SALE OR TO LEASE,
FOR a term of years, an undivided one-quarter interest in Lot 2, 2nd Concession, Madoc, 200 acres. On this lot there is an inexhaustible Bed of Magnetic Iron Ore, of excellent quality, and within easy distance of the Railway. Apply to the Proprietor,
GEO. E. HENDERSON,
Barrister,
Feb'y 11th, 1880. Belleville.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
TENDERS for a second 100 miles section WEST of RED RIVER will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March next.
The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.
Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Office, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.
By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,
OTTAWA, 11th Feb., 1880.

Holiday Goods!!
A full and complete stock of
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
AND
FANCY GOODS,
Also a choice assortment of
Children's Toys,
and other articles suitable for the present
HOLIDAY SEASON,
will be found at
RAWE'S,
IN THE WILSON BLOCK.
Madoc, December 11th, 1879.

FISH! FISH! FISH!
JUST RECEIVED,
WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING.
Wholesale and Retail.
—ALSO—
CROCKERY
AND
GLASSWARE.
Sets, - $2.00 and $2.50.
A LARGE STOCK OF
Groceries & Provisions
constantly kept on hand.
The highest price paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.
J. HARPER.
Madoc, December 17th, 1879.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
RAILWAY.
Tenders for Rolling Stock.
TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz.:—
20 Locomotive Engines,
16 First-class Cars, (a proportion being sleepers,)
20 Second-class Cars, do
3 Express and Baggage Cars,
3 Postal and Smoking Cars,
240 Box Freight Cars,
100 Flat Cars,
2 Wing Ploughs,
2 Snow Ploughs,
2 Flangers,
40 Hand Cars.
THE WHOLE TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA, and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.
Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.
Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.
By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
Dept. Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 7th Feb., 1880.

Gold and Iron.
West half of Lot 26, 4th Con., Madoc.
THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.
A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.
Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

Private Boarding House
PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.
MRS. J. HULIN.
Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 118

Land for Sale.
WEST half of Lot 19, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to E. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

MADOC BAKERY
James Latimer
BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and surrounding country that he has commenced business as
BAKER AND CONFECTIONER
and will do his utmost to supply his patrons with first-class
Bread & Graham Bread,
DELIVERED DAILY.
Furnishings for Socials and Tea Meetings got up on the shortest notice.
BUNS, PASTRY, PIES,
AND CHEWING CANDY,
All of my own make.
Remember the Place—Corner of the Hastings Road.

MONEY. MONEY. MONEY.
MAY BE SAVED
BY PURCHASING
BOOTS, SHOES, GROCERIES,
—AND—
Fancy Holiday Gifts!
—AT—
REDUCED PRICES,
FROM
N. D. PETERS,
O'FLYNN BLOCK,
MADOC.

1879 and 1880.
FRESH
X'Mas Groceries
Gray & McGregor,
Victoria Block, Madoc,
HAVE RECEIVED
FRESH LAYER RAISINS,
VALENTIA RAISINS,
SULTANA RAISINS,
NEW CURRANTS,
NEW FIGS,
DRIED APPLES,
CITRON, ORANGE, LEMON PEEL,
VALENTIA ORANGES,
VALENTIA LEMONS,
CANNED PEACHES,
do PEARS,
do CORN,
do GREEN PEAS,
do LOBSTERS,
do SALMON,
do COOKED CORN BEEF
do LUNCH TONGUE,
ORANGE MARMALADE,
PRESERVED GINGER,
POTTED MEATS,
The Celebrated Diamond Brand Oysters
FINNAN HADDIES,
BLOATERS, COD FISH,
LABRADOR HERRINGS,
—ALSO—
A CHOICE STOCK OF
CONFECTIONERY.
Madoc, Dec. 17th, 1879.

MADOC
Boot and Shoe
"Just the Thing Madoc Wanted!"
A First-Class Boot and Shoe Establishment.
Messrs. GRANT & POTTER,
OF BELLEVILLE AND MADOC,
Having secured the whole of the premises in Wright's Block lately known as the "Cheap Store," and having thoroughly refitted it, have now opened out a full and complete stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES, TRUNKS, VALISES, &C.
As we deal in nothing but the above lines, and buying in large quantities FOR CASH, we can afford to sell cheaper than any house in Madoc or Belleville. This is no puff or blow, but a genuine fact, which is easily proved by calling on us and inspecting our stock and comparing our prices with other establishments.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Jobbers and small dealers liberally dealt with.
D. FOX,
Manager of Madoc Branch.

CORSETS.
We have a full range of sizes in the different makes of the Crompton Corset Co'y, which will be sold at low prices.
Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, March 11th, 1880.

JUST RECEIVED,
150 PIECES GRAY COTTONS,
50 " STEAMLOOMS,
All of which we intend to sell at the old prices.
Now is the time to Secure Bargains.
O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
POST OFFICE BLOCK.
Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1880.

WRIGHT'S
Grocery, Provision
WINE & LIQUOR STORE,
(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1868.)
NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,
On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,
WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS
GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS,
(A SPECIALITY.)
FRUITS IN SEASON.
WINE, BRANDY, GIN, SPIRITS, ALES AND PORTERS,
of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.
—ALSO—
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.
JANE WRIGHT.
Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

HARNESS! HARNESS!

P. SINCLAIR

HAS REMOVED HIS HARNESS SHOP TO

DALE'S BLOCK!

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expense of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to R. D. ROSS, adoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES ŌREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 121

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavestrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

GEORGE CHOWN. 22

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA

LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,

TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?

APPLY TO

The Canada Landed Credit Company,

EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST

and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

For further particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1

Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.

A. F. WOOD.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all old-standing accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 123

PORK and BACON

200 Bbls. of Pork

Heavy New Canadian Mess,

—ALSO—

10,000 lbs. Long Clear Bacon,

FOR SALE BY

W. R. McRAE.

146-3m BELLEVILLE.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

BEN'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
O. RUPERT, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTSVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUCE, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOMERS, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge.
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, On Thursday Evening, April 1st, at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

FRED. B. YABEE, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, March 15th

At 8 o'clock.

J. MOUNCEY, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday, March 23rd,

at the hour of 7:30 p. m. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

JAMES O'HARA, Jr., Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday, November 3rd, trains will run as follows:

Going South—Train leaves Madoc at 8 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 10.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at Madoc at 5.05.

Belleville time.

R. LUTTRELL,
General Superintendent.

Read Grant & Potter's new advertisement in this issue.

To-night.

Remember the Bazaar this afternoon and the Oyster Supper in the Masonic Hall to-night.

An Old Resident Gone.

Mr. John Boyden, of Flinton, died on Monday last, 8th inst., after a short illness of dropsy, aged 70 years. The deceased was one of the oldest residents of Tyalaler, and was universally respected by all who knew him.

License Commissioners.

The following gentlemen have been appointed License Commissioners for North Hastings, under the provisions of the License Act of 1876, by His Honor the Lieut.-Governor:—Jas. S. Sprague, M. D., Stirling; Thomas Cross, Madoc; Alexander Harvey, Huntingdon.

Re-instated

Mr. A. H. Gilbert, Public School Teacher, Tweed, who was prohibited from teaching in any public school in this Province, for some alleged impropriety at the Intermediate Examination in Belleville, in July last, has been re-instated by an order in Council passed on the 25th ult.

These Coins.

That "ancient coin" story has exploded. Last week we were furnished with the information that the coins were brought from India by Mr. Dunn, an old pensioner who resides about two miles from this village, and who gave them to Mr. Moon. The latter has since acknowledged that the "curious discovery" story was originated for a practical joke.

Well Merited Praise.

The Marmora correspondent of the *Intelligencer*, in speaking of the recent concert in that village says:—"Those from Madoc, rapturously Misses Taber and Miss Rathbun, almost surpassed themselves in the highly artistic and pathetic style in which they played and sang the beautiful songs with which they favored the audience, and the two former young ladies were greeted with a perfect storm of applause which was almost an ovation."

"Rapid City Enterprise."

We were pleased to receive last week a copy of the above journal, published by Finn & Carruthers, at Rapid City, N. W. T. The publishers are both men of large experience in the newspaper line in this country, and as Rapid City, although a comparatively new settlement, is one of the most flourishing and rapidly growing towns in our great North-West, we have no doubt their *Enterprise* will be a success. We shall be glad to receive it regularly.

Irish Relief Bazaar.

The concert announced to take place in the Masonic Hall, in this village, on Wednesday evening next, 17th inst., under the auspices of the Madoc Lodge of Oddfellows, in aid of the Irish relief fund, promises to be a highly creditable and successful affair in every respect. The committee will spare no pains to present a programme on the above occasion that will give entire satisfaction, and, considering the object, we have no doubt but the public will respond in such numbers that will fill the Hall to its utmost capacity. The services of the best local vocalists have been secured, and in addition we understand some Belleville talent is also expected. The Madoc Brass Band will be present and render some choice selections during the evening. Tickets 25 cents; reserved seats, 10 cents, which may be secured at the principal stores, at this office, and from Miss Rose and Miss Moon, who have kindly undertaken to dispose of tickets throughout the village.

What to Put in the Garden.

Of the many hundreds of sorts of Peas, Beans, Cabbages, Corn, Sweet Corn, Lettuce, Potatoes, Tomatoes, Beets Carrots, Cucumbers, Melons, Radishes, Turnips, Onions, etc., etc., (each variety praised by its seller), is an important question. A right choice of kinds will return many dollars worth more for the same labor and expense, even in a small garden. To help all in deciding, PETER HENDERSON, the highest authority in such matters, has tested, side by side, over 800 varieties of the above garden products, and he gives the results in the *American Agriculturist* for March 1st. This number has much other practical, reasonable information, illustrated with over 100 engravings, and is alone worth the cost of a whole year's subscription, which is only $1.50, or 4 copies for $5. ORANGE JUDD COMPANY, New York, are the publishers.

Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly.

The March number of this excellent magazine is to hand, with the following attractive table of contents:—The National Development of Canada, by J. G. Bourinot, B. A., Ottawa; Sonnet, by C. W. E., Montreal; A Romance of the underground Railway, by Fred. Travers; Federation, Annexation, or Independence? by Granville C. Cunningham, Toronto; The Fallen Leaves, by Wilkie Collins (*concluded*); The Changes Required in the Senate, by Lex; Fashionable Murder, by P. S. H., Halifax; Legal Education, by N. F. Davin, Toronto; Precocity, *A Sonnet*, by Alice Horton; The Militia System of Canada, by Centurion; Ireland, *A Poem*, by T. O'Hagan, Belleville; Pessimism, by Goldwin Smith, M. A.; Poverty, *A Sonnet*, by G. A. Shaw, B. A., Toronto; Round the Table; Book Reviews; Music and the Drama: The Monthly's Scrap Book.

Model School Board.

The School Board met on Monday evening last. The members present were the President, the Secretary, the Treasurer, and Mr. Robertson.

Mr. Kirk's request for a lithogram for the use of the teachers, in multiplying copies of examination questions, was acceded to. Several cases of truancy reported by him, were considered. The Board decided to notify the parents of the delinquents but to delay coercive action till their next meeting. The Treasurer was ordered to pay R. Squires one dollar for his services at the annual meeting.

The Secretary read a letter from the Minister of Education in reply to the memorial of the Board, asking an increase of aid to Model Schools.

The contractor for supplying the school with wood, having stated that the wood was cut, but that the lack of sleighing interfered with the delivery of it, and having declared his willingness to keep the schools supplied through the season, and to furnish seasoned wood at the return of the sleighing; the Treasurer was authorized to pay him an amount sufficient to cover the cost of cutting the wood, on his signing an agreement to carry out his proposal as stated.

The question of prizes also came up for discussion. Some thirty dollars were raised for this purpose during the holidays, but the disposal of this sum was hampered by the understanding that all the pupils were to share in the result. It was impossible to obtain a sufficient number of prizes for this purpose, with the small sum at the disposal of the Board, and to increase it by taxing the Section, did not meet their approval. No conclusion was arrived at, but it seemed pretty evident that unless by some means not involving direct taxation the amount could be increased, the only alternative was to procure a much smaller number of prizes and award them to the more deserving pupils, on the basis of proficiency in study regularity in attendance, and propriety in deportment.

The next Literary and Musical Entertainment of the series will be given a week from next Friday evening.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—I am indebted to an unknown person for the 12th February number of your paper. The object of forwarding it to me was, no doubt, to direct my attention to an article in it under the over charitable heading, "Anglican Arrogance Cropping Out." It is an expression of the author's disapprobation of the manner in which certain clergymen performed the duty at a meeting in Millbridge, lately, of endeavoring to awaken an interested interest in the cause of church extension. The writer was not, unhappily, present at the meeting, but he has accepted the report of persons who were present as strictly accurate; and yielding to the impulse of angry emotion he has committed himself, I regret to be obliged to say, to the utterance of language which I am afraid he will find it rather difficult to reconcile with the christian definition of charity.

As an educated man of the world I need not, sir, remind you how very difficult it is to obtain a strictly accurate report of any event, however plain or simple; and how, I may say, impossible, where the subject is of a polemical character. Passing through the mind of the narrator its just proportions suffer mutilation from a defective memory; it is discolored by passion; refracted by prejudice; and, too frequently, falsely presented by ignorance.

The unconditional faith reposed by the writer in the accuracy of the report made to him of the language used at the meeting referred to, as well as of the meaning and intentions of the speakers, indicates the singular simplicity of his character; and the vehemence of his emotions point to a no less singular impression ability of feeling, both demonstrative of a rather limited acquaintance with the world; and of the most effective mode of using the argumentive weapon in combat with his intellectual adversary.

The special cause of our friend's anger was the enunciation of the doctrine of "Apostolic Succession"; the assertion of which he regards as an evidence of mental and spiritual retrogression; of "Anglican arrogance," "bosh," "old and musty doctrine," "with which all intelligent people have become disgusted long ago." The advocacy of such ideas is designated as "not only unchristian and discourteous but contemptible mean." These and similar other selections from the ample catalogue of English adjectives are intended, it may be presumed, to express the feelings of christian patience and submission to injury and defamation which the writer's meditation and study of Holy Scripture qualify him to recommend to his flock from his Methodist pulpit at Millbridge. Had he made a single appeal to reason, logic or fact, I should feel more pleasure and satisfaction in replying to him, but it is hard to catch every drop of spray scattered about by the rapid rotary motion of a mind thrown into wild and eccentric action by an emotion which recognizes no law but that of self indulgence in passionate expression.

I do not hope to convert my friend to the doctrine of "apostolic succession," or to any other doctrine or practice which distinguishes the Church of England from the three hundred denominations of christians, of which his own is one, every member of each of which is, no doubt, an equally strong believer in its distinctive doctrines as my Millbridge friend is of those of Methodism; but I would plead with him for a little toleration of my ignorance, my "arrogance," my "bosh," my credulity in accepting as incontrovertibly true that article of my faith "with which all intelligent people have become disgusted long ago." He can afford to be patient with me, intolerance is not the attribute of an enlightened intellect; nay, I claim the right to be instructed by him. To teach is his office, and "its meekness to instruct those that oppose themselves" his duty.

Now, sir, if this gentleman were ordained to alarm me, I should say that in doing so he would be, if not polite, at all events consistent; he would be doing that which he was set apart to do, and so in regard to the doctrines of Christianity, as his denomination understand them. Although I differ, *toto cœlo*, from many of them, I could not, I hope, think harshly of them, or say they had done the duty which he was ordained to do, of preaching them; much less so because of the honesty and sincerity of his conviction of their truth. To think or speak unkindly of any man thus acting would indeed be bigotry and unchristableness of the worst kind. Now all we ask is that the same toleration be extended to us—poor, benighted believers in "apostolic succession" and other figments propagated by this gentleman's denomination.

Whether the fault be in our limited education—in the atmosphere of superstition in which we were brought up—in invincible ignorance or obstinacy, are considerations not *our* own. The point is that we *do believe* the doctrine *ex animo*,—at all events, charity, "which believeth all things and is kind," will give us credit for honesty. We grew up with the following declaration engraved on our faith, of the doctrine of the ministry put forth by the church, which we believe to be because the church, the "pillar and ground of the truth, and to have authority in controversies of faith:"

"It is evident unto all men diligently reading the Holy Scriptures and ancient authors, that from the apostles' time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church: Bishops, Priests and Deacons, which offices were evermore had in such reverend estimation that no man might presume to execute any of them, except he were first called, tried, examined, and known to have such qualities as are requisite for the same," &c.

The candidate for the ministry, fully assenting to the truth of the above, is asked by the Bishop, in the presence of God and the congregation, as the condition of his ordination, if he will give "faithful diligence" "always to minister the Discipline of Christ, and be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word, and to use both public and private monitions," &c.

To all this and much more he solemnly replies, "I will, the Lord being my helper."

Now this solemn obligation was attempted to be discharged at Millbridge—exactly as it is presumed the writer on "Anglican arrogance" does to enforce the doctrines and discipline of Methodism, according to his conscience and the light vouchsafed to him,—yet no one blames him or calls him to account—still less abuses or scolds him.

What then, sir, is the cause of this morbid susceptibility? a susceptibility which is fast growing. The cause is very manifest. It arises out of a deep-seated consciousness on the part of this gentleman and others in his position that they do not possess ministerial authority—that they have not this "musty apostolic succession." Never since the Reformation has inquiry into the conditions necessary to constitute a lawful minister been so active, and the results are just what we ought to expect,—a wholesale secession from the Denominations, by their ministers, and a crowding into the ministry of the Church. The London *Times* recently called attention to a remarkable statement made in the House of Lords, by, I think, the present Bishop of Lincoln, to the effect that a week did not pass without his receiving applications from Dissenting Ministers for reception into the ministry of the Church of England. He added that he believed his experience to be that of his episcopal brethren, and that the largest number of candidates belonged to the various bodies of Methodists. The New York *Herald*, an unprejudiced witness certainly, in its edition of the 15th ult., says that in the diocese of "Connecticut alone, within the last two years, thirteen Congregational ministers have gone into the Episcopal Church; and within the last year twenty-six ministers of various denominations have taken episcopal orders, and for every one received two or three have been rejected." I could add an imperfect list of forty-nine to the above in 1878, and seventy-five in 1879. The most remarkable feature of this movement is that not a single secession from the ministry of the Church to that of Dissent can be found, and a further feature is that these secessions involve in many instances considerable sacrifice of worldly interest. The world must indeed be retrogressing in the estimation of the Methodist Pastor of Millbridge, when the "musty doctrine of apostolic succession" produces such melancholy and deplorable results,—a doctrine notwithstanding which is more reconcilable than the rejection of it with this gentleman's own ordination, in which it is to be presumed he believes as conferring on him something which he had not before—for if so he must have got it from his ordainer, and he from the person who ordained him, and so on until he goes to the Fountain whence the first Minister received His authority—the Father Himself. If there be a break in the chain the promise of Christ to be with His apostles—a promise necessarily involving ministerial power, must have failed—and therefore the next ordination must have been that of a layman by a layman, which would be a simple absurdity—a farce—for how can a man give that which he has not received. In fact every religious denomination possessing a ministry necessarily acknowledged a ministerial succession—because its ordinations—so called—are by ministers, and the laying on of hands is the invariable form of transferring the gift. But each denomination being unable to trace its ministry to a higher source than its human founder, accepts that founder as the *fons* and *origo* of its ambassadorial power; and to cover up its defect, lustily shows the true Scripture doctrine which teaches that that Fountain is none other than God the Father, who sent His Son into the world, who sent His apostles, who sent their successors, &c.

The length to which these hurried remarks have, in spite of my best effort at condensation, extended themselves, prevent me from appending, as I had intended, the testimonies of the most ancient the Apostolic Fathers on this question. This I am prepared at any moment to do, beginning with that of St. Clement, the friend and fellow-worker of St. Paul.

I have no object to serve except that of plainly stating a much abused and misunderstood truth. I claim no advantage over the writer whose remarks have suggested the foregoing observations. I trust that he will in future give more weight than he has on this occasion to the convincing power of reason and calmness, and will exercise more restraint on his feelings. Surely he must know what the teaching of the Church of England is on this subject. He must know that his exclusion from her pulpit is the legitimate result of her belief in the invalidity of his orders—her belief that he is only a layman, and therefore possesses no authority whatever to administer the Sacraments of Christ, a belief to which every dissenting minister becomes a convert when he seeks ordination in the Church of England.

J. A. MORRIS.

Camping Place, March 2nd, 1880.

DIED.

MAYBEE.—In this village, on Tuesday, 9th inst., Benjamin Wellington, only son of E. A. Maybee, aged 6 years.

TEACHER WANTED.

FOR School Section No. 5, Dungannon and Faraday. Third-class Certificate or permit. Duties to commence on April 1st.—Salary $18 per month. Address

F. MULLETT, Secretary,
Bronson P. O.

153-3t

MONEY TO LOAN.

$700 OF PRIVATE MONEY to Loan on good freehold lands.

CHARLES GREAM,
Solicitor.

Madoc, Feb. 26th, 1880. 152-4t

Fire and Life Insurance.

LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - Two Millions Sterling.
INVESTED FUNDS, - - $27,900,000.

Risks accepted on Farm and Isolated Property only.

North British & Mercantile Co'y.

CAPITAL, - Two Million Pounds.

The security of Standard English Companies, with the convenience of a Canadian office, is assured. Risks accepted at lowest rates.

FEED. W. O'FLYNN, Agent,
Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn.

Madoc, Feb. 23rd, 1880. 150-3m

FOR SALE!

LOT 11, in the 15th Concession, Township of Wollaston. Over 30 acres cleared. Good log barn, also logs hewed for a large barn. Soil deep and free of stone. Good springs close to the barn. Terms easy. For particulars apply to

MRS. KATE ELLIOTT,
Tweed P. O., Ont.

146

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The undersigned, having disposed of his Grocery and Liquor Business to Mr. D. W. Wright, would return thanks to his numerous friends and the public generally for their liberal patronage during the past thirteen years, and would respectfully ask for a continuance of the same patronage to his successor in the business.

All parties indebted to me, either by Note or Book Account, are notified that the same must be settled within the next thirty days, either by Cash or Note, or costs will be made.

G. M. BROOKS.

Madoc, Feb. 25th, 1880.

GRAIN, GRAIN!

MR. A. F. WOOD

WOULD take this means of announcing to the farmers in this vicinity, that as soon as he can get the Storehouse, which he has secured from Mr. Thos. Cross, fitted up, he will be in the market as a buyer of all kinds of grain, for which, in the meantime, he will be prepared to pay the highest prices.

December 23rd, 1879.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has dissolved partnership with E. B. Fralick, and is continuing his general practice in No. 2, Ashley Block, over Bank of Commerce, opposite Anglo-American Hotel, Belleville. Any quantity of private money to loan on reasonable terms and in sums to suit borrowers. Straight loans only. He represents no Building Society or other Loan Company at 5½ or 6½ per cent., as advertised by others. It is too cheap to be good.

HUGH BLAIR,
Attorney-at-Law,
Solicitor in Chancery,
Notary Public, &c.

Belleville, Jan. 28th, 1880. 148

Terrible Explosion

AT MADOC.

500 KEGS OF POWDER

On hand, to meet all demands made for Mining, Exploring and Blasting.

Also, Fuse and Dualin, to be had at lowest prices possible.

Apply to THOS. CROSS, Madoc.

H. S. McMINN, Agent,
Hamilton Powder Co.

NEW BAKERY!

THE subscriber begs to inform the citizens of this village and surrounding country, that he has again commenced business as

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER

IN THE

Old Stand on Elgin St.

Having secured the services of a

FIRST-CLASS WORKMAN!

I am prepared to guarantee a

Good Quality of Bread, Pastry,

or anything in that line, at the very lowest Cash prices.

Livery Stable!

I am also continuing my Livery business, and will furnish on short notice

First-Class Horses and Comfortable Rigs,

on very reasonable terms.

Residence and Stables on Elgin Street.

JOSEPH SHALTRY,
Proprietor.

Madoc, February 11th, 1880.

MADOC

Flour & Feed Store

BEG to announce to the citizens of Madoc and the public generally, that I have opened out in the

VICTORIA BLOCK

a first-class Grocery, Flour and Feed Store, and am now fully prepared to attend to the wants of customers.

CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR,
CORNMEAL,
OATMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
BRAN, SHORTS,
AND
CRACKED FEED

of every description, kept constantly on hand.

PRIME MESS PORK,

By the barrel or pound.

GROCERIES,

CONSISTING OF

Teas, Sugars, Raisins, Currants,
SPICES, TOBACCOS, &c., &c.

Highest Cash Price Paid

FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

All goods purchased from me will be delivered free to any part of the village.

TERMS - - CASH.

ROBERT ROLLINS.

Madoc, December 16th, 1879.

Boots!! Boots!!

TO THE PUBLIC:

THE undersigned wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has lately opened a Boot and Shoe Shop in the Village of Madoc, and is prepared to execute all orders in the above line in a first-class manner and at low rates. Particular attention given to repairing and all kinds of custom work. Give me a call.

M. RAE.

Shop—Directly opposite Bristol's Carriage Works. 141

IRON.

FOR SALE AT

Wilson's Drug Store,

A FIRST-CLASS LOT OF

MILLER'S

IRON-BOUND BOOKS,

—AT—

PUBLISHERS' PRICES.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds

taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

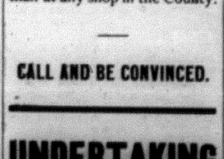
—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING



ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

CUTTERS, CUTTERS, CUTTERS.

LOTS OF CUTTERS FOR SALE AT

BRISTOLS'.

First-Class Timber, and Well Ironed, With Steel Shoes.

SOME AS LOW IN PRICE AS $25.

—ALSO—

FIRST-CLASS SLEIGHS FOR SALE CHEAP

Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

NEW GOODS,

at Low Prices

AT

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessities of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to those great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

There is no medicine equal to this Ointment for the treatment of the following complaints:

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa, Washington, throughout the British possessions, and in the American Consulates for China, with the proprietor.

N.B. Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

CALL FOR THE GREAT

SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAIN WINE!

ALF. G. Wilson's Drug Store, one of the most delicious cordials for sickness, cases colds, catarrh, asthma, and all bronchial complaints. Physicians and speakers use it universally. S. L. SMITH, Arkona, Ont.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

$20,000 TO LOAN.

AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to

GEO. A. SKINNER,
Solicitor, &c.,

140

ST. CATHARINES NURSERIES.

A full assortment of splendid

FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES.

ORDERS BY MAIL receive careful and prompt attention.

AGENTS WANTED!

To take Orders in every part of the country. PAY LIBERAL.

DEALERS!

Should call and see the Stock—it is unsurpassed. Prices as low as in the States. Save by saving the duty of twenty per cent.

Address,

D. W. BEADLE,
St. Catharines.

140-4m

FATAL STAMBOUL.

More Revelations from the Bosphorus.

Abdul Aziz Murdered by a Greek Physician—Assassination of Ministers by Hassan Bey—Murad's Short Reign.

CAIRO, Jan. 24, 1880.

On the morning of May 30, 1876, the inhabitants of Constantinople were aroused by the firing of an imperial salute. During the previous evening events of the utmost importance had occurred. Hussein Avni Pacha had dethroned the Sultan, Abdul Aziz. The ex-Sultan had to be conducted in a small boat and under guard to the kiosque at the Pointe du Serail. At about one o'clock in the morning a steam launch belonging to Hayder Pacha crossed the Bosphorus to the residence of Murad Effendi, on the Asiatic side. On board this steam launch were Hussein Avni Pacha, Khairolla Effendi, Sheik ul Islam, Kaiserie Pacha, Minister of Marine, and other high functionaries. They came to salute their new master, and to announce to him that the Ottoman Empire was now intrusted to Murad Padisha. The new Sultan's surprise at hearing this news was not unmixed with fear. He was afraid that this was a trap arranged by Abdul Aziz himself to cause his ruin. The day before, the very men who were now offering him the sceptre had been apparently the most devoted subjects of his uncle. Murad had the more reason for this opinion because, as has already been shown in a previous letter, the fate of Abdul Aziz was in no way the result of any political movement. His deposition was caused solely by Hussein Avni's fear of being denounced for having had a criminal intimacy with the ex-third bashkhodem, who had been killed by her imperial husband.

MURAD BECOMES SULTAN.

Murad did not realize that he had become Sultan until he arrived at the Palace of Dolma Bagtche. Here the most indescribable disorder prevailed. Terrified eunuchs rushed to and fro in the long corridors trying to get out—for the entrances to the Palace had been closed by Hussein Avni. The shrieks of the women filled the harem. The aides-de-camp of the ex-sovereign nervously awaited the turn of events, and the servants prepared the rooms for the ceremony of the Biat. The accession of Murad was announced in the streets by public criers. By nine o'clock all the higher officials, whether they lived on the shores of the Bosphorus [illegible] the most distant [illegible] made their bow [illegible]

[illegible], which produced [illegible] to Turkey, was [illegible] as melancholy as it [illegible] Six days later Abdul Aziz died by the hand of an assassin, and the ex-fourth bashkhodem, Hassan Bey's sister, died by poison. The fatal and direct influence of the third bashkhodem in causing the falling of Abdul Aziz has already been related—and by a singular coincidence it was the influence of the new third bashkhodem (Hassan Bey's sister, who replaced the one killed by Abdul Aziz) which brought about the fall of Murad. When this woman heard that her husband had been deposed, she knew that sooner or later she would also become the object of Hussein Avni's vengeance—if the Pacha delayed it was only for some personal motives. She was also afraid to appear before Abdul Aziz, and when the women of the ex-Sultan were to rejoin their master at the Kiosque of the Point du Serail, she, by means of various pretexts, contrived to remain away. On June 1 the Sultan ordered that Abdul Aziz and all his women should be transported to the Palace of Teheragan.

During the three days preceding his death Abdul Aziz was in a highly excited state and frequently gave way to the most violent outbursts of anger—he resembled those tigers which he had himself formerly taken so much pleasure in imprisoning.

On the 5th Abdul Aziz made an attempt to escape from a window. The guards discovered him and compelled him to return. He then went to the door of his room. A sentinel barred his passage. Abdul Aziz, eluding the sentry's bayonet, seized him by the throat and threw him upon the floor with such violence as to fracture the soldier's skull. The noise of the scuffle brought the relief guard, which was posted in an adjoining apartment, and the ex-Sultan was forced back into his room by the points of his guards' bayonets. The ex-Sultana Validé came and endeavored, in vain, to quiet her son. Abdul Aziz would scarcely notice his son Izeddin, and merely held out his hand for him to kiss. As to his favorite son, Djelaleddin, he had only seen him twice since he had [illegible] mother, and after his [illegible] he refused to admit him to his [illegible].

[illegible] the events which followed will [illegible] to revert to an incident which [illegible] two months before Abdul [illegible]. The importance of this [illegible] afterwards appear. At that time [illegible] was suffering from a carbuncle under his armpit. Various kinds of ointments had been used without effect. The carbuncle increased and caused much pain. The Sultan sent for his doctor. The doctor happened at the moment not to be in the palace. Abdul Aziz said: "Bring me at once the first doctor that can be found." As no doctor could be found in the palace an attendant went to the apothecary's shop adjoining the palace, where the chemist and the doctors charged with the service of the imperial household are usually found. Only one doctor happened to be there, a Greek. Brought before the Sultan he examined the carbuncle and took out of his pocket a lancet. This man, whose name will not be mentioned here, because he belongs to a respectable family, and for reasons which will be appreciated further on, did not know that it was forbidden even to touch the Sultan's person with a sharp instrument. Abdul Aziz then interrupted and said, "Let the man do as he pleases." A few moments after the operation the Sultan, relieved from pain, exclaimed, "All my doctors are asses. You have more intelligence than an ass—I make you a Pacha!" The Doctor could scarcely believe his senses; but two hours afterward he duly received his firman as Pacha, together with his appointment as physician to his Majesty. This man was destined to play a most despicable role. Notwithstanding the gratitude which he owed to Abdul Aziz he was one of the first who came to congratulate Hussein Avni upon his success. Hussein Avni noted him well and pretended to believe the truth of the man's assurance of devotion. "You are intelligent," said Hussein Avni, "I accept your compliments with the belief that they are sincere, and I feel sure that you will be faithful to Murad, for it was only by chance that Abdul Aziz made you a pasha, and you do not owe your advancement to any intrigue."

On the evening of June 4th the two agents of Hussein Avni entered the Palace of Teheragan—one affecting the duties of a physician, the other returning to his accustomed post. As late as two o'clock in the morning Abdul Aziz repelled his mother's caresses, reproached her for having been partly the cause of his fall, denounced her and his young son, and paced violently up and down his chamber. Finally, utterly prostrated and worn out, he removed his coat only and lay down—not on a sofa, as has been reported, but upon a Turkish bed. When the ex-Sultan was asleep the eunuch entered the room, followed by the physician. The eunuch was provided with a sponge saturated with chloroform, the odor of which was still in the chamber the next day. When the doctor considered that Abdul Aziz was thoroughly under the influence of chloroform he quickly rolled up the ex-Sultan's shirt sleeves and cut the two arteries. This done he placed the scissors on the floor, and the two accomplices disappeared. Abdul Aziz must have afterward struggled against the influence of the chloroform and loss of blood, for when his mother afterward entered the room he was at the foot of the bed, which, together with his own body, was bathed in blood. The story of Abdul Aziz having in the course of the night asked his mother for a pair of scissors to cut his beard is a pure fabrication. It was a political necessity to at least furnish some plausible ground for the belief that a suicide had occurred instead of a murder. It is true that Abdul Aziz had been in the habit of trimming his beard himself, and usually carried a pair of scissors about his person, and would often play with them while engaged in conversation. This fact doubtless suggested the role which the scissors have played in the matter.

SULTAN MURAD'S SUSPICIONS.

Although the two wounds on the arms were [illegible]

"killing my uncle." Hussein Avni exhibited the certificate of the doctors, but Murad never felt satisfied of Hussein Avni's innocence. Murad related this afterward, when, trembling for his own life, he resided, and still resides, confined in this same Palace of Teheragan. No one in Pera or Stamboul ever really believed that Abdul Aziz had committed suicide.

JEALOUSY IN POLITICS.

It is an error to attempt to make of Hassan Bey a sort of political hero, devoting himself to avenge his master's death, and killing the Ministers to punish those who should have been the staunch supporters of Abdul Aziz and not his assassins. It is doubtful if even the hope of avenging his sister's death would have induced him to undertake his rash act had he for a moment considered the consequences and realized that henceforward he would be deprived of all protection and have no more money to squander. The days succeeding the death of Abdul Aziz were passed by Hassan Bey—notwithstanding his sister's death by poison—in frequenting the public houses of the capital. Various undefined threats and revelations, which often proved true, uttered by Hassan Bey, reached the ears of Hussein Avni's police. Summoned to the Ministry of War Hassan Bey was placed in arrest for three days. On the fourth day he was to have been sent in exile to Bagdad. During these three days' confinement he formed his plan. On the morning of the third day he demanded of Hussein Avni—who, besides being Grand Vizier was also Minister of War—leave for three or four hours to make the arrangements necessary for his long journey. Hussein Avni, not suspecting anything wrong, granted the leave asked for. Hassan Bey left his place of confinement at about four o'clock in the afternoon. He went to his appartments. He armed himself with three revolvers, a Circassian dagger and his sabre. He put on the aiguillette, which distinguishes aides-de-camp from other officers. Over his uniform he wore the tabor, a military cloak—black, with red lining. He put on his military top boots, placed two of his revolvers inside of them, and sallied forth.

BENT ON MURDER.

The evening was rainy. Hassan went to the steps of Sirkedji-Iskelessi, where the government functionaries get on board the caiks to go to the Sublime Porte. These steps are situated near the railway station on the European side. Hassan ordered the caidji to take him to the Yali, the summer residence of Hussein Avni, situated on the Asiatic side. Arrived at the Yali he learned that Hussein Avni was dining at Midhat's, where he intended to sleep. Hassan was also informed that a Council of Ministers was to be held that evening at Midhat Pacha's residence. Hassan returned to Sirkedji Iskelessi, mounted a horse and rode to the Konak—the winter residence of Midhat Pacha—which is situated at Stamboul, in the quarter of Mosque of Sultan Bajazed and faces on the small street running parllel to the main street in which are the tramways. Two small brick walls, surmounted by iron palings and having two small kiosques in the centre, between which is the entrance, separate this mansion from the street. On the right hand, upon entering is a large building, the harem, which is joined to the Selemeick, or reception hall, by a narrow wing. It is a fine residence, built in the Italian style.

HASSAN AMONG THE MINISTERS.

When Hassan Bey arrived two sentinels were stationed at the outside gate. They presented arms to him, he rapidly ascended the marble stairway and letting his aiguillette appear from under his cloak, asked for Hussein Avni Pacha. Being told that the latter was in the reception room with the Ministers, he at once proceeded thither. The attendants at the door of this room informed him that no one was to enter. Hassan answered that he came by order of the Sultan, and pushing aside one of the attendants, entered the room. Hussein Avni Pacha was seated in a corner near one of the windows. The positions of the other Ministers and secretaries were as follows:—On the divan, near the waiting room, were seated Djovdet, Halet, Cherif Hussein and Youssouf Pachas; on the sofa, directly opposite, Kaiserie and Riza Pachas; near the door leading to the harem, Reschid and Midhat; seated at the end of the room, opposite the windows, were the secretaries, Mahmoud Bey, Said Effendi and Mendouk Bey.

Entering the room Hassan walked straight toward Hussein Avni Pacha, seated, as before said, in a corner of the room near one of the windows. "What do you want here?" exclaimed Hussein Avni. "To kill you, you dog!" replied Hassan, and so saying discharged his revolver and shot Hussein Avni in the chest. The latter rose from his seat, but fell upon the floor. Old Kaiserie Pacha, Minister of Marine, in spite of his great age, seized Hassan Bey by the elbows and held him as long as he could. During the struggle a ball fired accidentally killed Ruchdy Pacha, who, paralyzed with fear, had not left his seat. Midhat Pacha escaped by a door which led to his harem. This door Midhat Pacha carefully locked behind him with double locks. The other Ministers took refuge in the small waiting room. A terrible struggle then took place between Kaiserie Pacha, a man about seventy years old, and a strong, vigorous young man like Hassan. But Hassan, as usual, was under the influence of drink. Kaiserie, after receiving four wounds—one in the right ear, another over the temple and two in the arms—from the Circassian dagger which Hassan had unsheathed, managed to get away. It was only with difficulty, however, that he succeeded in inducing the other Ministers to open the door for him leading to the waiting-room by which they themselves had escaped, for as Midhat Pacha had locked the door by which he had escaped to the harem, so the other Ministers had gallantly locked the door leading to the waiting-room. The main door to the room had been closed before Hassan entered, and he himself came in by the door opening from the waiting-room. Hassan, now free to do as he pleased, fired two shots at the door through which the Ministers had disappeared and another at the door through which Midhat had escaped. He then attempted to set fire to the curtains, but they were so full of starch that they would not readily burn. He then put out the candles, and in the darkness awaited the final struggle.

HASSAN CAPTURED.

Not until ten minutes had elapsed did the soldiers appear upon the scene. There were about forty of them. A patrol watched the palace from the court and garden. About fifteen ascended the staircase and opened the main door to the room where Hassan Bey was awaiting them. As soon as the door was opened Hassan sprang from the darkness upon them and managed to get near the stairway. In the struggle he killed two of the soldiers and one of Midhat Pacha's servants. Overpowered by superior numbers, wounded by a bayonet and beaten down by blows from the butts of rifles—for the order had been given not to kill him—Hassan Bey was seized, gagged and carried to the prison at the Seraskerat.

THE ASSASSIN HANGED.

The punishment of this crime was not long delayed. Two days later Hassan was hanged from a branch, which had been stripped of its leaves, of the tree in the square of Bajazid, situated near the shops of the booksellers of that quarter of the city. When put to torture he only wore a shirt and linen trousers, such as are worn by the common soldiers. His feet were bare and he wore a fez. Exhausted by the torture which had been inflicted upon him to discover his accomplices, if there were any, Hassan Bey expired without repentance several seconds after the cord had been placed about his neck. He said to the sergeant who accompanied him:—"Give me an olive." (Mussulmans believe that a more favorable reception awaits them if they die with an olive in their mouths.) "Olives were not made for you," replied the sergeant. Hassan then asked: "What time is it?" The sergeant answered: "It makes no difference to you what o'clock it is, for you are about to die." Hassan replied: "It makes, of course, no difference to you what time it is, but it does make a great difference to the world to know at what hour Hassan Bey died." A stool was brought from a neighboring cafetier. Hassan mounted it and justice was done.

SULTAN MURAD'S INSANITY.

The ex-Sultan Murad is a man as honorable as he is unfortunate. The only happy existence he enjoyed ended with the death of his father, Abdul Medjid. After the accession to the throne of his uncle, Abdul Aziz, he became familiar with nearly every human misfortune. Deprived of the enjoyment of the money left him by his father, without any liberty of action, held responsible for all the acts of his friends, interfered with in his personal movements, wishes and affections, the heir apparent to the throne of the Caliphs was virtually a prisoner of State. The Sultan, Abdul Aziz, forced him to live in his house at Kadikeuy (a village on the Asiatic coast, between Kadikeui and Scutari), where he was watched by the police, and where only with the greatest difficulty he was permitted to receive his own friends. During the visit of Abdul Aziz to France and England in 1867 Murad and his brothers [illegible] compelled to accompany their [illegible]. Murad was so guarded during [illegible] use of a disguise. Abdul Aziz, moreover, took good care that Murad should always be in want of money, and never paid his debts until in a manner compelled to do so. For instance the Prince's tailor, a Frenchman named Mir, only secured the payment of his bills by the French Ambassador's personal application to the Sultan.

MURAD A FREEMASON.

To lessen the restraints imposed upon him Murad, the first of his race who had ever taken such a step, became a Freemason. He firmly and actively adhered to the liberal ideas and principles of this fraternity. He attended regularly the meetings of his lodge, and to do this he was forced to take most careful precautions and make use of frequent disguises. He sought in vain to free himself from the yoke placed upon him. From 1866 to 1870 the Prince Mostapha Fazil Pacha, then struggling against his brother Ismail, the Khedive of Egypt, formed an alliance with Murad. These two princes formed the "Young Turk" party. Their efforts only created additional and disagreeable embarrassments for themselves, and indirectly caused several scandals, in which boys and effendis were involved, to be brought up before the French tribunes and English courts. For instance, Zia Pacha, ex-Zia Bey, was the hero of a somewhat noted case which came up before the Bow street magistrate in London in 1869, the details of which may be found by reference to the newspapers of that year. Zia Pacha is to-day the Governor of the Vilayet of Adana—one of the most important Turkish Provinces. When Murad—in consequence of the successful plot of Hussein Avni Pacha—became Sultan he passed suddenly from a state of pecuniary want and forced confinement to supreme power. Murad never would have been Sultan had he not had the numerous offspring of Abdul Medjid to come after him.

MURAD SECRETLY DOOMED.

Murad, generous and kind-hearted to every one about him, was, as has been already stated, shocked to hear of the sudden death of his uncle. When a few days later the news of the assassination of the Ministers was brought to him he was most deeply moved, and relapsed into a fixed melancholy state, from which he could only be aroused with the greatest difficulty. Power had no longer the slightest charm or attraction for him. He became utterly indifferent to everything about him. He attempted to console himself with the use of stimulants—a habit which he had previously acquired from the persons whom Abdul Aziz had placed about him. He consumed vast quantities of absinthe and arrack, and soon was reduced to a state of mental and physical prostration. At this period the most groundless and infamous accusations were made against the Sultan's faithful physician, Dr. Capoleone. It was said that this doctor, whose character is in every way above suspicion, was in the habit of administering noxious drugs to the Sultan for the purpose of destroying his reason. This false charge was circulated for political reasons, which now for the first time have any important bearing upon events. Toward the end of June and the beginning of July the Old Turk party or, more correctly speaking, the party of Mahmoud Nedim Pacha—who was merely a tool of General Ignatieff—exerted an overwhelming influence on the Sublime Porte and palace. This party wished to get rid of the Sultan Murad and put in his place his brother, Abdul Hamid, whose religious fanaticism is beyond any doubt.

MURAD DEPOSED.

It was in vain that Murad desired to be invested with the sabre of Osman. Endless excuses were invented for postponing this important ceremony. The Sultan at last suddenly fell seriously ill. The slave who usually prepared the coffee for his Majesty was entirely in the interests and pay of Khairollah Effendi, the Sheik ul Islam. This slave was known to have administered enormous quantities of hasheesh to the Sultan, already prostrated by his immoderate use of spirits. This was accomplished with ease, for it is not an uncommon habit in Turkey and in Egypt to drink small quantities of hasheesh mixed with coffee. The means by which the unfortunate Murad was ruined were scarcely less criminal and much more cowardly than the fatal steps taken by Hussein Avni to disembarrass himself of Abdul Aziz. Murad was daily plied with drugs, narcotics and spirits. The same method which Abdul Aziz used against him when a young man was now carried to its logical conclusion. When the Sultan had fallen into a state of utter imbecility the plot to overturn the Young Turk party, which now demanded a parliament and personal liberty for Mussulmans greater than that ever enjoyed by the ancient Greeks, was put into execution. Murad had become so identified with the Young Turk party that his deposition was necessary—a deposition planned within ten days after he ascended the throne—and which was effected without the slightest difficulty. Murad accepted his fall with the utter indifference of a man thoroughly familiar with misfortune, which he had come to religiously believe to be his destiny.

ABDUL HAMID ASCENDS THE THRONE.

When Abdul Hamid ascended the throne all those who sided him to obtain the title of Caliph and to wear the sabre of Osman were sacrificed to his selfishness. The present Sultan lives in the Palace of Yldiz Kiosk, surrounded by soldiers. All who took a prominent part in the various acts of the tragedy, whether acting in the interests of Abdul Hamid or against his interests, were, with equal impartiality, removed from power or exiled. Khairolla Effendi, the chief of the old Turk party, and Midhat Pacha, the chief of the Young Turk party, were both exiled. It is as much as Abdul Hamid can do to keep himself on his throne. He has surrounded himself with Ministers who, like Mahmoud Nedim are, for the present, most enthusiastically Russian in their proclivities; but at heart he is a fanatic and the instrument of the 30,000 Softas who come every year to Constantinople to disseminate throughout the provinces the words of the Sheik ul Islam, and is more under the influences of the sect of Wahabees, or Moslem Puritans, than is generally supposed.

DO FISHES ADMIRE PRETTY WOMEN.

In a paper by Mr. Faraday, a member of the Manchester, Eng., Anglers' Association, the author tries to prove that some little fishes are admirers of human female beauty.

"It was the blennies who manifested that appreciation of feminine beauty to which I have alluded. They were generally indifferent to the presence of spectators. On the occasion in question I had the honor of conducting a number of young ladies, pupils from one of our principal schools, round the exhibition. It is necessary to say that the young ladies were merging into womanhood and where exceedingly good looking. No sooner had we arrived before the blenny tank than one of the fish, happening to turn his head, caught sight of the unusual spectacle and instantly rushed to the front. Other blennies, attracted by his sudden movement, turned round and followed, and speedily every blenny in the tank (there were some hundreds in all) was pressing his nose against the glass, and a row of gleaming eyes was seen, expressing such intense and unmistakable admiration and amazement that some of my fair companions actually blushed."

A CHEAP VEGETARIAN DINNER.—The experiment of giving a cheap vegetarian dinner to poor children, which has been tried with much success in other English towns, was repeated at Manchester recently, when nearly 500 of the poorest boys and girls to be found in the city were served with a good dinner in the large hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. The provisions consisted of soup, bread and plum-pudding. Each child had four ounces of bread with the soup, which consisted mainly of peas, onions, flour and water, seasoned with pepper and salt. The total cost per child was two and one half pence. The Executive Committee of the Manchester Vegetarian Society have the credit of providing the repast, which was heartily enjoyed by the children. As they left the hall each boy and girl was presented with an orange.

—Three young Zulu women are now at the London Aquarium. One of the three dusky ladies claims Cetywayo for her father, and wears her hair somewhat longer than that of her companions, in evidence of her royal descent. The names which they bear are musical, and express qualities or relate to some incident, after the fashion of the old Hebrew names. Thus, of the three names—Unolala, Unomadiwa and Unozondaba—one refers to the owner's mother having passed through some trial or suffering, and another means that its bearer is as sweet as honey. The ladies share with their more civilized sisters a taste for personal adornment. Their manners are gentle and prepossessing, and their demeanor is in marked contrast with that of the exuberantly gay and noisy masculine members of the troupe. It is noteworthy that the men do not allow their female companions to eat with them, the subjection of woman being carried out among the Zulus. The husband buys his wife, paying her father so many cows, but the ladies appear to have reserved for themselves the important right of refusing or accepting the lover.

—The New Orleans *Picayune* thinks that all diseases are remembered according to their dosage.

THE FAR WEST.

About one hundred and fifty cars laden with steel rails for the Canada Pacific railway which were detained on the St. Paul. Minneapolis and Manitoba railway, owing to the snow blockage, are now being forwarded, the obstruction having been raised.

The latest information from the Souris coal fields brings the news that the miners have struck, at the depth of sixty feet, a vein of coal seven feet thick, which is the same thickness as the Baby mine, forty miles west of Bismarck, Dak., and 150 miles south of the Souris discovery. The latter coal is used on the Northern Pacific locomotives.

A new shipyard is being established on the Lake of the Woods, near Rat Portage, by A. J. Frazer, of Londonderry, N. S. He intends constructing steam tugs and sailing crafts for which a number of orders have been obtained.

Three thousand dollars have been subscribed for the proposed new Baptist College at Rapid City.

Mr. Justice Ryan will deliver judgment in a few days in the celebrated case of "Thomas Ryan vs. Wm. H. Herchmer," Captain of the Northwest Mounted Police at Shoal Lake. It will be remembered that Judge Ryan declined to try this case a year ago, on the ground that he had been interested in reinstating the plaintiff; and so referred it to Colonel Richardson for trial. In the absence of the latter, his judgment will be read by proxy.

A number of emigrants from Ontario and Nova Scotia have passed along the North Trail recently, bound for Birtle and the surrounding country.

F. G. Head, of Minneapolis, is going to print a paper called the *Times* at St. Vincent. He wants to be ahead of the times.

The *Tribune* tells of Mr. Roger Cook, of Winnipeg, who lost his way in a snowstorm near Headingly last week, and had a narrow squeak for his life. He struggled against the storm for a long time, and when nearly exhausted came across a house, where he was taken in and attended to. Both of his feet were frozen, and it is feared he will lose some of the toes of his left foot.

PORTAGE.

The Hudson Bay Company and Messrs. Stobart, Eden & Co. both intend erecting fine stores at the west end of the town.

Large amounts of lumber are being brought into the village, and building is expected to assume lively proportions as soon as the spring opens.

"Where is the telegraph?" is now the street cry, and the whole population are already beginning to put on airs on the strength of "our telegraph;" but where the concern is going to be located is at present a mystery.

Wheat and oats come in rather slowly. The roads are much drifted.

A large sale of over 5,000 bushels of wheat took place the other day to some milling men. The price attained was 85 cents per bushel, but the wheat was stored and had various expenses paid upon it.

MORRIS.

We are now experiencing the dullest times we have had since winter began. Farmers have marketed the bulk of their grain, although a few are holding back for higher prices. Mr. W. A. Russell has his large storehouse, which he built in November last, completely filled with grain. Mr. Wm. Gallie has also a large amount stored, awaiting the opening of navigation.

At the annual school meeting Mr. John Lane was elected trustee, Mr. T. Mulvey retiring. It was also determined to erect a new school building, and the trustees were instructed to issue debentures to the amount of $2,500 for that purpose; and also to engage a first-class teacher, for which they were authorized to assess the district the sum of $600.

Of late there has been quite an excitement over the appointment of postmaster and the location of the post-office, which has culminated in the appointment of Mr. G. A. Gilnes.

As an indication of what is intended in the way of building in our town during the coming season, we mention that one of our business men has contracted for the delivery of 500 loads of sand, which has to be hauled a considerable distance from across the Red River. A number of other parties are also having quantities hauled while the ice bridge lasts, preparatory to building when spring opens.

RAPID CITY.

(From the Enterprise, Feb. 14th.)

At Bird Tail Creek the settlers oppose annexation to a man.

Mr. Justice Ryan returned from his visit to Minnedosa on the 11th inst.

Mr. James Muckle returned from Ontario with his bride several days since.

The South Trail is now the most popular route between here and the Portage.

A pair of oxen of medium quality changed hands on Wednesday at $130 the yoke.

A number of emigrants from Ontario and Nova Scotia have passed along the North Trail during the past week, bound for Birtle and surrounding country.

Dr. Burwash, whilst out shooting on Thursday, had the misfortune to break into the Little Saskatchewan River, but escaped with a slight ducking.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

(From the Marquette Review, Feb. 14th.)

The contractors, Messrs. Lyne & Green, have commenced work on the county building, and will have everything in readiness to erect the building as soon as the snow leaves.

The prospects seem bright for the lumbermen, as several buildings are already under contract, and there are more to come. From present appearance we will be ahead of our rival, the "Gateway" town, in new buildings, by next fall.

A strong feeling seems to exist in favor of the member for High Bluff's amendment to the License Act, which reduces the licenses on ale and beer, and a great many think that a stringent liquor law, truly carried out, will be more effective than the passing of the Scott Act.

Roberts is in town, on his way to the Little Saskatchewan, with his "little tay kettle," as he calls the boiler for his mill. He will have to remain a day or two, as the roads will be too rough for a while yet, owing to the blustering weather we have been having lately.

We have the telegraph and we begin to feel a town. The office is in the Post Office building. Mr. Pratt has laid a line of wire to his own house on the river bank, and intends putting in a telephone, so that communication can be had between this village and his warehouse.

A FIFTEEN MINUTES COURTSHIP.

(Louisville Courier Journal.)

About two years since Sister Mary Funk, a young lady of most respectful parentage and a devout Catholic, came to this city from Frankfort, and was admitted to the convent at the corner of Chesnut and Shelby streets, and was after this a sub-teacher in the school at the corner of Webster and Washington streets. Some time after this there came a request for the services of a sub-teacher in the convent in Jeffersonville, and Miss Funk, still under the direction of the prioress, accepted the situation, and performed her work well and faithfully.

During all the time that she was connected with the convent here as a lay sister, those associated with her now speak of her as a true woman, in the strictest sense of the word. She never complained, went straight forward in the performance of the duties assigned to her, and at times seemed perfectly satisfied with her life, and, like the other members of the noble sisterhood, she was always ready to sacrifice her own happiness and comfort, and, if necessary, her life, in order to alleviate the sufferings of those who were in distress.

After some time, and for what reasons no one knows, Miss Funk became dissatisfied with her life, and concluded to marry. The more she studied about the charms of double blessedness the more she was convinced that she wanted to marry. As no one knows the secrets of the human heart, it is only just to say that no one has a right to criticise her acts. It is said that she stated to a friend that if she could find a man who suited her tastes she would marry him in fifteen minutes. The friend happened to know a "fifteen minute man," and a man who bears a splendid reputation, and the two people who wanted to marry were introduced, and in just fifteen minutes a contract to cling together "for better or for worse" was entered into, and the young sister, with affecting solemnity, bade an affectionate adieu to the walls of the convent, hung her veil on the fence and launched out on the stage plank that leads to the good ship matrimony and she is now gliding down the river of life by the joyous light of the honeymoon.

The wedding occurred about fifteen days since. The gentleman she married is named Hilferbrand, and he has for some time been employed at Atcheson's place, on the Bromboro road. This is a remarkable case, as a sister who once enters a convent seldom leaves it, but prefers to leave the world with its joys, its sorrows and its myriad of sins behind her. Miss Funk had not entered the final order of sisterhood, and if she saw proper to change the life she had started out to lead with the best of intentions, it certainly is a credit to her to come out openly and act her part as she has, and if she is happy and contented the world will find no fault with her conduct.

"A TOURIST FROM INJIANNY."

We first saw him from the deck of the Unser Fritz, as that gallant steamer was preparing to leave the port of New York for Plymouth, Havre and Hamburg. Perhaps it was that all objects at that moment became indelibly impressed on the memory of the departing voyager; perhaps it was that mere interrupting trivialities always assume undue magnitude to us when we are waiting for something really important; but I retain a vivid impression of him as he appeared on the gangway in apparently hopeless, yet, as it afterward appeared, really triumphant altercation with the German-speaking deck hands and stewards. He was not a heroic figure. Clad in a worn linen duster, his arms filled with bags and parcels, he might have been taken for a hackman carrying the luggage of his fare. But it was noticeable that, although he calmly persisted in speaking English and ignoring the voluble German of his antagonists, he, in some rude fashion, accomplished his object without losing his temper or increasing his temperature, while his foreign enemy was crimson with rage and perspiring with heat, and that presently, having violated a dozen of the ship's regulations, he took his place by the side of every pretty girl, apparently his superior in station, who addressed him as "father." As the great ship swung out into the stream, he was still a central figure on our deck, getting into everybody's way, addressing all with equal familiarity, imperturbable to affront or snub, but always doggedly and consistently adhering to one purpose, however trivial or inadequate to the means employed. "You're sittin' on suthin' o' mine, Miss," he began for the third or fourth time to an elegant Miss Montmorris, who was revisiting Europe under high social conditions. "Jist rise up while I get it—'twont take a minit." Not only was that lady forced to rise, but to make necessary the rising and discomposing of the whole Montmorris party who were congregated around her. The missing "suthin'" was discovered to be a very old and battered newspaper. "It's the Cincinnatty *Times*," he explained, as he quietly took it up, oblivious to the indignant glances of the party. "It's a little squashed by your sittin' on it, but it'll do to re-fer to. It's got a letter from Payris, showin' the prices o' them thar hotels and rist'rants, and I allowed to my darter we might want it on the other side. Thar's one or two French names thar that rather gets me—mebbee your eyes is stronger," but here the entire Montmorris party rustled away, leaving him with the paper in one hand—the other pointing at the paragraph. Not at all discomfited, he glanced at the vacant bench, took possession of it with his hat, duster and umbrella, then disappeared, and presently appeared again with his daughter, a lank-looking young man, and an angular elderly female, and so replaced the Montmorrises.

When we were fairly at sea he was missed. A pleasing belief that he had fallen overboard, or had been left behind, was dissipated by his appearance one morning, with his daughter on one arm, and the elderly female before referred to on the other. The Unser Fritz was rolling heavily at the time, but with his usual awkward pertinacity he insisted upon attempting to walk toward the best part of the deck, as he always did, as if it were a right and a duty. A lurch brought him and his uncertain freight in contact with the Montmorrisses, there was a moment of wild confusion, two or three seats were emptied, and he was finally led away by the steward, an obviously and obtrusively sick man. But when he had disappeared below it was noticed that he had secured two excellent seats for his female companions. Nobody dared to disturb the elder, nobody cared to disturb the younger—who it may be here recorded had a certain shy reserve which checked aught but the simplest civilities from the masculine passengers.

A few days later it was discovered that he was not an inmate of the first, but of the second cabin; that the elderly female was not his wife as popularly supposed, but the room mate of his daughter in the first cabin. These facts made his various intrusions on the saloon deck the more exasperating to the Montmorrisses, yet the more difficult to deal with. Eventually, however, he had, as usual, his own way; no place was sacred, or debarred his slouched hat and duster. They were turned out of the engine room to reappear upon the bridge; they were forbidden the forecastle, to rise a ghostly presence beside the officer in his solemn supervision of the compass. They would have been lashed to the rigging on their way to the maintop, but for the silent protest of his daughter's presence on the deck. Most of his interrupting familiar conversation was addressed to the interdicted "man at the wheel."

Hitherto I had contented myself with the fascination of his presence from afar, wisely, perhaps, deeming it dangerous to a true picturesque perspective to alter my distance, and perhaps, like the best of us, I fear, preferring to keep my own idea of him rather than to run the risk of altering it by a closer acquaintance. But one day when I was lounging by the stern rail, idly watching the dogged ostentation of the screw, that had been steadily intimating, after the fashion of screws, that it was the only thing in the ship with a persistent purpose, the ominous shadow of the slouched hat and the trailing duster fell upon me. There was nothing to do but accept it meekly. Indeed my theory of the man made me helpless.

"I didn't know till yesterday who you be," he began deliberately, "or I shouldn't hev been so onsocial. But I've always told my darter that in permiskius trav'lin a man oughter be keerful of who he meets. I've read some of your writins—read 'em in a paper in Injianny, but I never reckoned I'd meet ye. Things is queer and trav'lin brings all sorter people together. My darter Looeze suspected ye from the first, and she worried over it, and kinder put me up to this."

The most delicate flattery could not have done more. To have been in the thought of this reserved, gentle girl, who scarcely seemed to notice even those who had paid her attention, was—

"She put me up to it," he continued, calmly, "though she, herself, hez a kind o'prejudise again you and your writins—thinking them sort o' low down, and the folks talked about not in her style—and ye know that's woman's nater, and she and Miss Montmorris agree on that point. But thar's a few friends with me round yer ez would like to see ye." He stepped aside and a dozen men appeared in Indian file from behind the roundhouse, and with a solemnity known only to the Anglo-Saxon nature, shook my hand deliberately, and then dispersed themselves in various serious attitudes against the railings. They were honest, well meaning countrymen of mine, but I could not recall a single face.

There was a dead silence; the screw, however, ostentatiously went on; "You see what I told you," it said. "This is all vapidity and trifling. I'm the only fellow here with a purpose. Whiz, whiz, whiz; chug, chug, chug!"

I was about to make some remark of a general nature, when I was greatly relieved to observe my companion's friends detach themselves from the railings, and with a slight bow and another shake of the hand, severally retire, apparently as much relieved as myself. My companion, who had in the meantime acted as if he had discharged himself, of a duty, said: "Thar ollers must be some one to tend to this kind o' thing, or thar's no sociableness. I took a deppytation into the Cap'ns room yesterday to make some proppysitions, and thar's a minister of the gospel aboard as ought to be spoke to afore next Sunday, and I reckon it's my dooty, onless," he added, with deliberate and formal politeness, "you'd prefer to do it, bein', so to speak, a public man."

But the public man hastily deprecated any interference with the speaker's functions, and, to change the conversation, remarked that he had heard that there was a party of Cook's tourists on board, and—were not the preceding gentlemen of the number? But the question caused the speaker to lay aside his hat, take a comfortable position on the deck, against the rail, and drawing his knees up under his chin, to begin as follows:

"Speaking o' Cook and Cook's tourists, I'm my own Cook. I reckon I calkilate and know every cent that I'll spend twixt Evansville, Injianny, and Rome and Naples, and everything I'll see." He paused a moment, and laying his hand familiarly on my knee, said, "Did I ever tell ye how I kem to go abroad?"

As we had never spoken together before, it was safe to reply that he had not. He rubbed his head softly with his hand, knitted his iron gray brows, and then said meditatively, "No! it must hev been that head waiter. He sorter favors you in the mustache and gen'ral get up. I guess it was him I spoke to."

I thought it must have been.

"Well, then, this is the way it kem about. I was sittin' one night, about three months ago, with my darter Looeze—my wife bein' dead some four year—and I was reading to her out of the paper about the Exposition. She sez to me, quiet like—she's a quiet sort o' gal if you ever noticed her—'I should like to go thar.' I looks at her—it was the first time sence her mother died that that gal had ever asked for anything, or had, so to speak, a wish. It wasn't her way. She took everything ez it kem, and, durn my skin if I ever could tell whether she ever wanted it to kem in any other way. I never told ye this afore, did I?"

"No," I said hastily. "Go on."

He felt of his knees for a moment and then drew a long breath. "Perhaps," he began deliberately, "ye don't know that I'm a poor man. Seein' me here among these rich folks, goin' abroad to Paree with the best o' them, and Looeze thar—in the first cabin—a lady, ez she is—ye wouldn't believe it, but I'm poor! I am. Well, sir, when that gal looks up at me and sez that—I hadn't but twelve dollars in my pocket, and I ain't the durned fool that I look—but suthin' in me—suthin', you know, away back in me—sez you shall! Loo-ey, you shall; and then I sez—repeatin' it, and looking up right in her eyes—'You shall go, Loo-ey,' did you ever look in my gal's eyes?"

I parried that somewhat direct question by another: "But the twelve dollars—how did you increase that?"

"I raised it to two hundred and fifty dollars. I got odd jobs o' work here and there, over-time—I'm a machinist. I used to keep this yer over-work from Loo—saying I had to see men in the evenin' to get pints about Europe—and that—and getting a little money raised on my life insurance, I shoved her through. And here we is. Chipper and first class—all through—that is, Loo is!"

"But two hundred and fifty dollars! And Rome and Naples and return? You can't do it."

He looked at me cunningly a moment. "Kan't do it? I've done it!"

"Done it?"

"Wall, about the same I reckon, I've figgered it out. Figgers don't lie. I ain't no Cook's tourist; I kin see Cook and give him pints. I tell you I've figgered it out to a cent, and I've money to spare. Of course I don't reckon to travel with Loo. She'll go first class. But I'll be near her if it's in the steerage of a ship, or in the baggage car of a railroad. I don't need much in the way of grub or clothes, and now and then I kin pick up a job. Perhaps you disremember that row I had down in the engine room, when they chucked me out of it?"

I could not help looking at him with astonishment; there was evidently only a pleasant memory in his mind. Yet I recalled that I felt indignant for him and his daughter.

"Well, that d—m fool of a Dutchman, that chief engineer, gave me a job the other day. And if I hadn't just forced my way down there, and talked sassy at him, and criticised his macheen, he'd hev never knowed I knowed a eccentric from a wagon wheel. Do you see the pint?"

I thought I began to see it. But I could not help asking what his daughter thought of traveling in this inferior way.

He laughed. "When I was gettin' up some pints from them books of travel, I read her a proverb or saying outer one o' them, that 'only princes and fools and Americans traveled first-class.' You see I told her it didn't say 'women,' for they naturally would ride first-class—and American gals being Princesses, didn't count. Don't you see?"

If I did not quite follow his logic, nor see my way clearly into his daughter's acquiescence through this speech, some light may be thrown upon it from his next utterance. I had risen with some vague words of congratulation on his success, and was about to leave him, when he called me back.

"Did I tell ye," he said, cautiously looking around, yet with a smile of stifled enjoyment in his face, "did I tell ye what that gal—my darter—sed to me? No, I didn't tell ye—nor no one else afore. Come here!"

He made me draw down closely into the shadow and secrecy of the roundhouse.

"That night that I told my gal she should go abroad, I sez to her, quite chipper-like and free, 'I say, Looey,' sez I, 'ye'll be goin' for to marry some o' them counts, or dukes, or potentates, I reckon, and ye'll leave the old man.' And she sez, sez she, looking me squar in the eye—did ye ever notise that gal's eye?"

"She has fine eyes," I replied, cautiously.

"They is ez clean as a fresh milk pan, and ez bright. Nothing sticks to 'em. Eh?"

"You are right."

"Well, she looks up at me this way"—here he achieved a vile imitation of his daughter's modest glance, not at all like her—"and looking at me, she sez quietly: 'That's what I'm goin' for, and to improve my mind.' He! he! he! Its a fack! To marry a nobleman and improve her mind! Ha! ha! ha!"

The evident enjoyment that he took in this, and the quiet ignoring of anything of a moral quality in his daughter's sentiments, or in his thus confiding them to a stranger's ear, again upset all my theories. I may say here that it is one of the evidences of original character, that it is apt to baffle all prognosis from a mere observer's standpoint. But I recalled it some months after.

We parted in England. It is not necessary, in this brief chronicle, to repeat the various stories of "Uncle Joshua," as a younger and more frivolous of our passengers called him, nor that two-thirds of the stories repeated were utterly at variance with any estimate of the character of the man, although I may add that I was also doubtful of the accuracy of own estimate. But one quality was always dominant—his restless, dogged pertinacity and calm imperturbability! "He asked Miss Montmorris if she 'minded' singin' a little in the second cabin to liven it up, and added, as an inducement, that they didn't know good music from bad," said Jack Walker to me." And when he mended the broken lock of my trunk, he absolutely propothed to me to ask couthin Grace if thee didn't want a 'koorier' to travel with her to 'do mechanics,' provided thee would take charge of that dreadfully deaf-and-dumb daughter of his. Wothn't it funny? Really, he'th one of your characters,' said the youngest Miss Montmorris to me as we made our adieus on the steamer.

I am afraid he is not, although he was good enough afterward to establish one or two of my theories regarding him. I was enabled to assist him once in an altercation he had with a cabman regarding the fare of his daughter, the cabman retaining a distinct impression that the father had also ridden in some obscure way in or upon the same cab—as he undoubtedly had. I heard that he had forced his way into a certain great house in England, and that he was ignominiously rejected, but I also heard that ample apologies had been made to a certain quiet modest daughter of his who was without on the lawn, and that also a certain Personage, whom I approach, even in this vague way, with a capital letter, had graciously taken a fancy to the poor child and had invited her to a reception.

But this is only hearsay evidence. So also is the story which met me in Paris, that he had been up with his daughter in the captive balloon, and that an elevation of several thousand feet from the earth, he had made some remarks about the attaching cable and the drum on which the cable revolved, which not only excited the interest of the passengers, but attracted the attention of the authorities, so that he was not only given a gratuitous ascent afterwards, but was, I am told, offered a gratuity. But I shall restrict this narrative to the few facts of which I was personally cognizant in the career of this remarkable person.

I was at a certain entertainment given in Paris by the heirs, executors and assignees of an admirable man, long since gathered to his fathers in Pere la Chaise, but whose Shakespeare-like bust still looks calmly and benevolently down on the riotous revelry of absurd wickedness of which he was, when living, the patron saint. The entertainment was of such a character that, while the performers were chiefly women. The few exceptions were foreigners, and among them I quickly recognized my fair fellow-countrywomen, the Montmorrises. "Don't thay that you've theen us here," said the youngest Miss Montmorris, "for ith only a lark. Ith awfully funny! And that friend of yourth from Injinny ith here with hith daughter."

It did not take me long to find my friend Uncle Joshua's serious, practical, unsympathetic face in the front row of tables and benches. But beside him, to my utter consternation, was his shy and modest daughter. In another moment I was at his side. "I really think—I am afraid—" I began in a whisper, "that you have made a mistake. I don't think you can be aware of the character of this place. Your daughter——"

"Kem here with Miss Montmorris. She's yer. It's all right."

I was at my wits end. Haply, at this moment, Mlle. Rochefort, from the *Orangerie*, skipped out in the quadrille immediately before us, caught her light skirts in either hand and executed a *pas* that lifted the hat from the eyes of some of the front spectators, and pulled it down over the eyes of others. The Montmorrisses fluttered away with a half-hysterical giggle and a half-confounded escort. The modest-looking Miss Loo, who had been staring at everything quite indifferently, suddenly stepped forward, took her father's arm, and said sharply, "Come."

At this moment, a voice in English, but unmistakably belonging to the politest nation in the world, rose from behind the girl, mimickingly, "My God! it is shocking. I blouch! O, dammit!"

In an instant he was in the hands of Uncle Joshua, and forced back clamoring against the railing, his hat smashed over his foolish farcical face, and half his shirt and cravat in the old man's strong grip. Several of the students rushed to the rescue of their compatriot, but one or two Englishmen and half a dozen Americans had managed in some mysterious way to bound into the arena. I looked hurriedly for Miss Louise, but she was gone. When we had extricated the old man from the melee, I asked him where she was.

"Oh I reckon she's gone off with Sir Arthur. I saw him here just as I pitched into that darned fool."

"Sir Arthur?" I asked.

"Yes, an acquaintance o' Loo's."

"She's in my carriage, just outside," interrupted a handsome young fellow, with the shoulders of a giant and the blushes of a girl. "It's all over now, you know. It was rather a foolish lark, you coming here with her without knowing—you know—anything about it, you know. But this way—thank you. She's waiting for you," and in another instant he and the old man had vanished.

Nor did I see him again until he stepped into the railway carriage with me on his way to Liverpool. "You see I'm trav'lin first class now," he said, "but goin' home I don't mind a trifle extry expense." "Then you've made your tour," I asked, "and are successful?" "Wall, yes, we saw Switzerland and Italy, and if I hedn't been short o' time, we'd hev gone to Egypt. Mebbee next winter I'll run over again to see Loo, and do it." "Then your daughter does not return with you?" I continued in some astonishment. "Wall, no—she's visiting some of Sir Arthur's relatives in Kent. Sir Arthur is there—perhaps you recollect him?" He paused a moment, looked cautiously around, and with the same enjoyment he had shown on shipboard, said: "Do you remember the joke I told you on Loo, when she was at sea?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't ye say anything about it now. But dem my skin if it doesn't look like coming true."

And it did.

BRET HARTE.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—The landlords of Boston hotels are being prosecuted for serving woodcock out of season.

—Dean Stanley has been entertaining a workingman's club at a dinner in the college hall of Westminister Abbey.

—Parts of "The Pirates of Penzance" are being piratically performed in the West without the permission of Gilbert and Sullivan.

—On the Lake of Constance, near Bregenz, a newspaper has been printed to commemorate the "ice jubilee" the lake being frozen over about once in fifty years, the last date being 1829-30.

—M. Ivan Tourguenieff, the celebrated novelist, has left Paris for St. Petersburg, thus practically refuting the rumors of his banishment. His object is said to be to repudiate sympathy with Nihilism.

—The Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church report that in 1879 the New York publishing house cleared $71,000 and the Cincinnati house $27,807. This is a smaller profit than in 1878, owing to the rivality in the publication of hymn books.

—The Spanish Government has ordered the restoration to the parents, with a view to its reinterment as a Protestant, of the body of a child at Bilbao, whom the priest had compulsorily buried as a Catholic, on the ground of his having baptized it prior to the father's conversion to Protestantism.

—The singular phenomenon has been frequently observed in the mountainous parts of Switzerland, Baden, Bavaria and elsewhere in Europe, in the course of the current winter, that it has been generally warmer in the elevated districts on the hills and mountains, than in the plains and valleys.

—A hen always kicks backward after laying an egg. A Bridgeport Yankee is reported to have turned this fact to account in inventing a device to prevent the sale of stale eggs. When the hen kicks she hits an electric disk, to which is attached a rubber stamp, and the apparatus stamps the date on each egg.

—There is one Indian in the Black Hills who comes near being a realization of the ideal savage of yellow-covered literature. He is tall, straight and has a strong face; he poses in picturesque costume of fur, red cloth, feathers and beads, and has an undisputed record of brave deeds. But his unpoetic name is Big Jim.

—A literary curiosity has just been published at Amsterdam. It consists of three short stories, possessing the peculiarity that in each of them only one vowel is employed, in the first *a*, in the second *e*, and in the third *o*, according to which the stories are entitled "A-Saga," "E-Legende," "O-Sprook." In the Dutch language only would such a feat be possible.

—A negro at Wallace, Tenn., told his wife that she must kill somebody before he went to bed. She begged him not to select her, and he obligingly said that he would go down to a ball in the village for a victim. He loaded a pistol, went to a ball, and shot a young negro girl whom he did not even know; but he failed of his object after all, for she was only slightly wounded.

—In Illinois a schoolmistress found herself obliged to chastise her eldest pupil. She called in a young school trustee. The pupil proved to be his fiancee. His sense of duty triumphed over his inclinations. He whipped the girl, and not only lost her affection, but became defendant in a suit of damages brought by the girl's father who recovered fifty dollars.

—Oil at Gilper, Oberg, and Oilsburg, in Hanover, and oil at Hoelle, near Heide, in Holstein, are announcements in London papers. The Hanover wells near Linden and Limmer, and many other places are already known to be rich, and Germany sees herself in anticipation supplying all her own oil, and perhaps competing with Pennsylvania in supplying other European countries.

—"Oh, mamma doesn't allow me to dance with midshipmen," was the response of the daughter of a high functionary to a gallant young middy on one of Queen Victoria's ships when he asked for a waltz. But the young woman—who has Indian blood in her veins—relented when she found he was a nobleman as well as a middy, and claimed him for a partner. "Oh, mamma doesn't allow me to dance with squaws," was the boy's reply, as he moved away.

—John Gorman visited the St. Louis House of the Good Shepherd, picked out the best-looking young women among the inmates, told her that he owned a large and well-stocked farm, and proposed marriage. She asked for a few days to think the matter over, but he said, "Now or never," as he meant to take a wife home that afternoon. So she consented, and went out to buy some clothes. She met her affianced husband in the street, while shopping, and did not recognize him, but he introduced himself anew, and hurried her to a clergyman, who performed the ceremony.

—The ravages of what is commonly known as "rot" or "bane" are assuming most appalling proportions in the midland and western counties of England, in consequence, it is generally supposed, of the excessive and long continued wet weather last year. Tens of thousands of sheep, principally ewes, are dead and dying. In some parishes in Gloucester, Oxon and Warwick, there are, comparatively speaking, very few sheep left, and in Somerset there are only 5,000 left in one district, which usually winters 50,000. Hundreds, if not thousands, of sheep have been sold off in the Bristol district at from 5s. 6d. to 10s. a head.

—The new phase of intermittent activity into which Vesuvius entered in November, 1878, has of late increased in energy. The great crater of 1872 is now almost filled up by the scoria and lava emitted from the small cone of 1878. A year ago this cone was not much larger than a conical iron furnace; now it has reached to a height of more than fifty feet above the outside rim of the old crater. Moreover, its dynamic force is distinctly greater than it was a year ago. Masses of glowing cinder are projected to a height of several hundred feet, and twice within the last two months sufficient lava has been emitted to run over the lowest edge of the crater in a continuous stream, which has descended as far as the Atrio del Cavallo.

—The Chestnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, is the last theatre in the country, outside of New York, Boston and San Francisco, to retain a resident stock company. The system of travelling combinations has swept away all the other stationary organizations. The Chestnut manager finds that his pertinacity does not pay, for he has not only announced that he will have no company next season, but that the salaries of the present excellent company are reduced one-third. He says that in only three weeks this season did the receipts equal expenses, the loss often reaching $1,300. Some of the actors refuse to appear, including George Hoey, a son of Mrs. Hoey, the former leading lady at Wallack's.

—The additional duty imposed on tobacco in Germany has had the not unexpected effect of greatly stimulating the smuggling of foreign tobacco. This contraband traffic is described as having assumed most extensive proportions across the frontiers of Holland. It is an open secret that gangs of ten, twenty and thirty men, chiefly Dutchmen, are regularly engaged in taking large quantities over the borders; and it is asserted that the tobacco manufactories in Nymwegen are unable to keep pace with the demand which has sprung up from this cause. The Custom House guards on the frontiers do their utmost to prevent the traffic, but they are far too few in number, compared with the extent of frontier, to produce much effect, and the smugglers manage continually to escape detection.

FA[illegible]

Seasonable Info[illegible] the [illegible]

The Sources of [illegible]

We have frequently [illegible] to the [illegible] tages promised by the [illegible] of sugar for the manufacture of sugar. But the [illegible] industry does not grow, blossom and become fruitful in a year or a few years. Yet its final success is hastened by the ease with which the raw material can be produced. If sugar beets were now grown as plentiful as potatoes, sugar factories would be as numerous as starch factories. It was the abundant supply of potatoes that brought starch manufacturers to build [illegible] offer a steady market for the farmer's produce. Let sugar beets become a staple product of our farms, and the only obstacle to the establishment of a vast business in sugar making would be removed. Sugar beets can be made profitable for feeding, and not only so, but the effect of their culture upon our system of agriculture cannot fail to be so advantageous as to invite the farmers to adopt it, if but for its own value alone. Root culture implies good farming, for with poor farming one can not grow roots. Roots may be grown upon poor land, by using the proper fertilizers and methods of culture, and there is no better method than this of working up the soil to a good condition. For if one grows a quantity of roots, these must be fed, and they cannot be fed without making a large quantity of manure; further, they can not be fed with the greatest profit without the addition of some concentrated food, and that involves rich as well as abundant manure. Besides, in using roots and meal as a daily ration for cattle or sheep, it is found that straw will be consumed with avidity; in fact, it makes an excellent substitute for hay, and uses up profitably a waste product that is generally used only for litter.

An idea is prevalent that root culture is costly. It may be at first under certain circumstances; as upon a poor soil and one full with weeds, and especially under careless management. It may be made costly when, by neglect at a critical time, the whole crop is lost by being buried in weeds. But that is not the fault of the crop, but of the management. The seed of an acre of ground costs $6; that is for sugar beets, which may be grown closer than mangels; 12 lbs. of seed being needed for an acre; the cost of cultivation need be no more than for a crop of potatoes. The yield will be of a considerably greater value than that of potatoes, reaching, under favorable circumstances, 800 bushels per acre, or 25 tons. For feeding, the sugar beet is worth more than double the quantity of mangels, as it contains more than twice as much solid matter, so that 25 tons per acre is equivalent to a large crop of grosser mangels, as can be expected under the most favorable conditions. The direct profit is then attractive enough to induce farmers to raise sugar beets merely for feeding purposes, while the indirect profit arising from the improved condition of the soil gives a respectable return in addition. When the culture of sugar beets then becomes general, there will doubtless be no lack of capital to work them into sugar, any more than there would be to operate a silver or gold mine that may be discovered on a man's farm. It is the want of material that has kept back enterprise in this line; the men and the money are always ready to develop any staple and profitable raw material.—*American Agriculturist.*

Salt as a Manure.

Occasionally we have an inquiry in regard to using salt as a fertilizer. In nearly all ages and countries, salt has been used as a manure. While it acts as a feeder to plants, it performs the office also of a solvent, dissolving, in the fluid state, other substances, and rendering them available as plant food. But it should be used with care, especially in a dry season, or in dry climates, where the rainfall is deficient. It should never be applied directly to plants, although sometimes it is applied to cabbage to hasten their heading, and render them more solid. The Farmers's Club of Rio, Wisconsin, had before it for discussion recently, the subject of salt as a fertilizer, and a friend sends us a brief report of what was said on the occasion, which we give for the benefit of those who desire to learn the experience of farmers who have used it for that purpose. The results seem to have been highly satisfactory. Mr. Seth Allen opened the discussion by giving his experience in the use of salt upon his land; and stated that he had first used it on his farm eight years ago, and that it added fully 50 per cent. to his yield of wheat that year. That for a year or two thereafter he did not use salt, on account of the cost; but that he became thoroughly satisfied that a free use of salt was indispensible to the success of his farming operations; and that he has used it every year since, resulting in increased crops of grain of improved quality,—his wheat from salted land never grading below no. 2, while that from unsalted land was inferior in both quality and quantity. At first he had used at the rate of one barrel of salt to three acres, but now uses one barrel to two acres. Other members in giving their experience and observation, fully corroborated all that Mr. Allen had said in behalf of the use of salt as a fertilizer; and after a full consideration of the subject, the conclusions arrived at were as follows: That salt has the property of hastening the maturity of all grain crops; that wheat will ripen six or ten days earlier than on unsalted land, all other conditions being equal. That it increases the yield from 25 to 50 per cent. That it stiffens the straw, and prevents rust and smut. That it checks, if it does not entirely prevent, the ravages of the chinch bug; and that there is no danger of a man's pocket permitting him to put too much salt upon his land, as two barrels per acre will injure no grain crop. In answer to questions as to the best time and manner of sowing salt, as also the proper quantity to use, the following answers were given: The best time to sow salt is in the spring; and it ought to be the first thing done on either fall or spring plowing, so as the after-stirring of the land assists in its equal distribution through the soil. The best and easiest method of sowing salt, in the absence of a machine for that purpose, is to sow it from out of the rear end of a wagon—the sower using both hands, while the team is moving at a slow walk; in this way, thirty or forty acres can be sowed in one day. The quantity used may be from 150 to 200 pounds per acre, but the greater quantity is the better.

Setting Hens.

Josh Billings says that the best time to set a hen is when the hen wants to set. To add to a piece of wisdom let me add: Set your hens at night—always. If you have any doubts about the reliability of your hen, give her two or three shins or wooden eggs to practice upon until she settles down to business. If you want to set your hen in a strange place, have your nest ready, and put hen after dark, avoid frightening her, set her carefully on the nest, fasten a board over the front of the nest, leaving only a crack for ventilation, and do not remove the board until after dark the next night. [illegible] of every ten the hen will come off in the morning, eat her breakfast, and go back to her nest; but you must be on the lookout for her soon after daylight, and if she does not go back to her nest, put her back carefully, and fasten her for another day. Keep corn, water, gravel and charcoal, and a dust box where your setting hens can help themselves. After the eggs have been set on a few days the eggs that have been [illegible] can readily be detected by testing them with an egg tester. If the eggs are white shelled they can be assorted by the fourth day, but with dark-shelled eggs, it is better to wait until the eighth day. The fertile egg will present a clear, speckled appearance, while a dark spot, with small red veins radiating from it, can be distinctly seen in the fertile eggs.

The advantages to be derived from assorting eggs during incubation are obvious. If three or four hens are set at the same time, it quite frequently happens that after the non-fertile eggs have been taken from the nest, two of the hens can accommodate all the eggs that contain a living germ, and in that case the other hens can be set again with a fresh lot of eggs. In the earlier part of the season, when setting hens are scarce, I find this a great advantage. The clear eggs, if taken from the nest before the ninth day, can be boiled and used for chicken food.

Do not imagine that handling eggs during incubation will prevent hatching. With care the eggs may be handled every day, and not the slightest harm result therefrom. Should any of the eggs get broken in the nest, wash the remaining eggs in warm water, and clean out the nest, for an egg that is daubed with the contents of another egg will not hatch. During the last week of incubation the eggs should be sprinkled every other day with warm water.

—The London *Spectator* says that the Viceroy of India is supreme legislator, head of the Executive and Chancellor of the Exchequer for a fifth of the human race. Every political question, small and great, throughout India, is ultimately referred to him, and there is none in which he cannot, if he pleases, immediately interfere. Mr. Bright says the duties required are too much for a mere mortal, and then the climate renders them the more trying.

—Tending to chaos—Expecting to get to Heaven by dodging.

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

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[...] WILKESON.

"[...]!" as I write the name, [...] in the rocky mountains come [...] in a very leap-tide of pleasant recollections.

I was alone in the mountains in the service of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company as a mining engineer. I had been fishing in [...] mountain brooks, fishing lazily. [...] I landed a big trout I generally stretched myself under the evergreens and admired the fish; or I celebrated my success by a smoke. Lazy as my fishing was, it kept me supplied with food. One bright October day I reached the limits of the little coal field in the Mullen Pass. Mounting my horse, I rode into the forest. Soon finding an open space covered with bunch grass, I decided to camp there, and from that point study the field on foot. So, throwing my blankets under a tree, I unsaddled my horse and picketed him on the grass with a long rope. I tested its length, and, finding that he could get water, I knew he would not suffer if I did not return for several days. Strapping a full cartridge belt around me, fastening my rifle on my back, I picked up my trout pole and walked off. A little after noon I had finished my investigation of the northern edge of the coal field. Being hungry, I filled my pipe and sat under a bush while I debated what I should have for dinner. I had a choice between trout, as yet uncaught, and grouse, as yet unshot. I had forty cartridges; they were worth four cents each; I could get no more; I might need them when I went North. So I decided to have trout. They cost nothing. Finding a deep pool, I soon landed three fine fish. Then starting a fire, I coated the fish with a thick layer of clay, and when the fire burned low I placed them in the coals. Scarcely had I done so when I heard light footsteps, the snapping of dry twigs. From out of a dense growth of young evergreens came a man. Looking at him, I summed him up quickly—mentally checking him off as though I were entering a recruit on descriptive roll—tawny yellow hair, large brown eyes, long straight nose, full red lips, square chin, wide smiling mouth, full of strong white teeth, complexion of milk and roses under a brownish tan; six feet four inches high, slender, erect, weight about 180 pounds; about 27 years old; Sharp's rifle in his hand, belt full of cartridges; wonder who he is; nice-looking chap in his new suit of buckskin. These observations were made inaudibly and made instantly. Standing motionless he looked at my fire; then seeing me, walked at once toward me. I rose up, looked him in the face. Our eyes met. Each had read the other at a glance. Holding out his hand he said: "How! My name is Ed Van Thusen." I grasped his hand and said: "How! Mine is Frank Wilkeson." I liked him from the instant our hands clasped. Looking into my fire with curious eyes, he indicated with index finger three wedge-shaped clays and asked, "What are those things?" "Those objects that you speak disrespectfully of as things are three trout wrapped in clay. They are our dinner," I replied. Ed looked amused, and then said, "It is a new way of cooking to me. If it is good for trout, it should be good for grouse. Delay the operation. I saw some fool-hens a few yards back in the forest. I'll get a couple." He walked back into the thicket, and soon I heard two reports of his rifle, and in a minute after Ed came walking to the fire with two headless fool-hens in his hands. We rubbed the clay into the feathers and rolled more about them until the coating was of the proper thickness; then the birds were placed in the centre of the fire, and Ed and I lay under the trees talking. He was a miner, but, having tired of the work, had gone hunting and fishing in the mountains for a week or two. His blankets were further up the stream, in a little glen where there was good grass. "Would I go up and camp with him?" I would. So, leaving him to watch the fire and our dinner, I walked down the stream to my horse, saddled him, and, throwing my blankets on the saddle, walked back, the horse following like a dog. Ed, seeing me coming, poked the clays out of the coals with a stick, and cracked them open with a stone, and our dinner lay on the half shell by the brook when I reached the fire. We ate and while eating planned an elk hunt. We smoked after our meal, and talked until the sun was low in the west. Then, shouldering our rifles, we walked up the valley the horse following. Ed had pitched his camp—that is, his blankets—in a clump of pines by the bank of a brook. Across the water was a little meadow of ten or twelve acres. His horse was picketed there. Unsaddling, I turned my animal loose, knowing he would not leave me. We were high up in the mountains and in an unfrequented place. Game was plenty. The trout bit well. The air was frosty o' nights. One night as we lay in our blankets, discussing a wonderful shot I had made that day (I had missed an elk at twenty yards), the talk became biographical, then grew confidential. Ed was telling me of a valley he knew, where he believed there was plenty of placer-gold, when I broke in on the mining speculations with: "I see you have had the small-pox. How did you get that disease?" The question brought him into a sitting posture, and then rising to his feet he rebuilt the fire and answered, "I will tell you a story." Without another introduction he began:

"In 1860 I was prospecting for gold in the streams that flow down the west side of the Rocky Mountains and empty into the Flathead River. I had no success, and became discouraged. I resolved to cross the range by one of the many passes, and prospect in the valleys on the eastern slope of the mountains. I knew this land was scoured by the Blackfeet war parties, as the war of 1859 was then raging, though the raging was all on the Blackfeet side, the settlers fleeing to the military posts and the towns for protection. I had descended into the valley of the Marias, and had panned out plenty of ground without getting a color. I resolved to go further down the stream; so, leaving the valley, I rose up to the plains and rode to the eastward. Cutting off a big bend of the little river, I came to the edge of a bluff. Carefully, I looked over. Below me was a little glen. The high bluffs receding from the river bank and describing a circle enclosed some thirty acres of meadow and a little grove of poplar trees. Cautiously I looked and made out the tops of several lodges standing in the grove. This was a pleasant discovery. Then I noticed that there were no horses to be seen; so I dismounted, and lying down behind some rocks watched the camp. After an hour of watchfulness I was convinced that there were no Indians in the village. Not a sign of life could I see; no smoke, no blackening of the leaves of the trees. A careful examination of the bunch grass with my field glass showed me that it was in seed, and that it had not been grazed on. Still afraid that there was some trap, I hesitated, when I saw seven white-tailed deer walk out of the woods, stand an instant, then slowly feed back into cover. Knowing that they would not stand near an Indian village, I at once mounted and rode down a trail into the valley. I struck a heavy trail leading into the grove. It had not been used lately, as I saw spiders' webs stretched across it. I rode into the woods and soon came on the camp. There were twenty lodges, the tents in two rows. I sat on my horse and looked carefully at the deserted village. The birds flitted from tree to tree. Some sat on the lodge poles and sang. Spiders' webs stretched from bunch to bunch of the grass. I thought all the spiders in Montana had spun their webs there. Every lodge had its door sewn up. I say every lodge, but there were two or three open. I was awe-stricken and strongly inclined to ride away without further investigation, but decided to look into this strange condition. I dismounted, and cut a slit into the first lodge. Looking into the gloom of the tent, I was startled to see many Indians sitting around the walls all blanketed, all motionless. Enlarging the slit by a cross slash so as to admit the light, I was shocked to find that these were dead Indians. The circle of dead men seemed to be grinning a welcome to me. Their stony, white teeth glistened brightly. The empty sockets of their eyes all seemed to be turned on me. I would not have been surprised to have had a bony arm and fleshless hand come forth from under the rotted blankets and beckon me to enter. The arms of the dead warriors lay before them or at their sides. There were bows, and quivers filled with long war arrows, and flint-lock muskets. Hanging above them on the lodge poles were bunches of worm-eaten jerked meat. I looked into several of the lodges. All were the same. In each a circle of motionless Blackfeet warriors, silently waiting the call to take up their arms and enter the happy hunting ground.

One tent, the largest, had but a single occupant. His hair was decked with feathers. Hanging around the fleshless neckbone was a great necklace of the claws of the grizzly bear, the points of the claws hidden between the ribs. Above him, fastened to a large pole, dangled a bunch of Indian scalps; a full belt of cartridges was buckled around him. His blanket was thrown across his legs, and lying on his lap, with the fleshless hands grasping it, was a breech-loading rifle. There sat a war chief with bow and full quiver to his back, ready to engage in fight the minute the dead should again be breathed into him. Leaving him to await the summons I went to [...] that were opened. There I found [...] had been plundered. The dead had been thrown down, their skulls apparently kicked out, as they were not to be seen, and the smaller ones had been scattered over the ground. Saddles were gone, blankets were missing. Indignant at the outrage that had been offered to the dead of a brave people, I was about to enter the lodge, when it seemed as though I heard a voice speaking, so distinctly was the idea conveyed to my brain. It said: "You see! This is the village of the Blackfoot dead"; then slower, as if the words dropped into my ears one by one, "They—died—of—small-pox." Instantly comprehending my danger, I ran to my horse, mounted and rode quickly away. I was afraid to look back, for fear the dead warriors were standing outside their lodges motioning me to return. I was dreadfully nervous, actually frightened. Then horrors of the village haunted me and drove me from the valley. I went north to the Milk River. Not finding color there, I crossed the range and descended to the Flathead River. I was tired of prospecting, and, being still nervous, I thought a month's fishing and hunting would restore my nerves, and I hoped would remove the spectre of the small-pox village and its ghastly inmates from my mind. I had crossed the range by one of the Milk River passes, and had come down the western slope some distance above Flathead Lake. Riding down the valley, I saw horses with ropes on their necks, grazing on a plain where a brook joined the main river. Suspecting Indians, I hid in a thicket and examined the plain closely with my glass. I could see nothing except the horses and some objects under a thorn-bush by the side of the creek. I rode to the bush. There, in a filthy condition, and in the eruptively loathsome state of small-pox, lay two men, miners like myself. Their condition was indescribably offensive and pitiable. The iron prospecting pans lay near them, also bacon, flour, rifles, and great quantities of blankets. I dismounted, unsaddled my horse, turned him loose, and building a shelter of blankets, at once began cooking and nursing for those men. I nursed them long. When they were mending—had recovered so that they could walk about a little—I took sick. I was chilly; little waves of cold run down my backbone; I had headache; had a fever; these grew worse for a few days, and then I knew nothing, until I woke up to find myself as loathsome an object as ever was seen. The two men I had nursed had nursed me. They told me that they contracted the disease by breaking into the lodges of the dead Blackfeet on the Marias and stealing their blankets. I naturally was angry at this, and expressed myself freely. Frank, those two men resented the fretting of a sick man, and left me alone to get well the best I could; not only left me, but they stole my horse. I lay around until I got strong, and then I fished and hunted and slowly walked to the mining camp on Dog Creek. When I meet those miners, if I ever do, I shall kill them. Now you know how I got the small-pox."

Amazed at the story I looked at Ed and said:

"In wonder's name, man, what made you stop with two utter strangers and nurse them through the small-pox? You could not have cared for them. What difference did it make to you whether they lived or died?" Never will I forget the look the grand old fellow gave me as he said: "Well, by God, what else would I do?" I was a hopeless task to try to beat selfishness and inhumanity into his handsome head; so that conversation dropped, with a huge increase of admiration on my part for my comrade. Long after Ed thought I was asleep I could hear him giving vent to snorts of astonishment, and in a bewildered, injured undertone repeat the only profanity I ever knew him to be guilty of: "Well, by God!" Once I saw him rise on his elbow and look into my face as I lay on my back. The full moon shone brightly on me, and then he lay down muttering, "By God, he was only joking!"

The next day I finished my engineering reconnoissance, and it was necessary for me to go to Deer Lodge. So I parted from Ed, agreeing to meet him at the mining camp on Elk Creek in a week or ten days.

Arrived at the camp on Elk Creek, I asked for Van Thusen. He had gone fishing. The camp was in a narrow valley. Steep hillsides arose from the water almost. To the south the slope was wooded. The northern slope was bare. The stock of the camp had eaten the bunch grass very close. The strong winds constantly blowing had shifted the top soil. It was gone, leaving the delicate, wiry roots of the grass standing above the soil in moss-like clumps. There were a few stunted pine trees with ragged limbs on the northern slope, all leaning to the north-east. There was no fun in this camp; so I went to the low log saloon. Putting my blankets and rifle behind the bar, I told the barkeeper that I was a friend of Van Thusen's, and wanted to sit around until he returned from fishing. There was a stove in this saloon, a number of stools, five blanket-covered tables, and a few cigar boxes filled with poker chips. Back of the bar, on a rough shelf, stood an array of white bottles. Many small greenish drinking glasses with thick bottoms were on the bar. At one end of the bar stood a pair of delicate gold scales. On hearing my name, the barkeeper took a lively interest in me, and pressed me to partake of drinks, "just one little cocktail," but I begged off on the ground that I could not stop at one. In the afternoon a sudden mountain snow storm came tearing down the valley, and the miners, quitting work, came flocking into the bar-room. I was introduced to many as "This is the friend Van was telling us about." All were very kind to me. A volley of profanity issued from the street in front of the saloon; the door was opened and slammed to again; and there, shaking the snow from him, stood a ruffian with two revolvers belted on him. Spanish spurs were on his heavy boots. The brim of his slouch hat was turned up in front, revealing a mean, scowling face. Striding to the bar he called: "Drinks for the crowd!" One or two only drank with him. He boastfully bragged of his skill in playing poker, and wanted "some gentleman to play." He was accommodated at once. Declining to play "freeze out" for drinks, or to play anything, or to drink anything, I worked my way into a corner, and went to work on my note book. All about me I heard, "Kings up;" "Take the pot;" "Ace full;" "It beats a flush;" and I smiled as I heard the doleful voice of a "bluffer" say, "Nine high." There was a hearty laugh at this exposure of a lean hand. I heard the voice of the strange ruffian who had besought "some gentleman" to play with him yelp out, "Four kings! That pot is mine." The low-voiced gentleman he was playing with said, "Hold on! I have four aces. The money is mine!" With an oath, the ruffian pushed back his chair and walked to the bar. He swallowed a full glass of whiskey and then fiercely glared over the room. Filling his glass again, he stood glaring around. Seeing the writing in the corner, he put the glass on the counter and strode over to me. Standing in front of me, he was about to speak, when I rose up, looked him squarely in the face, and asked, "What do you want?" Our eyes met. He looked at me for an instant and said, "Nothing. I thought I knew you." He walked back to the counter, and I, looking over the room, saw half a dozen revolvers disappear under the tables, and the miners that handled them smiled to me. I now took a curious interest in the ruffian. He stood, glass in hand, at the bar, waiting for something—standing and waiting, I thought, as many a time I have stood by a deer lick. "You are watching for game, my friend," I said to myself. I watch him, the door opens, and the furious wind, driving the snow before it, rushed in, and in the midst of the snowy mass stood Van Thusen. He stood stamping his feet and shaking the snow from his clothing. A dozen men called out, "How are you Van? What luck, fishing?" Some poker-player called out, "Four of a kind. Take a drink with me, Van." With a nod and a smile the handsome fellow stepped up to the bar. As he asked for his liquor the ruffian, with a vile oath, threw his untasted whiskey into Van Thusen's face. Instantly the gambling ceased. Every one turned on his stool and watched Van Thusen. I saw many revolvers drawn and silently cocked. A great silence settled over the room. Standing erect, Van Thusen drew a white handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the liquor from his face. Then, asking for water, he bathed his burning eyes. Drying them, he replaced his handkerchief in his pocket, and looked at the man who had so outrageously insulted him. He looked into the muzzle of a six-shooter—looked beyond it into the cowardly eyes of the brute who held it. I saw Van Thusen gather himself and heard him say, in a low, clear voice, "It may miss fire." Taking the chance, a bright, heavy-loaded knife flashed out from the back of his neck, and with a forward stride he struck a tremendous downward blow. The sharp report of an exploding cap and the body of the ruffian, with four ribs cut off and a split heart, falling dead, showed that Van Thusen had successfully taken the risk of a damp charge or a dirty nipple. Washing off the blood from his knife in a glass of water, Van coolly remarked, "That man was a coward. Now I will have my whiskey." He drank it and walked over to me. Of course, I spoke my admiration of the courage he had shown. "I am not aware that I have shown any," he quietly remarked, but added with a flush that no one, unless it were a drunken friend, could insult him without killing him or getting killed, and then said softly: "Frank, I have never insulted a man in my life." While we were talking some men carried the dead man into a back room. Some one cleaned the floor and the gambling was resumed.

Mentioning that I had to cross the Bitter Root Mountains and go to the head waters of the Big Blackfoot River as soon as the storm broke, Van Thusen said he would go with me. He wanted to go to the Sun River Valley, and go by way of the Cadotte Pass, so the trip up the Blackfoot River would not be out of his way. Next morning the storm was over and we rode eastward over the Bitter Root Mountains, and in a few days were camped on the head waters of the Big Blackfoot. One night we lay under our blankets on a tiny branch of the river, far up in the mountains. I was just dropping to sleep when the unearthly cries of a panther, so like the screams of a distressed woman that for an instant I was deceived, woke me thoroughly. We lay awake, listening to the cries, when Ed asked me if I had seen a grizzly bear.

"Yes, I have seen the brute, and I don't admire his physical or moral characteristics."

Ed lay quiet for a few minutes and then said softly, "That animal is the only thing on earth I fear." He stopped; then with a little nervous laugh said: "Don't laugh at me and I will tell you something." Without waiting for me to reply he began:

"Once I was on my way for the Kootenay Pass. I found a man alone in a little log hut, lying sick on his bed. I stopped to nurse him. That man had shot at a grizzly bear with an old muzzle-loading rifle. He had missed a deadly shot. The bear rushed for him. He endeavored to climb a tree, and thought he was far enough up to be safe, when the huge beast rose and struck one blow at him, fairly tearing the calf of his leg into strings, but not knocking him out of his crotch. Once safely in the tree, the man outsat the bear, or the bear got tired or sick from his wound; at any rate the animal went away, and the man descended and crawled to his little hunting lodge and got into bed. I nursed him until he could hop on one leg. Then I shot a deer for him and left him. I had resolved to kill the first grizzly I saw. I was armed with an Allen rifle and had plenty of cartridges. As you come up through the Kootenay Pass there is a patch of bare ground. A few shrubs grow on the thin, shallow soil in clumps. Around this open there is a wall of dense evergreen undergrown. Riding up to the wall I looked through and saw three great grizzly bears, apparently eating something that they dug out of the ground with their huge claws. Here was my chance. Tying my horse with a rawhide rope to a stout tree, rifle in hand I crawled through the underbrush until I was within seventy yards of the brutes. I rested my rifle on a dead stump of a limb that stood out from a pine and sighted at the heart of the largest bear. Just as I was going to pull the trigger there arose, as from out of the ground in front of me, the hunting hut of the wounded man I had nursed. One side of the hut was gone. I could see into it. I could see the bed, the man on it, and (in almost a whisper), Frank, I could see myself binding and dressing the dreadful wound. I dropped my rifle. The visitor disappeared. Three times I sighted. Three times in vivid distinctness arose this apparition of the past. It cowed me. I was afraid to shoot. I crawled back to my horse. I sat on him trembling with nervousness. I was throughly ashamed of myself for being such a coward. I skulked and hid in the brush like a coyette until those bears went went away. Then, in a low, earnest tone, "But I have resolutely determined to shoot the next bear I meet." For a few seconds he was silent, and then, with a far-off look, softly added: "And I really believe the bear will kill me." With a distressed laugh he jumped up, rebuilt the fire, and said: "I am not so nervous that I can't sleep. Get up, Frank, and have one more fishing match with a man who is afraid of a bear. Get up! I will fish you a match! Smallest fish cooks a midnight supper." We fish and I cook the midnight meal. Next morning we parted, never to meet again. I rode west, he east into the Sun River country.

Years after, when in Bismarck, on the Missouri, I went into a great log saloon and there met a party of Montana gamblers who had come down the river expecting to play cards along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Our greeting over, I asked after Ed. Van Thusen. A silence fell on the party. The hard men silently looked into their empty glasses. At length one said: "That grand young chap was killed by a bear in the Marias Pass. Here bring us some whiskey!"—this to the barkeeper. "Was the bear dead?" I asked. "Yes. A huge grizzly lay a few yards from Ed. cut to bits almost with a knife." I declined more whiskey, and sadly left the saloon. My friend had met the fate he had foreseen.

ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

A Man Under the Influence of Liquor Tries to Throw Himself Into the Niagara River.

The Clifton correspondent of an exchange says: A deliberate attempt to commit suicide was tried on the railway suspension bridge on Friday last. On the evening of that day Mr. Albert Willis was coming over the bridge and about the middle, when he noticed a man who was walking some distance ahead of him turn to one side and climb over the railing. He ran to the spot and found a man sitting on the outside ledge with his legs dangling in the air, evidently meditating a slide into the river 150 feet beneath. He was mumbling "Oh, those beautiful waters," over and over again, when Mr. Willis reached over the rail and took a firm hold of him. But no sooner did the man feel his touch than he sprang from his dangerous seat and was hanging suspended above the fearful gulf into which he seemed determined to plunge. The excitement gave Mr. Willis almost superhuman strength, and he finally drew his man back on the bridge and out of immediate danger. The would-be suicide proved to be a man named Richardson, a painter, living over the river. He had been drinking heavily, and had told his wife he would commit suicide.

WANTED TO DIE.

Deliberate Attempt to Commit Suicide by Drowning.

The Niagara Falls *Gazette* says: About three o'clock Monday afternoon Michael Murphy, Walter Alexander's successor, in charge of the stock yards at Suspension Bridge, deliberately jumped into the hydraulic canal from the Third street bridge in this village. The act was witnessed by a young lady with whom he was walking, and also by several other parties, among whom was John Clifford. Mr. Clifford was working in front of his shop, near the bridge, and immediately ran to the canal. Murphy could swim, and had apparently forgotten how to sink, so that Clifford had but little trouble in rescuing the would-be suicide. The dripping man was taken into Calladine's saloon on the corner of Niagara and Third streets, where he was finally persuaded to abandon his suicidal intentions. Murphy had been drinking, and it is supposed that he was laboring under a species of alcoholic insanity when he attempted to end his career.

—If all men were created equal why is it that some one man always pushes his way to the front when a crowd is trying to lift up a fallen street car horse?

FARM AND GARDEN

Seasonable Information for Tillers of the Soil.

How Bogus Butter is Made.

There are several processes by which the spurious article is produced. Oleomargerine (all imitation butter is often given that title, however,) is made from beef suet churned in milk; but the golden rolls produced now rarely go through the churning process. The manufacturers take one part of good butter and three parts of lard, generally buying the leaf, "gut" fat, and other fatty parts of pork, and render the lard out themselves. The lard is melted, poured into brine, with some chemical added which takes away the flavor and changes the color. The brine is then poured off, and the butter being added, the whole is melted together in a huge caldron immersed in boiling water after the manner of making glue. A thermometer is kept in the mass all of the time to guard against giving it too much heat. After having undergone a sufficient amount of cooking the stuff is poured into a mixture of milk and water, where it remains a short time, is then taken out, dumped on a table, and manufactured into the nice, rich yellow rolls of "pure home-made butter."

Quite a number of these companies have been compelled to go under, owing partly to the falling off in the demand for the article, and partly to the bitterness of the warfare waged against them by the various Produce Exchanges.

The oleomargerine men claim that the motive of the attack upon them proceeds not so much from the article being sold in certain instances for genuine butter, but that holding large stocks of other butter dealers seek some reason for their inability to sell at the present high prices. They find fault with oleomargerine for keeping the market down. There is a legitimate demand, they say, for oleomargerine for cooking. It is a legitimate commercial product as much so as lard. Butter made from margerine oil is a butterine. Oleomargerine is really the name of the oil from which the substitute butter is made. People are demanding oleomargerine because butter is high. Dairy products have advanced more than 100 per cent., and the result is a great demand for oleomargerine.

Flower Garden and Lawn.

For keeping up the freshness and vigor of the lawn, a spring dressing should be given, either of ashes, guano, fine bone, nitrate of soda or a rich and thoroughly fine compost. Sow grass seed on any bare spots. In planting ornamental trees, grouping, rather than formal planting or setting in rows, is to be encouraged, so far as the nature and size of the grounds will permit it to be done.

NEW LAWNS.—Let the soil be in a fine state of tillage by thorough working and manuring, after which, for heavy clay soils, Kentucky Blue-Grass is to be sown. Red Top is best for light and sandy soils, with a little mixture of White Clover in both cases. The seed should be applied liberally, as a fine turf can only be had when the plants are crowded. All the way from two to six bushels to the acre are advised. If what we buy were all seed, no doubt the smaller quantity would be enough, but in the uncertain relations between chaff and seed, one can not be sure of properly thick-seeding with less than four bushels. Sow half the seed in one direction, and cross-sow with the other half. The seeding should be done as soon as the land can be put in proper condition.

WALKS AND DRIVES.—A solid foundation is the only surety for a good walk or drive; and to secure this, use large stones for the bottom, begin below the reach of frost, and smaller ones nearer the surface. A walk or drive that is cheap in the beginning will always be unsatisfactory and dear in the end.

ANNUALS.—Sow these in hot beds about six weeks before the outside beds are to be ready for them.

BULBS IN BEDS may be uncovered as soon as warm weather sets in, covering again on very cold nights.

TURFING.—In selecting turf for use around beds and along walks, etc., see that no unwelcome weeds are thereby introduced. The foundation for the turf should be as carefully prepared as for seed.

Isn't it Hard on Trees?

Is a question we are often asked in connection with planting small fruits among them. Yes, you don't feed the soil to give back as much or more than they take off.

We have planted in our orchard a row of blackberries in tree row and one row between tree rows—apples and peaches—one rod apart. After the second year, and the blackberries get well into bearing, we scatter along in the blackberry rows (after leaves have fallen and they have ceased their growth,) coarse barnyard manure, old straw that is partly rotted, coal and wood ashes or leaves from the woods near by—in fact, anything in the way of manure or mulching material that is most convenient and cheap. We have another—a younger orchard, in which we planted red raspberries a year ago, in hills, two hills between each row of trees each way (trees—peaches and apples, a rod apart each way). This fall we shall not only throw a shovelful of well-rotted compost around each tree, but also around each plant. By this mode of applying the manure one will see that it is equally distributed over all the ground and that the extremity of the trees-roots (the very part needing it the most) are well supplied. In another young orchard we have strawberries planted, and on the plants we have scattered bonedust liberally this summer on some, and on others poured liquid manure from the barn-yard, so that not only are the small fruits benefited, but the trees also. If one expects to crop the ground under trees year after year without feeding it back, why of course it is "hard on trees."—*Fruit Recorder.*

A Cheap Sap Spout.

Mr. S. Brownell, of Irving, has left with us a crude model of a cheap and easily constructed sap spout that we will try to explain for the benefit of sugar-makers, as the time for general tapping is near at hand. It is unpatented. He takes a piece of round, well-seasoned timber, having an inch diameter, about two inches long, and slightly bevelled. On its upper surface is a trench cut to receive a piece of strong wire, and near its lower surface a gimlet hole is bored through the wood. The piece of wire is driven into the tree along with the wood, and its outer end is bent to hold the bucket. Under the spout is a bent piece of tin or zinc, that is also driven into the hole in the tree, and which conveys the sap to the bucket. This is all there is to it. Any person can make them, and rather fast. The only material that might cost money are the wire and the tin—and the most of farm houses usually have an abundance of these on hand.—*Chautauqua Farmer.*

Greens for Everybody.

The real value of all food is not to be judged by the amount of nutriment it contains. Many of the green vegetables we consume contain so little of actually nourishing matter that if one were confined to a diet of them he would soon starve as the digestion could not extract from them enough to sustain life. Still, their utility as articles of food is not doubted, and the very general desire for them, especially in spring, when most persons have been long deprived of them, is sufficient evidence that they are needed, did not physiologists tell us that the salts they contain are required by the system. Many, especially farmers, depend upon various wild plants for their first greens. The boys are sent over the meadows for dandeloins, to the brooksides for "cowslips," as the marsh-marigold is improperly called in this country; besides these, nettle, dock, poke, milk-weed, and numerous other wild plants are used as pot herbs. Indeed, almost any plant that has no unpleasant taste and no injurious properties, and will cook tender, appears to be used in some part of the country. It is rarely that a farmer raises anything to serve as greens, unless he may have kept his cabbages in a cellar, and has saved the stumps to set out in the spring to give a crop of sprouts, and very good indeed they are. The trouble about the wild supply of greens is the time it takes to gather them, and the uncertainty of finding them when wanted. Moreover, they are generally not as tender as the more rapidly grown products of the garden. There is, perhaps, no useful plant seen in farmers' gardens so seldom as spinach. During the past mild winter there has been hardly a day that it has not been abundant in the city markets, and in a mild winter like the past it may be had almost daily on the farmer's table, while in ordinary winters he can have it whenever the snow is off and the ground thaws. For this early supply the sowing must be made in September, and it is well to "stick a pin" just here in the memory, to make a sowing. One object at present is to urge a spring sowing. While the crop from this will not be so early it will be most acceptable, and vastly superior to any wild plant, and those who become acqustomed to it now will be sure to prepare next fall for an early supply next spring. Sow the seed in the richest soil in the garden in drills fifteen inches apart; as it is a hardy plant the seed may be sown as early as the soil can be worked. In two weeks make another sowing, and two other sowings at intervals of a fortnight will not come amiss; this will bring the latest sown into hot weather, when it soon runs up to seed and other things take its place. When the largest leaves of the spring sown are two or three inches long, pull or cut for use where it is thickest, and what is left will grow all the more rapidly. Farmers who live near markets will find spinach a profitable crop, especially that which has been wintered, though the spring sown will pay fairly. In ordering seeds do not forget a paper of "Spinach Beet" and of "Improved Dandeloin." The first-named is to be sown like beets to give greens during the hot summer; by cutting the outer leaves for use, taking care not to destroy the central bud, it will give a continuous and abundant supply of most excellent greens. The dandeloin it to give greens early next spring. It must make a season's growth to get strong roots; these are to be thinned, or better, transplanted to a foot apart and next spring they will give an abundant supply of greens as much better than the wild plants as one can imagine. Try it!—*American Agriculturist.*

Hints for Spring Work.

OATS.—It is thought by some that oats will take no harm from careless seeding. But this is a mistake; for a good crop, deep covering in a well prepared soil is needed; shallow sown seed does not tiller, while that sown deep will tiller about as much as wheat; with good covering, the seed may be sown much earlier, and will be safe against changes of the weather, while seed near or on the surface will be destroyed either by frost or by dry weather, as soon as it sprouts.

COVERING SEED.—Experience will satisfy any one that drill-seeding is far better than broadcast sowing; there is a saving of seed, every good seed grows, and none is wasted, and the plants having a better root, are hardier and more vigorous.

FERTILIZERS FOR SPRING CROPS.—Top-dressing fall-sown crops should be done as soon as the frost and snow are out of the ground. The returning warmth first affects the roots, and they start to grow before the leaves. The stimulant is thus needed for the roots, before the upper portion has appeared to grow. A dressing of 150 or 200 pounds per acre of any good artificial fertilizer can be used with profit on any crop, if applied at the proper time, when the growth begins to start.

ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZERS add to the soil certain elements in a condition in which they are immediately active, and force a strong vigorous, early growth, and so enable the plants to push out a large number of feeding roots, which find out and appropriate the manure later, when it is in the best condition for plant food.

A STRONG PLANT digests its food better than a weak one, and its appetite, so to speak, is more vigorous, precisely as is that of a strong, healthy young animal. It is with the plant as with the animal; early feeding and vigor of growth, bring early and vigorour maturity. The farmer should study to get early a strong and healthy growth.

FODDER CROPS.—It has been proved repeatedly, that one acre of good green fodder will feed two cows through the summer. Fodder crops must be put in early. A mixture of oats and peas is the best crop for early cutting, to come in after the first clover, which follows the rye. The two sown together, will yield, on one acre, about as much as if sown separately on two acres. This may be doubted, but it is true. Tall growing leafy oats, and tall peas, yield the most fodder; the "Black-eye Marrowfat" pea, grown as a field-crop, is the best for our use, the seed being free from weevil. For a second crop, the earliest small "Canada Gray" pea may be sown. The fodder is in the best condition for cutting when the peas are in full blossom.

SOUTHERN COW PEAS will produce good green fodder for late use, but cannot be sown until May, or after corn is planted. Those who wish to sow them, should look for seed, as it is not always to be had.

ROLLING.—The roller is both a good and a bad implement; good when rightly used, but very bad otherwise. One good use of it is to run it over meadows early in the spring, to smooth the surface, press in stones and tufts, mole-runs, and other irregularities. Grain fields are also benefitted by rolling, which crushes any lumps left after the winter, presses in roots that may have been thrown out, and covers grass seed. Light rollers are the best; if a heavy one is needed, it is always easy to load a light one, but one cannot make a heavy roller light.

LIVE STOCK.—It is a critical time with young animals and sometimes with old ones. Those that have been well kept, will continue to do well, but it is safest to give all young animals, especially calves, a dose or two of physic. The blood becomes affected by dry feeding, and close herding of the winter and some laxative is required. Otherwise the danger of febrile diseases, of which black quarter (anthrax or carbuncular erysipelas), is the most frequent, will be imminent. Two ounces of epsom salts, or half an ounce of hyposulphite of soda, given twice, may save a calf. A pint of linseed oil, given two or three times to a cow or a horse, will help the digestion, loosen the hide and facilitate the change of coat, which is accompanied by irritation of the skin and slight fever.

VERMIN.—Make a clean sweep of lice, ticks, fleas and other vermin, as soon as possible. Oil or grease is the best basis for an infective remedy, and sulphur is perhaps the best thing to add to the oil. One par of kerosene added to four parts of linseed oil, makes an excellent application, that is not in any manner injurious to the skin. Ticks may be picked from sheep and lambs. They will come out on the fleece on a warm day and the best instrument with which to kill them is a pair of sharp pointed scissors. Kill at the same time every round, red egg that may be found.

POULTRY.—"The early chick gets the early worm," and the sooner begins to fend itself. March pullets are those which fill the egg basket in the winter time. Therefore set all the broody hens from which eggs can be procured as soon as possible, and take great care of the chicks which come in this month. A warm run out of doors may be made under a hot-bed sash, arranged between two coops, and laid on boards set on their edges.

A FARM HOSPITAL.—There will often be accidents and sick animals on a farm. The greatest care cannot always insure against accidents. A pen or close stall made in a warm shed or out building, will be found very useful for sick animals, whether a horse, cow, calf, or fowls. It will be useful for a calving cow, or to keep weaning calves in it. It should be at least 12 feet square, so as to give sufficient room.

WORK FOR STORMY DAYS.—Stormy days may be made available for putting all the machines in good order, cleaning and oiling them. This may be done profitably twice during the winter, for a machine depreciates more when idle, than when at work. This fact is well known among machinists, but overlooked by farmers, and there machinery is neglected.

Early Sugar-Making.

(From the Norwich Bulletin.)

Indians understood sugar-making from the maple trees, and the process was learned from them, though of a rude and pristine character, by the first white settlers. About the beginning of the present century, a large party of French emigrants, including nobles and priests, who were exiled from their country in consequence of revolution, purchased a large maple forest near the head of Black River, in Northern New York, and little did they know of sugar-making, they tapped their trees in the summer time, and what was the most ridiculous part of the operation—instead of using the very simple instrument the "spile," which was customary among natives, they improved on the latter and inserted a "robinet," with a stop-cock at the end, to turn on and off the flowing liquor, such as is used in drawing out the contents of a wine cask. This new wrinkle of these French philosophers excited such ridicule among the Americans that the event was celebrated by striking off a medal representing a maple tree tapped in the manner above stated, and some of these medals are still in existence.

PREDESTINATION.

[From the Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.]

An old-time Baptist preacher of this city, who has retired from active gospel dealing, but who still keeps a firm eye on the faith, has just had a little experience with a colored man that causes him to think very seriously. Meeting the colored man the preacher said: "Dave, if you don't bring that saddle home I'll have you put in jail."

"What saddle is yer 'furren ter?"

"The one you stole from me."

"Parson, 'fore de Lord, I nebber stole yer saddle."

"Yes, you did. I saw you when you took it off of the yard fence. I believe I'll have you arrested any way."

"Look heah, parson, you'se a Old Baptis', isn't yer."

"Yes, and I'll have you sent to the penitentiary."

"Well, so is I, an' now ketch the p'ints ez I gin 'em to yer. Dar is jes so many saddles in dis worl' what is ter be stole, an' dar's jes so many men what is ter steal dese sapdles. Dis is predesternation. Now, if yer saddle happens ter be one ob de predisposed saddles, an' I happens ter be one ob de predisposed men, kin I he'p hit? Dar was Judas, fer instance. He couldn't he'p 'trayin' de Saviour, case de Saviour said, 'Judas, sop in dis dish an' go an' 'tray me.' Hit wasn't Judas' fault, case he was one ob de predisposed, so 'tended frum de foundation ob de worl'."

"I don't want a religious discussion, Dave. It isn't the saddle now that I care so much about. It is that you told me a lie in saying that you didn't steal it."

"Well, den, parson, 'spose I takes back de lie an' keeps de saddle?"

"A lie once told always stands. You have lied to me, you scoundrel, and I believe it is my duty to have you arrested."

"Parson, dar's jes a certain amount ob lies to be tole in dis worl', an' if I is one ob de men what is predisposed to tell one ob dese lies hit's not my fault, an' I can't help hit."

"You go on now and get that saddle or I'll swear out a warrant for your arrest."

"I'll do de bes' I kin, parson; but dar's jes a certain amount of stole saddles to be returned in dis worl'. If I's one ob de predisposed men, an' I b'lieves I is, you'll fine yer saddle hangin' on de yard fence about sundown dis even'."

SENT BY THE BOSS.

The Police Court has just disposed of a very strange man. His name is John Dawson, and the first notice taken of him by any of the officers was several days ago, when he attracted the attention of Sergt. Fields. He was kicking up dirt around a water plug, as though his intention was to cover it up.

"What are you doing?" asked the officer.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust," said the man. "The Boss above commands me, and I obey."

He had such a way of rolling back his eyes, and could effect such sweeping charges of physiognomy, that the officer continued to stand watching him.

"Few and evil are the days of my pilgrimage, said old Jacob, and command the sons of Ham not to forget it. We say world without end, because the world is round. We could say orange without end, or dog's tail without end. I tell you," and he rolled his eyes back, "I was commanded by the Boss to come to this town. I am now fulfilling my work," and stooping down he picked up a string and tied it around a hose pipe lying on the sidewalk.

From this time on he became more noticeable, and finally complaint was made, whereupon he was arrested and taken before the police judge.

"Where are you from?" asked the judge.

"Texas," said the man, and his eyes turned so far back that he seemed to be viewing his past life.

"What are you doing here?"

"The Great Boss" pointing upward.

"Who sent you here?"

"The Boss."

"Who is the boss?"

"The Lord."

"What business are you on?"

"The Lord's."

"How can you prove this?"

"By the Lord."

"Well, see here, my friend, the Lord is not in the habit of testifying in this court, and unless you can introduce some other witness I'll have to send you up."

No other testimony was introduced, and the man is now in jail.—*Syracuse Courier.*

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

The good brethren of Hartford have been dreaming dreams and telling them at Friday night experience meetings. One worthy deacon has related a vision in which two brethren met in heaven, and one of them incidentally remarked that he came from earth. The other immediately caught at the idea and remarked with much interest: "Indeed! I also came from earth." He replied: "Is that so? Pray, in what portion of the earth did you come?" He answered: "From the United States of America." The other replied: "Ah! you did. I also came from there. How happy I am to meet you and to make your acquaintance. Now pray tell me from which of the States you came." He replied: "I came from the good old State of Connecticut—the land of steady habits." More interested than ever, he exclaimed: "Is it possible? If you will believe, I also came from that State." Here he proceeded to inquire further, "Excuse me; but may I ask further, from what place in Connecticut you came?" "Certainly," he replied; "I came from Hartford." More astonished still, he exclaimed: "How strange! Why, I came from there too, and lived there during all my sojourn on earth, and yet we never made each other's acquaintance." The inquiry then arose: "With what particular church in that city were you connected?" He answered: "With the Rev. ——'s church." He exclaimed: "Astonishing! Is it possible? I was a member of that same church, and yet we never became acquainted or even spoke with each other." The two brethren implored each other's forgiveness and asked God to help them to set aside earthly distinctions and to live more in the fellowship of the Spirit and of Christian brotherhood.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

(London Truth.)

That fair-haired girl, between sixteen and seventeen, who comes out of the Art School and is waited for by a handsome young Hindoo—age, maybe nineteen—it is no business of yours that the two meet, with fiery animation on his side, blushing, shy delight on hers; no business of yours if they walk side by side close together, the fair hair mingling with the dark as the two faces nearly touch, while they talk rapidly and almost in whispers; no business of yours if they part hurriedly just before turning the corner of the street where she lives, evidently afraid of being seen by those who could and would declare; and you are not called to strip off the mask as the girl, putting on a demure look, goes up to her house door as meek as a mouse ignorant of toasted cheese and in no danger from traps. You see that, at the very mildest way of putting it, the girl's first bloom has been rubbed off. She has given at the least her virgin fancy to a man probably unknown of her parents, and certain to be disapproved of as a lover for their child if known. And she has plunged into a life of deception—of itself more that a disaster to a girl. But it is not your affair; and besides, what can you expect? Ever since the world began love has conquered prudence and youth has had to be protected from itself; and it is only the affection of the present day which assumes universal discretion and the champagne cup always iced.

For Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Costiveness use Edison's Electric Absorbent Belt.

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

Mr. Leland, better known as Hans Breitman, was a private in the Northern army in the late civil war.

It seems that Miss Braddon hit upon a name for her latest novel which had been chosen by another author in advance of her. It was changed to "Splendid Misery."

A Miss Hardy has given her experience of railway travelling in America in an article written for the current number of *Kensington.*

King Cetywayo has written an account of the war in Zululand, or rather it was taken down from his lips by the officer who took him to Cape Town, and is published in *Macmillan's Magazine.*

A controversy has been going on in England about the origin of trousers. Among other things it is said that some sixty years ago a Quakeress preaching in a country Quaker meeting admonished her hearers against vanity in raiment, and added that it was distressing to see so many of the younger members running down into longs; but thank the Lord, there was still a precious remnant left in shorts!

Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean war, is a lawyer. He rode beside Lord Raglan in the war, and thus gained his knowledge of it. All his life long he has studied plans of battles.

Miss Susanna Blamire was born at Thackwood, Cumberland, England, in 1747, and died at Carlisle in 1795. She wrote "What Ails this Heart o' Mine; The Nabob's Return; The Chelsea Pensioners; An Ye Shall Walk in Silk Attire," with other well known songs. "The Loss of the Roebuck" was one. We give it here entire:

"How oft by the lamp of the pale waning moon,
Would Kitty steal out from the eye of the town;
On the beach as she stood, when the wild waves would roll,
Her eye shed a torrent just fresh from the soul;
And, as o'er the ocean the billows would stray,
Her sighs follow after us moaning as they.

I saw as the ship to the harbor drew near,
Hope redden her cheek, then it blanch'd with chill fear;
She wished to enquire of the whispering crew,
If they'd spoke with the Roebuck, or aught of her knew;
For long in conjecture her fate had been tost,
Nor knew we for certain the Roebuck was lost.

I pitied her feelings, and saw what she'd ask,
(For innocence ever looks through a thin mask;)
I stept to Jack Oakum; his sad head he shook,
And cast on sweet Kitty a side glancing look;
'The Roebuck has foundered, the crew are no more,
Nor again shall Jack Bowling be welcom'd on shore.'

Sweet Kitty, suspecting, laid hold of my arm;
'O, tell me,' she cried, 'for my soul's in alarm;
Is she lost?' I said nothing; while Jack gave a sigh,
Then down dropt the curtain that hung o'er her eye;
Fleeting life for a moment seemed willing to stay,
Just flutter'd, and then fled for ever away.

So drops the pale lily, surcharg'd with the shower,
Sunk down as with sorrow, so dies the sweet flower;
No sunbeam returning, nor spring ever gay,
Can give back the soft breath once wafted away;
The eye-star, when set, never rises again,
Nor pilots one vessel more over the main!"

The negroes in the Southern States are intensely Republican, even the women urging the men to vote that ticket in spite of all obstacles. To show how strong the Republican sentiment is in some parts, the story is told of a coast preacher who makes his congregation believe that the publicans in the Bible with whom Jesus Christ associated are the Republicans of to-day; and he tells them that the Democrats are nowhere mentioned in that holy book.

It may not be generally known that Wade Hampton, Governor of South Carolina, was the first to suggest the emancipation of the slaves in the south. His plan was to enlist them in the Confederate army under the promise of gradual emancipation.

Governor Gilpin, of Colorado, at the time of the Southern rebellion, offered the chaplaincy of a regiment to John M. Chivington, presiding elder of the Methodist church in Denver, but the minister said that if he went with the regiment he wanted to fight, and he was made a major. That he proved a brave officer is clear from the language of M. Valle, who saw him in a lively skirmish. "Zat Chivington," he said, "he poot his head down and foight loike mahd Bull." But they had a greater battle than that. M. Valle thus speaks of it:—"Goovernment mahns vas at my ranch and fill 'is canteen viz my viskey, and Texas mahns coom oop and soorprise zem and zey foight six hour by my vatch and my vatch vas slow."

Speaking of war, when the prize-money was withheld during the mutiny in India, a private wrote on the walls of Delhi:—

"When war is rife and danger's nigh
God and the soldier's all the cry.
When war is o'er and danger righted,
God is forgot, the soldier slighted."

Here is a pretty conceit. It is by Mary F. Robinson, a contributor to the English magazines, and is entitled "Two Lovers."

I.

Love my lover; on the heights above me
He mocks my poor attainment with a frown;
I, looking up as he is looking down,
By his displeasure guess he still doth love me;
For his ambitious love would ever prove me
More excellent than I as yet am shown,
So straining for some good, ungrasped, unknown,
I vainly would become his image of me.
And, reaching through the dreadful gulfs that sever
Our souls, I strive with darkness nights and days
Till my perfected work toward him I raise,
Who laughs thereat and scorns me more than ever;
Yet his upbraiding is beyond all praise,
This lover that I love I call Endeavor.

II.

I have another lover loving me,
Himself beloved of all men, fair and true,
He would not have me change, although I grew
Perfect as light, because more tenderly
He loves myself than loves what I might be.
Low at my feet he sings the winter through,
And never won I love to hear him woo.
For in my heaven both sun and moon is he,
To my bare life a fruitful-flooding Nile.
His voice like April airs that in our isle
Wake sap in trees that slept since Autumn went;
His words are all caresses, and his smile
The relic of some Eden ravishment;
And he that loves me so I call Content.

A DOUBLE BABY—A VERITABLE HUMAN CURIOSITY AT BOMBAY, INDIA.

(Bombay Times.)

There is at present in Bombay a living object that may rightly be classed among the most curious phenomena of Nature. At a home in Mazagon may be seen a pair of female twins, separate in every respect but from the breast-bone to the lower part of the abdomen, which is closely joined. The upper breast of each infant is joined into the other, the outer skin covering both trunks. The twins are joined front to front; shoulders, arms lower limbs and feet perfectly formed, and development healthy, while the heads are well shaped and the faces really pretty, with beautiful eyes, large and bright. The twins are 6 months old, are in perfect health, and measure twenty inches in height, one appearing, but in a very trifling degree, larger than the other.

Both have vigorous appetites, and take kindly to the feeding-bottle; are extremely lively, and appear good-tempered. The pulses beat in unison; they generally fall asleep or keep awake together, and their actions are usually simultaneous, though sometimes one would cry while the other was quietly drawing at the mouth-piece of its bottle. The strangely united pair was born at Dapooli, in the Rutnaghery Collectorate, the father being a Mohammedan and a seafaring man, while the mother had beside a pretty daughter about 10. The infants feed separately, each having a bottle to itself, and draw vigorously of their nourishment. The doctor declares it would be impossible to separate them without extinguishing life. The twins have, up to this time, never grown ill, and to every appearance are likely to grow up.

—*London Truth*:—The original name of Lord Beaconsfield's family was Lara, which was changed into D'Israeli on the migration of his ancestors to Venice. Lord Beaconsfield "at home" is greatly beloved by his intimates and his retainers, for few men are so little given to finding fault as those who despise human nature too much ever to quarrel with it. As a host he is amiable, but not companionable. He seldom joins in conversation, but sits nursing his own thoughts, and if addressed replies with some mystic truism.

—Why is a bridegroom often more expensive than a bride? Because the bride is given away, but the groom is often sold.

TELEPHONE OUTDONE.

The Latest and Most Wonderful of Electrical Discoveries.

(Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Connolly and McTighe, of Pittsburg, patent attorneys, sent their application for a patent on a new invention to Washington to night. This has not been christened as yet by the inventors, but may be called telephoto-telicon, or telepticon. The claim made is the ability to transmit the physical wave force of light electricity, similar to transmission by the telephone. It having been demonstrated that electricity is a creation of solar light, the principle basing this invention is that of the convertibility of electricity back again into light, and in the process undergone the reproduction at the point of reception of the object submitted to the action of the solar or powerful electric rays at the point of transmission.

It is claimed by Mr McTighe, with whom your correspondent conversed last evening, that when the new invention is sufficiently perfected for practical use it will be possible for one of the two persons conversing by telephone to perceive distinctly at the same time the image of the person with whom he is engaged. The practical utility of the invention will, however, be more thoroughly apparent when it is stated that the inventors believe they will be able to transmit instantaneously, from point to point, any written or printed document, as, for instance, one entire side of a newspaper. The reproduction of the image is the result of chemical changes, which are now utilized in the science of photography, and are perfectly familiar to all operators in that branch of science and art.

The inventors began their investigation of the subject several years ago, the idea being obtained from the first attempts made at the development of the telephone. In order to be able to work understandingly, Mr. McTighe and Mr. T. A. Connolly, he Washington member of the firm, took up the subject of photography and mastered it completely. From time to time, as they made new plans and discoveries, drawings and papers were filed away at Washington, with proof of the same, so that they are fully prepared to prove the priority of all their claims should any effort be made to dispute the same. The comparative impracticability of Dr. Lisk's diaphote is made apparent from the fact that it requires seventy-two wires to transmit the image. The telephoto, like the telephone, requires but a single wire. It will transmit the image of any object, however large, which, while sent in diminished size, is magnified at the receiving point, before its production, to the required size.

Mr. McTighe states that by his experiments he has been able to reproduce clearly and faithfully, in a dark room at his residence, the image of persons at "the other end" of the line, extending from another part of the house, and that, while the telephote is yet in its infancy, of its ultimate perfection and utility there can be no doubt whatever.

INTERNATIONAL PARK.

Memorial Presented to Gov. Cornell, of New York.

ALBANY, March 4.—The following is a copy of the memorial presented to Governor Cornell in reference to the proposed International Park at Niagara Falls:

The undersigned citizens of several States and countries address you by reason of a suggestion recently made by Lord Dufferin that the State of New York and the Dominion of Canada should secure and hold for the world's good the lands adjacent to the Falls of Niagara. The Falls are peculiarly exposed to disastrous injury. The heights of snow, the precipitous crags of great mountains, however they may be disfigured by man, can rarely be disfigured in a way which would destroy their sublimity. But should the island and declivities of Niagara River be stripped of their natural woods and occupied for manufacturing and business purposes, should even the position, size and form of the constructions which the accommodations of visitors will call for continue to be solely regulated by the pecuniary interests of numerous individual land-owners, the loss to the world will be great and irreparable. The danger may be measured by what has already occurred. The river banks are denuded of the noble forests by which they were originally covered. They are graded by the incongruous and unworthy structures made for advertising purposes wilfully conspicuous and obtrusive, and the visitor's attention is diverted from scenes to the influence of which he would gladly surrender himself by demands for tolls and fees and offers of services, most of which he would prefer to avoid. Objects of great natural beauty and grandeur are among the most valuable gifts which Providence has bestowed upon our race. The contemplation of these elevates and informs the human understanding. They are instruments of education; they conduce to the order of society; they draw together men of all races, and they contribute to the union and peace of nations. The suggestion, therefore, that an object of this class so unparalleled as the Falls of Niagara should be placed under the guardianship of the two Governments whose chief magistrates we have the honor to address, is a proper concern of the civilized world, and we respectfully ask that it may by appropriate methods be commended to the wise consideration of the Legislature of New York.

A similar memorial has been addressed to the Governor General of Canada.

WEDDED LOVE—A TRUE INCIDENT.

(From the New Orleans Picayune.)

"Make the bed easy, Mr. B.," said old Uncle Abe to the undertaker who was preparing the coffin for his aged wife. "Make the bed soft and easy, for her old bones are tender and soft and a hard bed will hurt them." He forgot for a moment—that old, gray-haired man—that she was dead; that the old bones had done aching forever. Sixty-four years had she walked by his side, a true and loving wife. Sixty-four years! Just think of it in this age of divorce. Sixty-four years had they dwelt under the same sorrows of life; together mourned over the coffin of their first-born; together rejoiced at the prosperity of their sons and daughters, and now she had left him alone. No wonder he forgot. Her loving hands had so long cared for him, for he had been the feebler of the two. "Until death do us part," said the marriage service that had united them so many years ago. Death had parted them but the love still survived. Tenderly had he cared for her all these years, and now did he tenderly watch the making of the last bed of this still loved wife. He had bravely breasted the storm of life with her by his side, but now that she was gone he could not live, and in a few days they laid him by her side.

A BRIDE'S REVENGE.

A sensation of a rather unusual character took place not long since in the quiet and sedate village of Collegeville, the circumstances as related to us being as follows:

A marriage was announced to take place in the above named village, the wedding guests were invited and everything appeared to be lovely. At the hour appointed, the wedding party took their places and the clergyman proceeded with the ceremony. He propounded the usual questions to the groom as to whether he would take this woman to be his wedded wife, to love, cherish and protect her, etc., to all of which the gentleman gave a prompt answer in the affirmative. The usual questions were asked of the lady, when, to the surprise of all present, she replied with a decided and emphatic "No!" and, with head erect and a most queenly air, strode from the room. The affair created a commotion among the wedding guests, who were at a loss to understand the cause for the lady's strange conduct. It afterwards leaked out that her intended husband had been displaying his gallantry in another direction, which was not pleasing in the sight of the lady, and she determined not only that she would not marry him, but that she would punish him as well, and she succeeded.

THE LONGEVITY OF THE BRITISH PEERAGE.—The longevity of the British peerage was formerly proverbial. The following statistics show that it is so still:—"Of our 13 Dukes up to 1851 only one was born in the present century, and he (St. Albans) was a minor. The eventful year just closed has just finished up that list by the death of the Duke of Portland. Among the 19 Marquises, one born in the last century still remains, and no death is marked since January 1878. Of 111 Earls, six of last century yet linger here, while two younger ones have succumbed. Of 25 Viscounts, four are still 18th century veterans; their ranks have not been broken in 1879. Passing over the Bishops, we come to the remaining 266 members of the Upper House, and among whom, although the exhibit 14 born last century, only two deaths have occurred during the year just closed, and those not from among the veterans.

—A Connecticut woman bet a new hat against a bonnet that she could jump further than any church deacon in Norwich, and she beat the best man by seven inches.

Use Edison's Belts for Female Weakness they assist nature to overcome disease.

C. F. AYLSWORTH, P.L.S.& C. E.,

INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS, Madoc. 1

GEO. D. DICKSON,

BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

MR. HENDERSON

HAS removed his law office to the rooms over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co.—Entrance—Side door.

G. D. RAWE,

CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

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RESIDENCE, - STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,

BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.

Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,

SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,

BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., &c. Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.

Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
S.M.PETERSON, B.A. C.W.PETERSON, B.A.

EVANS & BOLGER,

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.

J. D. EVANS, P. L. S. T. O. BOLGER, P. L. S., C. E. & A.

N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Moon's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 53

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK !

MADOC.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

MONEY TO LOAN

—ON—

REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent

Loan and Savings Co'y

TORONTO, ONT.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.

Apply to

S. D. ROSS, MADOC.

AGENT FOR THE

Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.

All Losses Promptly Settled.

Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Banking House !

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 3 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

☞ Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

MONEY! MONEY!

TO FARMERS

Desirous of buying or of improving their farms, or removing

Burdensome Mortgage Encumbrances,

the undersigned offer

EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.

Rate of interest on straight loans from 7½ per cent. On the Endowment plan most advantageous terms. Terms and times of repayment satisfactorily arranged. Payments can be made in any month of the year. No commission, utmost expedition and privacy.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c.,
"O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

☞ Agents for several Stock Fire and Life Insurance Companies.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MARCH 18, 1880.

Special Notice !

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 1ST, we propose changing the REVIEW from its present shape to an eight-page, 40-col. newspaper. No reduction will be made in the size, only changed from a four to an eight-page. We have also decided to reduce the price to $1.25 per annum, if paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing. Subscriptions running over that time will positively be charged $1.50, and at the end of six months discontinued. We have been giving one, two, and three year's credit to several parties, only to find when too late, that they were worthless. We cannot afford to do a business of this kind any longer, and unless a large number who are now on our books pay up before the 1st of April, they need not expect the REVIEW after that date, but may look for the bailiff with a notice for the next Division Court. Now is the time to send in new subscriptions and renewals.

THE BUDGET.

Sir Leonard Tilley has launched his budget. Sir Richard Cartwright has made an onslaught on it; Sir Charles Tupper has replied, and Mr. McKenzie has replied to him.—So far the speeches have been vigorous and the discussions to the point. We cannot however say as much of the speeches that followed. That more or less of personalities should have crept in, in the attacks and replies of the above named gentlemen, it is not to be wondered at; but it does not come with so good a grace from the minor lights, such as Rykert of Lincoln and Ross of Middlesex. There are some modifications in the tariff from last year, but generally it is the same. Sir Leonard claims the deficiency this year to be under $750,000, while Cartwright says it is over $2,000,000. One claims and the other admits a revival of trade, but while one gives a large share of credit to the N. P. the other denies it, and credits the good harvest. We are inclined to the belief that the N. P. has had a beneficial effect in stimulating manufacturers, and that corresponding benefits have followed. The humbug of the age is that there is a policy in "Free Trade", while the fact is it is the *absence of policy*, leaving trade to float where it pleases. "Protection" means a policy in protecting the interests of the nation. As to which is best we are not now going to discuss, but this we believe, that if the N. P. is to have a fair trial it must have at least from two to three years, and that we have never in reality had a "Free Trade" policy in Canada; for under the caption of a "Revenue Tariff" all sorts of protections have been practiced for the last 20 years. We shall watch with a good deal of interest the debate as it proceeds, not expecting on the one hand that Sir Leonard is going to convince "all and singular" that his views are right; nor on the other that the N. P. will be "torn into tatters," as one opposition paper puts it, before the session is over.

ON Saturday night last the Hon. L. H. Holton died suddenly at his hotel in Ottawa, where he had been attending to his parliamentary duties since the opening of the House. He attended a dinner given in the Rideau Club by Hon. Mr. Bowell on the above evening, and when he left was apparently in perfect good health, but was taken suddenly ill shortly afterwards and died before any assistance could be rendered. No man in Parliament was more generally respected, and there are few in the House whose loss will be more felt.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

MARMORA ITEMS.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

Marmora, March 3rd, 1880.

One year ago to-day, Mr. Editor, Marmora was the scene of the greatest desolation and distress. That dread and dire disease, small pox, raged in our midst. Our churches were closed, our schools and everything of a public nature were suspended until the disease had abated. Things are very different now, putting on a more cheerful aspect, and thrift, prosperity and industry, have taken the place of desolation, stagnation, and despondency.

Our gold mines are looking up to a big thing in the future, and are now being worked to advantage. As to whether they will turn out very lucrative in the end is not known, but somebody, I suppose, will fall in for the "big haul."

The school at Beaver Creek is losing its teacher, Mr. David McCallam, who has been teaching there since July last. We are also about to lose one of our neighbors, Mr. John R. Post, who is on the eve of removing to Madoc, within a mile of your village. We regret to see Mr. Post and his worthy consort leaving our township, but wish that success and prosperity may be theirs.

The English and Methodist Churches here have lately purchased two fine organs, the former from Mr. White, of your village, and the latter from Bell & Co., of Guelph.

Marmora, March 12th, 1880.

Mr. M. Johns has been on a cattle expedition in the region of L'Amable, and has purchased some fine stock, chiefly cows for the summer dairy season.

Mr. Wm. Deacon is now engaged in making Brackets and ornamental work of all kinds. He executes some very nice work.

Mr. Geo. Campion of Beaver Creek is contemplating building a stone house, 26x30. J. Gay, of Rawdon, has the contract, with Paul Jones as head carpenter.

Messrs. Briggs and sons are again preparing to go into the market as cheese box manufacturers.

There is likely to be a new post office opened to the west of this township, to be called Warriston, with Paul E. Jones as postmaster.

James Kelly is still doing business as a horse jockey and trader, and we presume that by this time he is a very good judge of horse flesh.

There has been a supply of wood procured for the widow Pinner, which we were glad to see, as the old lady "deserves to be kept warm."

Mr. Loucks has been successful in discovering a valuable bed of asbestos, on his place in the township of Lake. We hope the old gentleman may derive something out of it this time to make up in some degree for his faithful labours in the mines for upwards of the last half century.

A great deal of discussion as to what kind of a sugar year it will be is engaged in, but nothing definite can be arrived at.

We are glad to see Mr. McCallum, teacher, back in his school at Beaver Creek as he had been called away to the death of his father. He has taught in this school since July last, and has won the respect of the entire section, being courteous, affable and well disposed. The children have made a marked improvement, since Mr. McCallum has had them under his charge. On the whole, Mr. Editor, the schools in Marmora are nearly all in good hands I believe, a fact which Mr. Mackintosh himself will not deny.

[illegible]

Iron Ore.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

MR. EDITOR,—I learn from reliable information that an American is paying one dollar per ton for the iron ore in what is called the Baldwin mine, near Ottawa, bringing it out and shipping it west a distance of from 140 to 150 miles further than the one from the Madoc mines has to go, and that another party would be glad to get the ore even at two dollars per ton.

This being the case, have not our owners of ore in Madoc made rather a bad bargain in selling at twenty-five cents per ton, taking into account that the Baldwin ore has to be transported so much further. Either the purchasers of rights to mine iron ore here are making foolish bargains or else the purchasers of rights to mine in Madoc are gulling the people and making large fortunes out of the owners.

I see by the *Intelligencer* that over 14,000 tons of ore have been shipped, which taking the difference as between twenty-five cents there, and one dollar here, makes the nice little sum of $10,500. Would not the people of Madoc have been the better of that sum rather than have it go into the pockets of outside speculators?

Yours &c.,
BILLA FLINT.

Ottawa, 9th March, 1880.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

Will you please publish the following hints for those called upon to deal with anxious souls? They were furnished to *The Christian* by an experienced worker with Mr. Moody in the old country. I have them pasted in my Bible, and have found them very useful to me, and trust they may be to others, especially young converts.

Yours truly,
W. H. VANTASSEL.

HINTS FOR INQUIRY MEETINGS.

1st. Cast the burden of each separate soul upon the Lord, and ask to be filled with the Spirit, so that the words you speak may be His, not ours.

2nd. Enter fully into the difficulties of each inquirer, remembering that it is a matter of life and death in which you are engaged.

3rd. Take the inquirer to the Bible. This is all important. The following passages have been found useful:—Isa. 53, 6; 1st Peter 2, 24; John 19, 30; Isa. 55, 6; 2nd Cor. 6, 2; Rom. 6, 23; Matt. 11, 28; John 6, 37; Rev. 22, 17; Isa. 1, 18; 1st John 1, 7 and 9; Heb. 10, 17; Luke 5, 32; Luke 19, 10; Rom. 5, 8; John 3: 16, 18, 36; John 5, 24; 1st John 5, 10, 11 12; Acts 16, 31; 1st John 2, 12; Rom. 10, 9 to 13; Acts 13, 38-39.

4th. As most "anxious ones" are waiting to feel that they are saved instead of taking God at his word, avoid the use of the word "feeling" in your conversation, and point the sinner straight to the Saviour and His finished work.

5th. Besides praying with the enquirers, encourage them to pray with you, and, (if the Holy Spirit has enabled them to receive the truth) to thank God for having forgiven them, before you part.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—The iron excitement spoken of in your last issue must have originated in one man's head; no doubt it is o'erwhelming as it sounds rather *irony*.

There is a man here interested in the fish trade, who says, there are two ways to get fish into the country; one is to silver hook them, the other is to *steal*-hook them in, but as we are informed through the papers, that certain parties are catching grey trout, there will be no necessity of steel-hooking any more.

Our country is rife with inventions. One is to break young steers. Drive them until they lay down, then pour coal oil on the both ends of each and set it on fire, and look out for broken implements. Another is to dry up all the pine in the country by building bush fires, thereby to make it useless to the lumbermen, and *Detur digniori*.

There is no doubt the late amendment to the Free Grant Act, brings the settlers under still greater restrictions, and will eventually lessen their interest in keeping bush-fires from raging through the pine lands, where the lumbermen have cut and slashed with an unrelenting hand, not caring how much they destroyed or left laying in the bush to rot. As the settlers have no right to take that which remains and convert it to their use; and the expense of keeping bush-fires down is so great, the government may look for no less than a wholesale destruction of the forest. The above may appear very bold, nevertheless it sets forth the true feeling of the settler, as regards the law now in force, (calculated to strike terror into the heart of the pioneer.) It is powerless, for if any person should prove baneful enough to act wilful in the matter, the government or limit-holder might look in vain for proof; in proportion of a hundred to one. The sentiments may appear as *bon mot*, to many of our leading men; but, Sir, it seems the lumbermen and the settlers take opposite views in the matter, and the government wishing to act as mediator, (to suit both parties) sends out bush-rangers, who are no doubt many times governed by some resident they confide in, and seize any pine logs they find cut on the limits (no matter how much worm eaten or useless for foreign markets) which deprives the settler of many comforts and retards improvement. The above reasons may appear weak, but let our leading men get practically acquainted with the working of the precepts, and it is very probable the Free Grant Laws would be framed to suit all parties better.

Yours truly,
DOCENDO DISCIMUS.

Maynooth, March 8th, 1880.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Since taking your excellent paper the "REVIEW," I have been much struck with the impartial spirit displayed by it, both in religion and politics, it seeming to be the *fate* of all the world to be at loggerheads with each other in those most important questions. *Truth*, however, and truth *only*, is worthy of our regard, our labor and our controversy, though our prejudices and prepossessions, our ignorances and our short comings are blinding us continually. A word or two with you, on the "Church" question. A *little* knowledge is a dangerous thing. Because in our conceit and presumption, we think we know *all* about the matter, when we know but *little*, and we are not willing to allow that our opponents *know anything at all*. How unjust and absurd is this. An idea has sought to engraft itself into the minds of the people, that a certain style or order of men, are the true "successors of the Apostles," and that *no others are so*, and that such successors (supposing that it could be proved or established) is necessary, in order to true ministry, or to the validity of ordinances. The Bishop is supposed to make the Minister. But who made the Bishop is the next inquiry. For it is necessary to find every link in the apostolic chain, or in the episcopal order of succession, all through the dark ages, or for eighteen centuries. Before the Reformation the Pope made all the Bishops, and since that time, or for 300 years past, the King or his Government made all the rest. In the New Testament there is not a shadow of evidence or authority for all this, but the contrary. All this is declared to be a part of the apostacy, or of antechrist, or of the present evil world. The present Prime Minister made or appointed all the new Bishops, for the last six years, and then they all consecrated each other, as all the rest had done. The Prime Minister is a Jew, novel writer, and party politician, who has never taken any private or public part in religious activities of any kind, but has lived solely for the gratification of his own personal or political ambition. How can he be supposed to be possessed of so much spiritual insight or discernment as to be able to chose the right person for such a holy office, when all he cares for is to meet the requirements or exigences of his own political party? A Prime Minister is usually a man who has attained that responsible position by political ability or by political trickery, or it may be "the chapter of accidents." How can a man be supposed to possess what may be called such a special or awful gift, as the discernment of the true possessor of the right line of episcopacy, or of apostleship, out of all the rest? The late Lord Melbourne (who was the Liberal Prime Minister in England, after the passing of the first Reform Bill) was one day brushing his hat, in his private office, preparatory to going out to dinner, with a friend, (and no doubt, with a bottle or two of fine old Port or Sherry after it,) when his private secretary came in and informed his Lordship, that a deputation of clergymen were waiting outside, in order to have an interview with him, on Church matters. His Lordship answered, (it is on record) "D— the churches, and all the Bishops and Parsons along with it. Go and tell them that the pressure of public business is such that I cannot possibly spare time to-day," &c. Now how could such a man as that (and he really was a very jolly good fellow in his day) be supposed to know who are men out of whom to make those Bishops, who afterwards take a solemn oath, that they have been moved by the Holy Ghost so to do, &c. The whole thing is an ignorant and impious farce. As such they can be proved or established to any unprejudiced mind, and the "Anglican Priests," (as they call themselves) in their pride and arrogance, cannot in any way make good their claims, except by making common cause with Papal Rome. To think that they are the only authoritative successors of the Apostles, because when at college they were dragged through the literary fables and faith of Greece and Rome, or wear a peculiar and very ridiculous and inconvenient dress, or because they have studied for the "Church" in the way other men seek for a "living" as lawyers or doctors, all this is folly and impudence, almost incredible. The only true successors of the Apostles are men who are saved by faith in Christ; who are sanctified by the Holy Spirit; who have the gift of teaching and of utterance, directly and immediately from God, and who walk in the footsteps of the Apostles and the primitive churches; and of all those good and holy men in all ages, who have or will yet, enter into the Kingdom, and the Glory. This is the only true order of Ministry, and all the rest are——well, we do not wish to offend them any farther, unless they wish it, but they know better. They always back out of it.

B. B.

Marmora, March 12th, 1880.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO BUILDERS.

TENDERS are solicited for the several works required in the erection of an Hotel in the Village of Madoc, for Mrs. Moon. Plans and specifications may be seen, and other information had, upon application at Moons' Hotel, Madoc, or at the office of the undersigned in Belleville.

Tenders to be sent in to Moon's Hotel, on or before Tuesday noon, the 23rd inst.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

EVANS & BOLGER,
Architects, &c.

Belleville, March 13th, 1880.

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE PROPERTY,

IN THE RISING

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

THE undersigned will sell by public auction, on SATURDAY, MARCH 27th, a HOUSE AND LOT, situated on St. Lawrence Street, opposite the Town Hall. The house is 36x48 feet, one story and a half high, and in good repair. There is also on the lot a good frame barn, 18x24. The lot is one quarter acre.

TERMS CASH. Title indisputable.—Possession given April 10th.

Sale at 1 o'clock, on the premises.

T. SCOTT, Auctioneer. SAMUEL TABER, Proprietor.

March 15th, 1880.

NOTICE.

North Hastings License District.

A TAVERN LICENSE

Authorizes the sale of Liquors in quantities of less than one quart, which may be drank in the Taverns.

A SHOP LICENSE

Authorizes the sale of Liquor in quantities of not less than three half pints, none to be consumed within the building of which such shops form a part, by persons not usually resident therein.

Particular attention is drawn to the difference between "Tavern" and "Shop" Licenses.

This part of the law will be strictly enforced hereafter.

Applications for Licenses for the year 1880-81, must be made as follows:—

For Shop Licenses, on or before the 1st April.

For Tavern Licenses, on or before the 15th April next.

Blank forms of application may be had of the Inspector at his office in the village of Madoc.

J. S. SPRAGUE, M. D., Chairman.

E. MOUNCEY, Inspector.

Madoc, March 17th, 1880.

NOTICE.

ALL parties are hereby forbid trespassing on the east half of Lot No. 2, 1st concession of Madoc, as the undersigned holds the above lot by deed.

WILLIAM WEST.

Madoc, March 10th, 1880. 154-4

NOTICE.

THE Merchants of Madoc are hereby forbid giving goods on credit to any person in my name, without my written order or consent, as I will not be responsible for the same.

MARY DECLAIR.

Madoc, March 10th, 1880.

TEACHER WANTED.

FOR School Section No. 3, Dungannon and Faraday. Third-class Certificate or permit. Duties to commence on April 1st.—Salary $18 per month. Address

F. MULLETT, Secretary,
153-3t Bronson P. O.

MISS M. A. CUMMINGS,

GRADUATE of St. Mary of the Lake Convent, Kingston, is prepared to receive Music Pupils in Madoc and immediate vicinity.

TERMS MODERATE.

All information required may be had by calling at the residence of Rev. Father Davis.

TIES! TIES!

I AM now prepared to make contracts for any quantity of HEMLOCK, TAMARAC, OAK, or ROCK ELM TIES, delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Nov. 22nd, 1879. 127

TEACHER WANTED !

FOR Union S. S. No. 5, Wollaston and Lake, male or female—one holding Third Class Certificate preferred—duties to commence on 1st April, 1880. Apply, stating salary, to

JAS. McGREGOR, Trustee,
The Ridge P. O.

The Ridge, Feb. 23, 1880. 153-4t

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
57-3m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

HENDERSON & HENDERSON,

BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c. Chambers,—Graham Block, Belleville, Ont.

G. E. HENDERSON, Q. C. H. E. HENDERSON, Barrister, &c.

Money to Loan, &c. 151

MONEY TO LOAN.

$700 OF PRIVATE MONEY to Loan on good freehold lands.

CHARLES GREAM, Solicitor.

Madoc, Feb. 26th, 1880. 152-4t

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A GOOD Frame House and Lot, situated on St. Lawrence street, nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Orrin Dunn, in the flourishing village of Madoc. The house is in good repair, and there is also on the premises a good stable and never-failing well of water. For particulars apply to

WILLIAM MULLETT,
140-3m Proprietor, Madoc.

NOTICE.

ALL parties are hereby forbidden trespassing on Lots numbers Two and Three, in the Second concession of the Township of Madoc, as the undersigned hold the above lots by deed and lease.

CHAS. J. PUSEY,
A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, February 16th, 1880.

NOTICE !

FOR SALE OR TO LEASE,

FOR a term of years, an undivided one-quarter interest in Lot 2, 2nd Concession, Madoc, 200 acres. On this lot there is an inexhaustible Bed of Magnetic Iron Ore, of excellent quality, and within easy distance of the Railway. Apply to the Proprietor,

GEO. E. HENDERSON,
Barrister,
Feb'y 11th, 1880. Belleville.

NOTICE.

E. B. FRALECK, Barrister, &c., having dissolved partnership with Hugh Blair, will continue his general practice in his present office, No. 17, Ridley's Building, opposite the Opera House, Belleville. Plenty of private funds to loan on first-class mortgage security, at low rates of interest and reasonable charges.

If borrowers desire it, Company money loaned at five and one quarter per cent. interest.

E. B. FRALECK.

Belleville, Jan'y 20th, 1880. 147-4t

TO BE LET.

LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.

Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

NOTICE.

THE undersigned offer for sale the mineral right of lot 19, in the 6th con. of Madoc. This lot adjoins the famous Richardson mine, and is believed to contain a vast deposit of gold and hematite iron ore.

—ALSO—

The mineral right in over 5,000 acres of land in Marmora, Madoc, and Elzivir, and the townships of Lake, Tudor, Grimsthorpe, and Hungerford. Apply to

HENDERSON & HENDERSON,
Barristers, Belleville.

Belleville, Feb. 13th, 1880. 151

Gold and Iron.

West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.

THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.

A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.

Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

New Business.

HAVING purchased the stock and business lately carried on by G. M. Brooks, and having re-fitted up the premises and added a large amount of new stock, I am now prepared to supply the public with

FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES

of all kinds, comprising

Teas, Sugars, Coffees,

SPICES, TOBACCOS,

Canned Fruit of every Variety,

CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS.

Special attention called to our assortment of

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE

which will be found very complete. A choice stock of PURE WHISKIES, from the celebrated firm of Gooderham & Worts, Toronto, also BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, &c., imported direct from the manufacturers.

Farmers' Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for Goods.

Remember the place,—nearly opposite the store of Sydmer Ross & Co.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, March 3rd, 1880.

FISH ! FISH !

FISH !

JUST RECEIVED,

WHITE FISH,

FRESH WATER HERRING,

SALT WATER HERRING.

Wholesale and Retail.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY

AND

GLASSWARE.

Sets, - $2.00 and $2.50.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Groceries & Provisions

constantly kept on hand.

The highest price paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.

J. HARPER.

Madoc, December 17th, 1879.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS for a second 100 miles section WEST OF RED RIVER will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Office, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF RILWAYS AND CANALS,
OTTAWA, 11th Feb., 1880.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz.:—

20 Locomotive Engines,
16 First-class Cars, (a proportion being sleepers,)
20 Second-class Cars, do
3 Express and Baggage Cars,
3 Postal and Smoking Cars,
240 Box Freight Cars,
100 Flat Cars,
2 Wing Ploughs,
2 Snow Ploughs,
2 Flangers,
40 Hand Cars.

THE WHOLE TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA, and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 7th Feb., 1880.

MADOC BAKERY

James Latimer

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and surrounding country that he has commenced business as

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER

and will do his utmost to supply his patrons with first-class

Bread & Graham Bread,

DELIVERED DAILY.

Furnishings for Socials and Tea Meetings got up on the shortest notice.

BUNS,

PASTRY,

PIES,

AND CHEWING CANDY,

All of my own make.

Remember the Place—Corner of the Hastings Road.

Holiday Goods !!

A full and complete stock of

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

JEWELRY,

AND

FANCY GOODS,

Also a choice assortment of

Children's Toys,

and other articles suitable for the present

HOLIDAY SEASON,

will be found at

RAWE'S,

IN THE WILSON BLOCK.

Madoc, December 11th, 1879.

1879 and 1880.

FRESH

X'Mas Groceries

Gray & McGregor,

Victoria Block, Madoc,

HAVE RECEIVED

FRESH LAYER RAISINS,
VALENTIA RAISINS,
SULTANA RAISINS,
NEW CURRANTS,
NEW FIGS,
DRIED APPLES,
CITRON, ORANGE, LEMON PEEL,
VALENTIA ORANGES,
VALENTIA LEMONS,
CANNED PEACHES,
do PEARS,
do CORN,
do GREEN PEAS,
do LOBSTERS,
do SALMON,
do COOKED CORN BEEF
do LUNCH TONGUE,
ORANGE MARMALADE,
PRESERVED GINGER,
POTTED MEATS,
The Celebrated Diamond Brand Oysters
FINNAN HADDIES,
BLOATERS, CODFISH,
LABRADOR HERRINGS,

—ALSO—

A CHOICE STOCK OF

CONFECTIONERY.

Madoc, Dec. 17th, 1879.

MADOC

Carriage Depository!

&c., &c.

W. BRISTOL & Bro.

Beg to return their sincere thanks to the public generally for the liberal support given them in the past.

They were awarded first prize on their Top Buggy, fitted up with their handy turnout Patent Seat, also first prize on their Cutter with the famous turnout seat for two or four persons, with other prizes and three Dominion Medals at the grand Dominion Exhibition in Ottawa. Also, at the Midland Central Fair, Kingston, Napanee, Belleville, and other places, many first and other prizes too numerous to mention, and they confidently solicit the continued patronage of their friends and customers.

W. B. & Bro. are determined to sell, and sell cheap, both at home and abroad, CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, and BOBS of all descriptions, made of the best assorted seasoned timber, for the purpose of maintaining their reputation and doing justice to customers. Their wood and blacksmith shops are under their immediate personal supervision, and parties giving orders may depend on their being executed with fidelity, economy and despatch.

GENERAL JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

W. BRISTOL & BRO.

MADOC

Boot and Shoe Store.

"Just the Thing Madoc Wanted!"

A First-Class Boot and Shoe Establishment.

Messrs. GRANT & POTTER,

OF BELLEVILLE AND MADOC,

Having secured the whole of the premises in Wright's Block lately known as the "Cheap Store," and having thoroughly re-fitted it, have now opened out a full and complete stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES, TRUNKS, VALISES, &C.

As we deal in nothing but the above lines, and buying in very large quantities FOR CASH, we can afford to sell cheaper than any house in Madoc or Belleville. This is no puff or blow, but a genuine fact, which is easily proved by calling on us and inspecting our stock and comparing our prices with other establishments.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Jobbers and small dealers liberally dealt with.

D. FOX,
Manager of Madoc Store.

JUST RECEIVED,

150 PIECES GRAY COTTONS,

50 " STEAMLOOMS,

All of which we intend to sell at the old prices.

Now is the time to Secure Bargains.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1880.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision,

WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS,

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

WINE, BRANDY, GIN, SPIRITS, ALES

AND PORTERS,

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

WHESALE & RETAIL AT THE LOWES T CASH PRICE.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

[...] Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 15th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

HARNESS! HARNESS!

P. SINCLAIR

HAS REMOVED HIS HARNESS SHOP TO

DALE'S BLOCK!

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA

LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,

TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?

APPLY TO

The Canada Landed Credit Company.

EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST

and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

For further particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1

Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.

A. F. WOOD.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

[and] all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

PORK and BACON

200 Bbls. of Pork

Heavy New Canadian Mess,

—ALSO—

10,000 lbs. Long Clear Bacon,

FOR SALE BY

W. R. McRAE,

BELLEVILLE.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
O. RUPORT, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P.O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P.O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P.O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P.O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389.
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge.
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P.O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139. O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, April 1st,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

FRED. B. TABER, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, March 29th

At 8 o'clock.

J. MOUNCEY, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday, March 23rd,

at the hour of 7.30 p.m. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

JAMES O'HARA, Jr., Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday, November 3rd, trains will run as follows:

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 8 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 10.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p.m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.05.

Belleville time.

R. LUTTRELL,
General Superintendent.

Spring Visitors.

Crows are hovering about over our head in large numbers for some time, which is said to be a sure sign of returning spring.

Postponed.

The entertainment in the Model School, announced for to-morrow evening, has been postponed for two weeks, for various reasons.

Methodist Church of Canada.

The Oyster Supper given by the Ladies' Aid society of the above church, on Thursday evening last, passed off very pleasantly; the proceeds amounted to nearly $50. This was in addition to the proceeds of the Bazaar that was held on the same day, and which was also very successful.

Tea-Meeting.

A social tea meeting, in connection with the M. E. Church, will be held in O'Hara's schoolhouse, on Wednesday next, 24th inst. The programme will consist of speeches, refreshments, and vocal and instrumental music. Doors open at 6.30 p.m. Admission 25cts.; children half price.

Removed.

John Caskey, Esq., Deputy-Reeve, has removed from the Allen Settlement to his farm, a short distance from this village. We are pleased to have Mr. Caskey such a near neighbour and hope that at no distant day he may be a resident of the village. His Post-office address will be Madoc in future, not Cooper as formerly.

Grant & Potter's Boot Store.

Want of space last week prevented us noticing at length the new advt. of the above firm. They have now secured the whole of the premises in Wright's Block, and have fitted them up into a really first-class Boot & Shoe Store, and one which will compare very favorably with any city establishment. The stock embraces every line from men's cow-hides to ladies' fine kids, and all sold at reasonable prices. The manager, Mr. Fox, is courteous and obliging, and we have no doubt, will be successful in establishing a good paying business.

Magistrates' Court.

(BEFORE A. F. WOOD, J.P.)

Edgar Seeley complained that Chas. White had taken from his stack in "Moon Marsh" a load of hay, and refused to make proper restitution. White justified his act by stating he had done so by mistake, and that Seeley asked too much for the hay taken. Seeley said not only did White refuse but that he told him to help himself, and treated him in a most unjust manner. After hearing the evidence the magistrate decided that White had shown no good reason for treating Seeley as he had, and fined him $2 and costs, with the admonition that probably this would help to learn him to treat people civilly, particularly those he had unnecessarily interfered with.

Before Justices A.F. Wood and E.D. O'Flynn.

The "Chief" laid complaint against John O'Connell, Michael O'Connell, Joseph Declaire, and Andrew Palmer, for drunken and disorderly conduct, and also for interfering with the constable in the discharge of his duty, on Tuesday of last week. Evidence was given by the constable and others to the effect that John O'Connell and Declaire began the row, the former being under the influence of liquor, in Moon's hotel. Out of this grew a somewhat general row, in which the other parties above named took part. While the latter was going on John O'Connell took out a knife, and, if opportunity had offered, would no doubt have used it. The whole matter was a disgraceful affair, and so evidently thought the Court, for John O'Connell was fined $5, and costs amounting to $3.56 more; Joseph Declaire got $2 and costs; A. Palmer $1 and costs. The case against Michael O'Connell was dismissed, as he evidently only sought to get his brother away. There is one thing we must add to this and that is the evident want of effort on the part of some of those connected with the hotels to put a stop to these rows. We are quite well aware of the many difficulties, but if licenses are accepted for the sale of liquor, and the liquor is sold, and the effect of drinking is these disturbances, then the parties making the money should do all in their power to protect the public from the nuisances growing out of it. The carrying of knives, as in the above instance, is also something which must be put a stop to, and Constable Sills will keep a good look-out for these offenders in future.

Left Over.

A communication from Rev. T. B. Wilson has been received, but crowded out of this issue. It will appear next week. We hope our correspondents will remember that our space is limited, and confine their favors to a reasonable length. In order to accommodate them we have for several weeks been compelled to leave out matter which would probably have been much more interesting to our readers in many instances.

Auction Sales.

R. N. Thompson, of Lot 4, 9th Con., Madoc, will sell by auction, on Saturday, March 20th, his farm stock, implements, etc. Seven months' credit on sums over $10; at 7 per cent. interest. Sale to commence at one o'clock, sharp.

Mr. Samuel Taber of this village, has, we are sorry to say, decided to remove from here, and will offer his house and lot for sale by public auction, on Saturday, 27th inst. Terms cash. Sale to commence at one o'clock. See posters and advt.

On Thursday next, 25th inst., by John McLure, on lot 7, 4th con., *Madoc*, farm stock, implements, and household furniture. $10 and under, cash; over that amount eight months' credit. Sale at two o'clock, sharp.

Irish Relief Concert.

The concert given last evening by the Oddfellows of this village, in aid of the Irish sufferers, was, we are glad to say, a success, the Masonic Hall being crowded with the *elite* of the village and neighborhood. A number were also present from *Marmora* and other places. The ladies and gentlemen who took part in the performance were heartily applauded. We have not space to more fully particularize each piece, but as those who contributed are nearly all well known here we content ourselves with giving the names: Miss Gorman, Prof. Cline, and Messrs. George Maybee and Sears, of Belleville; Misses Rawe, Cummings, Taber, Kerr, and Seymour, and *Messrs.* Taber, Wellington, and Weiss, of *Madoc*. The total receipts amounted to about $94.

A Journalist's Course.

A Journalist of experience remarks: If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people are mad. If he smoothes down the rough points—he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet. If he does, he is a rattle-head—lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow; but lacks discretion. If he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he indulges in personalities he is a blackleg; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid. "And," judiciously adds the Utica *Herald*, "if he is fitted for his profession he will go right ahead, doing as near the correct thing as possible, and let the grumblers grumble and amuse themselves by writing anonymous letters."

Lithographic Stone.

Mr. Wm. Kelly, of Campbellford, owner of the lithographic quarry at Marmora, has received the following letter from one of the oldest and most reliable lithographers in New York:—

N. Y., Feb. 27, 1880.

Wm. Kelly, Esq.
Campbellford,

DEAR SIR,—Please excuse the long delay in answering your letter and sending proofs of engravings from the Marmora Lithographic stone. The fact is, the proofs previously taken had in one instance been mislaid and have just been found; in the other case they could not be found at all, and new proofs had to be taken. The map of Craftsbury and the view of Gilmore's Garden are the only engravings I have made on the Marmora stone and I could see no difference in the work done on these stones and the same class of work done upon German stones. I have frequently used the Marmora stones for transfers, and printed from them in various ways the same as I would have done from German stones with the same results.

Yours truly,
CHAS. HART.

Office of Chas. Hart, lithographer.
36 Vesey St. N. Y.

This must certainly be encouraging to Mr. Kelly, who has been indefatigable in his efforts to bring the stone before the public, and will also be read with pleasure by every one interested in the development of this important branch of industry. When it becomes generally known that the Marmora Lithographic Stone equals in every respect the German Stone, and that it can be put in the market at a great deal less price, it will not be long before there will be a great demand for it from not only Canada but the principal Lithographic houses in the United States.

Prof. E. W. Johnston.

Champion all-round Caledonian athlete of the world, assisted by twenty of his athletic pupils of Belleville Mechanics' Institute, will give a grand Gymnastic, Athletic, and Acrobatic entertainment, in the Masonic Hall in this village, to-morrow (Friday) evening. Lots of Scotch games, good comic songs, fine dancing and a very funny clown. Admission 25c., reserved seats 35c. Doors open at 7 p.m. performance at 8 sharp. A good programme, no stops, no intermission. See what the Belleville *Ontario* says:

A good audience assembled in the Opera House last evening to witness the athletic entertainment given by Mr. E. W. Johnston and the members of his class in connection with the Mechanics' Institute Gymnasium. To say that the entertainment was very successful would convey but a poor idea of the impression it left on the minds of the audience. It was by all odds the most complete and most pleasing entertainment of the kind ever given in Belleville. The audience being largely composed of ladies, in fact it was one of the most select audiences ever seen in the Belleville Opera House. The "Pyramid Ladder Act"—one of the finest feats of the evening, was performed by Mr. William Goodwin, assisted by five others who grouped themselves on them and on Mr. Goodwin in attitudes which were always graceful and sometimes perilous. This was followed by a splendid exhibition of club-swinging by W. Drewry and H. Burdett, who then swung clubs together very gracefully, which was deservedly honored with an *encore*. Mr. Goodwin then performed some daring feats on the trapeze, calculated to shock the nerves of the sensitive ladies who may have been present. Jumping and vaulting the horse followed, in which a large amount of agility was shown. Mr. L. Hyman then gave an exhibition of heavy dumb-bell lifting. Mr. Hyman succeeded in putting up the 90-lb. bell with one hand, and a 60-lb. one with the other at the same time; also putting up an 80-lb. bell with one hand and holding out a 50-lb. one with the other. Accomplishing several other equally marvelous feats and winding up by balancing at arm's length an enormous dumb bell in each hand each weighing 50 lbs.; although a small man he proved himself to be a veritable giant. The jumping, kicking and vaulting with pole was next in order. In the standing high jump Harry Wallace and W. Drewry distinguished themselves—the former clearing the pole at 4ft. 7in., and the latter at an inch lower. Mr. Johnston cleared it at 5ft. 2in.—1½in. lower than the best record-ed jump—which is his own. In the high kicking H. Wallace led the company, as also he did in the long jumping. Mr. Johnston tried his foot at the tin and managed to kick it at a height of 9 ft. 10 in. After exhibitions of high jumping and pole vaulting, which were, to say the least, highly creditable, the horizontal bar exercises followed, which were generally thought to be the finest part of the entertainment. Mr. Goodwin, Wallace, Gillen and Macoun were the performers, and their performances would really have done credit to veteran professionals. The entertainment was brought to a close by a grand tug of war. In the course of the evening Rev. Mr. McLean, the President of the Mechanics' Institute, gave a short history of the institute and commended it as a noble institution to the liberality of the citizens of Belleville. We should not omit to mention that Mr. H. Leavens acted as clown, and provoked continual laughter by his funny actions, quaint and original jokes and very comic songs. Mr. Johnston and the directors of the Mechanics' Institute are to be heartily congratulated on the success of the entertainment—a success which certainly justifies the repetition of it which was mentioned last evening. Before closing we might add that the performance of Prof. Johnston was alone worth the price of admission, and those who were not present missed a rare treat.

A FOUL WIND.

NOTES OF A DISCOURSE BY REV. H. T. MILLER, WOLLASTON.

"Our iniquities like the wind have taken us away."—Isa. 64, 6. Iniquity like the wind blows *constantly*. Ever since the angels fell and Adam was absent from the meeting place, this wind has blown. This wind blows *violently*. "Why do the heathen rage? Driven with the wind and tossed." This wind blows *suddenly*; as in the case of David when his eye wandered, and Peter who found himself in unfriendly company. This wind causes terrible *destruction*. "The wicked are driven away, like chaff from the threshing floor. Fear cometh as desolation, and destruction as a whirlwind."—Prob. 1, 24.

Iniquities always take away.

I. Whence? From the presence of God, as it took Adam; from the tent of Isaac, as it took Jacob; from the land of rightful and honorable possession, as it took the children of Israel; from the path of duty, as it took Jonah; from the home of security and love, as it took the Prodigal. Oh! what has it not taken away!—beauty from the cheek, purity from the heart, peace from the conscience, happiness from the home.

II. Whither? To the landing place of sin, the iron-bound shore! On the pay table is heaped up the hideous wages of sin. The landing will be final; once strike, and you will stick and never float again. "When once the master of the house has risen up," &c.—Luke 13, 25.

Some arrive early, others later and more heavily laden. Doubtless there are difficulties in being saved, but are there not difficulties in the way of those who are making a fair wind of this foul wind of which we speak? Before men can arrive on this dark shore, they must pass many a warning signal, friendly beacon, blazing light. They must get past Christ and his teaching, the cross and its untold sufferings, the grave which is empty, and the mount of Bethany, whence he ascended to heaven to be men's advocate and friend! Then they must get past the Bible.

"This lamp from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow,
And ever more beseeching men with tears,
And earnest sighs, to hear, believe, and live."

English Missions on the Hastings Road.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—It is past 22 years since my husband, family and self came to Madoc. Accustomed as we always had been to living in cities, the want of church services on Sabbath was most severely felt by us. After a short lapse of time the Rev. James Preston, English Church Minister of Stirling, came to Madoc occasionally to hold divine service. Mr. Grier also came from Belleville for the same purpose, and Mr. Fleming came frequently from Roslin. Two of my children were born during this time, one, a daughter, baptized by Mr. Grier, and one, a boy, baptized by Mr. Fleming. We experienced no inconveniences of any kind with regard to our religious duties; were not "neglected" by those clergy who happened to have charge of the neighbouring congregations. Arrangements were made by which a lay Bible reader would hold services on Sabbaths, and the room kindly lent us by Mr. Stephen Reed of Madoc was used for some time for that purpose. These would seem the dark days of the Madoc E. C. Congregation, but for my part I look back upon such with tearful memory, as those days were full of hope and bright promises. There were no bickerings, no jealousies, no brawlings; all seemed glad to meet; and from what I have been given to understand, there are others who remember those days with the same feelings of satisfaction; as when I go to church *now*, those days are vividly brought to the minds of many. It will be seventeen years next fall since I first came to Millbridge, then known as the "Jordan," so called from the small stream which flows through the centre of the village. I came in company of Rev. Albert Whitmarsh and wife. Mr. Whitmarsh was then the Incumbent of Madoc; he was our first Minister. He came to preach a funeral sermon after the death of one Gillbert, who died and was buried near this place. Quite a large congregation was waiting to receive him. At that time there were no missionaries of any denomination in or near here. He came as often as possible and preached regularly at the Empey and Robinson settlements, to both of which places I often went with him and wife. He was a talented young man; quite a college boy, zealous and energetic, and would often walk all the way rather than disappoint his hearers. He took up no "collections," asked for nothing in the way of maintenance, had the interests of the people at heart, and worked with a will. He held three services every Sunday, all at stations distant from each other, and would partake of a small luncheon after mid-day service, which would be already spread for him. I was then residing in Madoc Village, and would see him off nearly every Sunday. Mr. Whitmarsh worked hard to help up the church now standing, and some of the Presbyterian and R. C. congregations helped to draw the stone, &c., to the site. During this time the back country people were not neglected by the Episcopal Ministers; services were held as often as possible, children baptized, and those ill and infirm visited. There was also an established service held at or near L'Amable or York River, by a person authorized by the Bishop. I knew of no one of any denomination visiting the people back here but the before mentioned Episcopal Clergy, and the people often complained of the fact who belonged to other churches. There was a Mr. Norton who resided at Millbridge for a short time, and Mr. Godfrey, who held some meetings, but year in and year out, they were the only persons who came until recently to preach to the people, except the before mentioned, since I came to live here, fifteen years ago.

(Concluded next week.)

A gang of bogus agents are working in some of the front townships and despite warning innumerable, they succeed in gathering a good harvest of victims. They are introducing a patent sickle grinder, and induced farmers to act as agents. The writing which close the bargain is worded as a note, and the dupes led to sign the same under the impression that it is merely an agreement take the local agency.

The wife of Mr. Thomas Spencer, of Burleigh, presented him a short time ago, with triplets two girls and one boy. The mother and children are doing well. Mr. Spencer has not been married four years till next June, and has a family of six children. His wife had twins at one time and a single birth at another. Can any other township beat this.

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

FOR SALE IN MADOC.

THAT valuable Building Lot forming part of No. 1, situate on the south-west corner of Durham and St. Lawrence Streets, in the incorporated village of Madoc. Frontages on Durham Street, 73 ft. 4 inches, and on St. Lawrence Street (exclusive of a lane 12 ft. in width,) 218 feet 7 inches to Deer Creek.

This Lot is situate in the centre of the business portion of the flourishing Village of Madoc, and peculiarly adapted from its unrivalled position for a first class block of buildings.

For terms, &c., apply to the owner,
MRS. JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, 5th March, 1880. 154

FOR SALE!

LOT 11, in the 15th Concession, Township of Wollaston. Over 30 acres cleared. Good log barn, also logs hewed for a large barn. Soil deep and free of stone. Good springs close to the barn. Terms easy. For particulars apply to

MRS. KATE ELLIOTT,
146. Tweed P. O., Ont.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The undersigned, having disposed of his Grocery and Liquor Business to Mr. D. W. Wright, would return thanks to his numerous friends and the public generally for their liberal patronage during the past thirteen years, and would respectfully ask for a continuance of the same patronage to his successor in the business.

All parties indebted to me, either by Note or Book Account, are notified that the same must be settled within the next thirty days, either by Cash or Note, or costs will be made.

G. M. BROOKS.

Madoc, Feb. 25th, 1880.

GRAIN, GRAIN!

MR. A. F. WOOD

WOULD take this means of announcing to the farmers in this vicinity, that as soon as he can get the Storehouse, which he has secured from Mr. Thos. Cross, fitted up, he will be in the market as a buyer of all kinds of grain, for which, as heretofore, he will be prepared to pay the highest prices.

December 23rd, 1879.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has dissolved partnership with E. B. Fraleck, and is continuing his general practice in No. 2, Ashley Block, over Bank of Commerce, opposite Anglo-American Hotel, Belleville. Any quantity of private money to loan on reasonable terms and in sums to suit borrowers. Straight loans only. He represents no Building Society or other Loan Company at 5¼ or 6¼ per cent., as advertised by others. It is too cheap to be good.

HUGH BLAIR,
Attorney-at-Law,
Solicitor in Chancery,
Notary Public, &c.

Belleville, Jan. 28th, 1880. 148

Terrible Explosion

AT MADOC.

500 KEGS OF POWDER

On hand, to meet all demands made for Mining, Exploring and Blasting.

Also, Fuse and Dualin, to be had at lowest prices possible.

Apply to THOS. CROSS, Madoc.

H. S. McMINN, Agent,
Hamilton Powder Co.

NEW BAKERY!

THE subscriber begs to inform the citizens of this village and surrounding country, that he has again commenced business as

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER

IN THE

Old Stand on Elgin St.

Having secured the services of a

FIRST-CLASS WORKMAN!

I am prepared to guarantee a

Good Quality of Bread, Pastry,

or anything in that line, at the very lowest Cash prices.

Livery Stable!

I am also continuing my Livery business, and will furnish on short notice

First-Class Horses and Comfortable Rigs,

on very reasonable terms.

Residence and Stables on Elgin Street.

JOSEPH SHALTRY,
Proprietor.

Madoc, February 11th, 1880.

MADOC

Flour & Feed Store

I BEG to announce to the citizens of Madoc and the public generally, that I have opened out in the

VICTORIA BLOCK

a first-class Grocery, Flour and Feed Store, and am now fully prepared to attend to the wants of customers.

CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR,
CORNMEAL,
OATMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
BRAN, SHORTS,
AND
CRACKED FEED

of every description, kept constantly on hand.

PRIME MESS PORK,

By the barrel or pound.

GROCERIES,

CONSISTING OF

Teas, Sugars, Raisins, Currants,
SPICES, TOBACCOS, &c., &c.

Highest Cash Price Paid

FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

All goods purchased from me will be delivered free to any part of the village.

TERMS — CASH.

ROBERT ROLLINS.

Madoc, December 10th, 1879.

Boots!! Boots!!

TO THE PUBLIC:

THE undersigned wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has lately opened a Boot and Shoe Shop in the Village of Madoc, and is prepared to execute all orders in the above line in a first-class manner and at low rates. Particular attention given to repairing and all kinds of custom work. Give me a call.

M. RAE.

Shop—Directly opposite Bristol's Carriage Works. 141

IRON.

FOR SALE AT

Wilson's Drug Store,

A FIRST-CLASS LOT OF

MILLER'S

IRON-BOUND BOOKS,

—AT—

PUBLISHERS' PRICES.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

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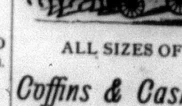

ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

[a]re now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

CORSETS.

We have a full range of sizes in the different makes of the Crompton Corset Co'y, which will be sold at low prices.

Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, March 11th, 1880.

NEW GOODS,

at Low Prices

AT

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

CALL FOR THE GREAT

SIERRA NEVADA SMOKING!

At C. G. Wilson's Drug Store, one of the most delicious aromas ever smoked. Cures colds, catarrh, asthma, and all bronchial complaints. Singers and speakers use it successfully. M. L. SMITH, Arkona, Ont.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

$20,000 TO LOAN.

AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to

GEO. A. SKINNER,
140 Solicitor, &c., Stirling.

ST. CATHARINES NURSERIES.

A full assortment of splendid

FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES.

ORDERS BY MAIL receive careful and prompt attention.

AGENTS WANTED!

To take Orders in every part of the country.

PAY LIBERAL.

DEALERS!

Should call and see the Stock—it is unsurpassed. Prices as low as in the States, thereby saving the duty of twenty per cent.

Address,

D. W. BEADLE,
140-6m St. Catherines.

LADY ADELAIDE.

A Study.

By L. B. Walford—Author of "Cousins" and "Mr Smith—A Part of His Life."

"Dear! Did you really? How clever!"

"I can put up with everything about her, but that 'How clever!' cried Elizabeth, when the lady had departed. 'It always comes out in the same tone, and with the same emphasis. Whatever one does—if it be but the tartest trifle, something that even a Lady Adelaide could accomplish herself without too much trouble—it is sure to obtain that all-embracing epithet. I do not believe her vocabulary could supply any other note of admiration. She never rises above it, and never falls below. When she heard that Captain Webb had swum across the Channel, and that I had worked a crochet anti-macassar, she said of us both, 'How clever!'"

Her friend laughed.

"Is it not provoking, Anne?"

"Provoking? Perhaps; if it were worth being provoked about."

"You think it is not? But you don't know till you have been tried. I had rather endure one good sword-cut and have done with it, than be the victim of a thousand lancet-pricks. How often did you hear that little soft ejaculation during the last half-hour? Be on your honor Anne."

"More than once, I confess."

"And you had noticed it?"

"Yes, I had."

"Well, was it not, as I said, called forth by great and small, somethings and nothings, alike? Was it not a most absurd comment, most promiscuously applied, by a most stupid woman? Come, Anne, join me; it will do you good, or if not, it will do me good to hear it. Say what you think, you prudent Anne; confess, break forth you fountain of wisdom, and overflow your banks like Jordan! You had noticed it, you had felt it all the time, and yet you shake your head, you knit your brows. Oh, I fear you not; I shall say my say, and mean my mean, and none shall stop me. See, I am the better for it already! I have not—upon my word, I have not felt so charitably disposed toward the poor dear lady for a long time."

Anne, smiling—"That does you credit, surely. The prick of a pin stirs up this tempest, and the tempest subsides with the same show of reason wherewith it arose. A storm in a teacup, Lizzie. Much ado about——"

"Not nothing—not nothing, you tiresome creature! You will not surely pretend to declare that it is nothing?"

"You will not surely venture to affirm that it is something?"

"I affirm it, and maintain it, Anne."

"Then you are a little—foolish, dear."

"And you are a very good [illegible]—exasperating, darling."

Anne smiles, Elizabeth laughs. The door [illegible] uncertain, be[illegible] appears at the upper end of [illegible]

"[illegible] lady's gloves, ma'am. Under the [illegible] the mantelpiece, or on the floor."

[illegible] being so precisely described, [illegible] fail to find them immediately," observes [illegible] mistress, aside,

"[illegible] book on the piano, William."

On the piano the gloves are discovered, and carried off, doubled up on a salver.

"Now it will be, 'How clever!' to have found them so quickly! and with more grounds for saying so than usual," continues Mrs. Tresham, with a curled lip. "Anne, you might have pity upon me. What may be amusing in a friend is torture from a relation. If Lady Adelaide could only be metamorphosed into an ordinary acquaintance—a neighbor even, though not too near at hand—how joyfully would I engage her in conversation, nor dream of attempting to clear a single cobweb off her brains!"

"You would simply despise her more than ever."

"No, no, no; at least I think not."

"You would."

"And have you no compassion? Yet I would grieve from my heart if you should ever have the misfortune to be tacked on to a —Lady Adelaide. What can I say more? Yet I defy you, even you, my mentor, to twist anything undutiful or disrespectful out of such a tame conclusion, such a paltry climax."

Anne, gravely—"She is a very kind-hearted woman."

"So she is."

"And you have no fault to find with her, save that she calls you clever?"

"Clever, not clever. You missed the accent, dear."

"Is that her only fault?" perseveres Anne.

"Hum! I did not say so; I did not go so far as that. Her only great fault, perhaps; her only perpetual, ever-recurring fault."

"She has no other that you cannot condone?"

"Is not that one enough? I began years ago by being called a clever child, then I was a clever girl, and now I am a clever woman. I was tired of the word before I had ever seen Lady Adelaide; now I am perfectly sick of it."

"After all, Lizzie, what a baby you are!"

"A baby, if you like. I have no objection at all to being called a baby. Nice, little, soft, fluffy things, made to be petted and kissed. But the other is a term of abuse, a positive insult."

"Nonsense!"

"It is; so applied by such lips. Nay, Anne, sweet Anne, frown not so seriously. It spoils thy dimples, Anne, contorts the brow and distorts the mouth. I say it again, again, again; I will not be called a 'clever' woman."

Anne—"One might be called a worse thing."

Elizabeth, confidentially—"But, good Anne, one word. Were you ever tired of being called pretty?"

* * * * *

Lady Adelaide and her new niece were, as may have been gathered by the foregoing dialogue, perhaps as ill suited to each other as it was possible for any two people to be.

Elizabeth, a gay, triumphant bride, in the heyday of her charms, little disposed to tolerate anything contemptible and ridiculous, was seriously disturbed by finding in the relation who of all her newly-acquired kindred stood nearest to her, one who was a perpetual source of mortification.

Yet Lady Adelaide was all that a fine lady had any need to be.

She was cheerful, gentle and indolent; inclined to patronize bazaars and work-parties—her young friends in general, and Elizabeth in particular.

Her nephew's wife was quite charming—so lively, so clever.

It was only a pity they did not see more of each other. John used to be in and out continually—the Priory had been quite his home; but that could not be expected now. The young people were sure to be so much sought after, they would be such acquisitions in any society, that of course their engagements must be numerous.

And then dear Elizabeth was so accomplished, had so many resources—not an idle body like her tiresome old aunt, who had time to run about and bore all her neighbors.

It will be seen that behind backs Lady Adelaide was as charitable as her niece was merciless.

"Elizabeth thinks she's a born fool," quoth John.

"John! I never used such an expression in my life!"

"Do you not think so?"

Now Elizabeth did.

John, for his part, was rather fond of his aunt.

She was invariably kind and good-humored, and more he did not expect from her; indeed, her foibles were so far from being an annoyance to him, that it may be questioned whether he would not have missed something out of his life if Lady Adelaide had grown a wit!

With Elizabeth, of course, it must be different.

No softening influences of association could deaden her feelings, no early impressions of awe hold her sense still in check. Lady Adelaide broke upon her mature vision with all the shock of a novelty, and unfortunately that vision was only too acute.

Elizabeth could be magnanimous, she could pardon—but she could never fail to see.

"What would you have?" cried John. "She is good-looking and good-tempered, and never said an unkind word to anyone in her life. She is the most popular woman in the neighborhood."

"Then I shall be the most unpopular."

"Very likely."

"You won't ask me why? It is because we are the very antipodes of each other in every respect."

"So you are. I like you best, but you will find that mine is not the general opinion."

"Most people will like Sir Walter a great deal better than you."

"That is a fact, again."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"I don't care for the opinion of most people."

"Neither do I."

"And if everybody in the world were to say so, they would never [illegible] you were not worth a hundred [illegible] ——"

"Go on."

"That I am not worth a thousand Lady Adelaides."

"Ha! ha! so I think. But, [illegible] dear as you are, there is one thing [illegible] that is, argue."

[illegible]

[illegible] ject to her sober-minded husband as any wife ever was in this world before.

It was evident that she was a happy bride.

Contentment beamed in her lively dark eye; and the ring of her quick firm footstep, the snatches of songs which broke forth at intervals through the little house, the pleasure she took in her pretty possessions, the glory in her small achievements, all spoke of the satisfaction of a heart at rest.

Still, the dead fly in the ointment was there, small though it was; and that fly—would any one have guessed it?—was Lady Adelaide.

On the day succeeding that which witnessed the little ebullition above narrated, Elizabeth was busy with her hyacinths, when the barouche from the Priory swept up the modest drive, and her aunt, in February furs and velvet bonnet, alighted.

"My dear, I came early—I know you will excuse it; how sweet, how delicious this room is! All from the hyacinths! Yes? Your uncle and I hope that you and John—so full of the sun too—charming quite charming! We must have some people you know, my dear, to meet you; and perhaps Thursday week—take care, my love, the new carpet! watering-pot drippings may have paint on them. Oh, there are drops on the velvet table, too! Your handkerchief? Ah, yes, quite dry—no harm done. But, my dear, will that day suit you? No other engagement?"

"We have no engagements at all, thank you."

"Not yet? no? really?"

Elizabeth brought one of her glasses into the ray of sunlight.

The young couple had not been settled in their new home above a fortnight; it was natural to suppose that their evenings might be still at liberty.

Nor indeed did Lady Adelaide feel the smallest degree of astonishment. It was she who ought to introduce her neice. It was at their house Elizabeth must make her first appearance, and had been only waiting for Sir Walter to recover from his last attack of gout to issue her cards. She calculated that by the day fixed on, he would be well enough to receive his guests; and though Elizabeth had been duly waited upon by the principal neighboring families, it was only now that she might begin to expect the inevitable invitations. Thus, although she cried "Not yet? no? really?" with all due fervor and impressiveness, her unmoved countenance betrayed that she exclaimed by rote.

"May we consider that fixed, then, my dear?"

"Oh, certainly, Aunt Adelaide,—very happy. John——"

"You will ask John? Quite right, so right. Always consult your husband's wishes. And you will let us know? But you will accept nothing else for that evening?"

"I beg your pardon. I am sure—I know I may answer for John; he is always glad to go to the Priory, so he would certainly wish me to say 'yes' at once. I was only going to say he is out this morning."

"So sorry to miss him, but you were the person I chiefly came to see. And you really say 'Yes?' That is charming! then I can send Thomas round at once. So thoughtful of you, my love, if you are quite sure John will not mind for of course it makes a difference to know. One ought to try to get together the right people to meet each other. But how can one if you are unable to fix the day?" reasoned the lady wisely.

"Yes, certainly, you may depend upon us."

"Oh, and Miss Chorley, that charming, beautiful friend of yours, of course we include her; or must I—ought I not to write a separate invitation? Undoubtedly I ought. You think not? Really?"

"She left us this morning, thank you."

"Dear! this morning! Is it possible?"

Now Anne had arrived on a week's visit, the week had expired and she had departed—what more could be said? Anne had herself informed Lady Adelaide of the duration of her stay; and Elizabeth, alive to everything, remembered having heard the same 'Is it possible?' on the subject a few days before.

"Then I need not write?"

Plainly not.

"But we should have been so glad, so pleased to have seen her, and of course a special invitation—And, my dear Elizabeth, your white satin—you won't mind, will you, just this once? Sir Walter does like to be old fashioned, you know; and a bride out of white satin——"

"Would be a queen without a crown? Very well, Aunt Adelaide, white satin it shall be; wreath and veil too, I suppose?"

"My dear! But you are only in jest. Orange-blossom, you know, is quite inadmissible except upon the day—quite. Your maid must take it off the dress even. You know that—yes? And, my love, your music: you will bring your music and your drawing—some of those foreign sketches you took last Autumn, so bright and pretty; and—and——"

"Pray, nothing more this time. My music I will bring, but the sketches are on such a very small scale, surely there will be some one among the guests more fitted to exhibit than I?"

"My dear, how can you say so! Every one admires them exceedingly—so spirited, so clever!"

Elizabeth started—the obnoxious epithet settled the question; nothing should induce her to be shown off to her aunt's guests.

But when the time came Lady Adelaide was not to be foiled. The portfolio, to be sure, was not at hand, but it existed, and she could still whisper in audible asides. "Sketches too, charmingly—charmingly. Hall absolutely amazed. Lord Guelder, quite the best amateur last season, came on purpose to see them. I assure you he did. Came all the way to Kensington. So accomplished—so clever!"

Or her niece would catch "A sweet place, the cottage, is it not? And she has made it so pretty, so fresh and bright. Nice new furniture, birds, flowers—quite a genius for arranging flowers—and all the little elegant knick-knacks put about. Shows such taste in everything."

Or "Are you a worker, my dear? You must get my niece to show you her embroidery—that new kind of work, you know, in wools. All done from nature, I assure you, every stitch in it. What can the name be? Elizabeth, my love, what is the name of that beautiful wool work you do, all from nature? Miss de Bury is longing to see it."

Elizabeth could not forgive her.

"I am helpless whatever she chooses to say, John. I cannot contradict, because it is bad manners. I cannot help hearing; and if I attempt to turn it aside, Lady Adelaide is sure to make herself only the more ridiculous, and me, too, that is the worst of it. People will suppose that I am enjoying it! That new kind of wool work! Why, every creature does it, and Miss de Bury worked some a year and a half ago."

"What is it?"

"Oh, crewels. You know the thing, though you don't know the name. That Honeysuckle I did for the little black chair, that was it. And then about our flowers, she is really very kind, you know, in bringing them, and then she is quite amazed because I put them in water. How people will laugh at us."

"No, they won't. They know her too well!"

"Why does she fix upon me? You are her relation, yet she never annoys you in the same way."

"You are mistaken. I heard her exalting my knowledge of horses to Mr. Foster, at the other end of the dinner-table."

"Your knowledge of horses!"

"And advising him to apply to me for the next hunters he wanted."

"To Mr. Forest! The Master of Foxhounds!"

"Even so."

"John! Poor John!"

"Ay, poor John! I don't think any of your experiences will beat that, my little Elizabeth."

"No indeed. But how did you bear it? Did you not suffocate?"

"Oh dear, no! I took a mouthful of sherry, and bore up very well."

"But is it not dreadful?"

John shrugged his shoulders.

"It is her way, Lizzie; everybody has some peculiarity."

"A peculiarity need not be offensive."

"Very true. Do not be offended by it."

"John, I shall take a lesson from you. You are the best John, the most patient John, the most wonderful John that ever was made. If I had heard that said to Mr. Foster, I should have jumped up and screamed. Oh! you know what I mean. Of course you never set up for being a judge, and to a man who does! What do you suppose he thought?"

Elizabeth was so much taken up with her husband's wrongs that she almost forgot her own.

So matters went on.

Lady Adelaide, having no children of her own, took a maternal interest her nephew and all who belonged to him.

At least four days in the week the bay horses trotted through the Cottage gate, and the kind soul, full of smiles and presents, sailed into the drawing room. The excitement did her all the good in the world; but unfortunately, as it raised her spirits, and [illegible] up her gentle sluggish nature, it [illegible] more prominently to display its [illegible]

"My dear, do tell me all about your [illegible]

[illegible] and keeping things properly, that we can all see, is satisfactory; but are they comforts? So much depends upon that in a household; indeed it does. So I told John when we set about engaging them. We did our best, to be sure; but it is such a lottery. Oh! attached servants are the only ones of any value."

"Very true, Aunt Adelaide," gravely.

"And you are really pretty well off? You will excuse my asking, I know, my dear; for it was such a responsibility. And so little experience as you have had, it would have been cruel to have inflicted bad servants upon you."

"They promise very well, thank you. I know," continued Elizabeth, with a twinge of conscience, "that you took a great deal of trouble."

"No trouble in the world, my love. I would gladly be of any use. And as to the house—a new house, you know, quite untested; no smoky chimneys? Bells ringing properly? That's well; Sir Walter and I were talking about the chimneys last night. I told him John would be sure to let him know; for of course it would be Sir Walter's place to put them in order. So mind you tell us; no reserves, my dear."

"And then your calls?" proceeded Lady Adelaide, starting afresh. "You keep a book? you are returning them all in order?"

"Not a book. Indeed, I can get on without that."

"Ah, you are so thoughtful, so clever. But still I can assure you that a book is a great help, an absolute necessity. When I was a bride I could never have got on at all without my visiting book."

"You lived in London, Aunt Adelaide?"

"Yes, my dear, for many years. Sir Walter was in the Guards, you know. We had an immense circle of acquaintances."

"And we," said Elizabeth, "have half a dozen."

"Half a dozen! More than that, surely. Certainly, we manage to do without a book, somehow, at the Priory. I did not think of that. I only recollected my own experience when I was first married."

By and by it was, "Your tradespeople are attentive? Send proper joints? Never have loins of mutton, my dear,—the most wasteful dish there is. And as for ribs of beef, my housekeeper tells me that there is no under-cut in them. Positively, no under-cut. Little hints of that kind are invaluable to receive. I never order ribs of beef now."

This passed. Elizabeth, neither knowing nor caring anything about the merits of under-cuts, was still ruminating mischievously on the droll idea of establishing a visiting-book wherein to detail in order the names of the residents in a small and remarkably quiet neighborhood, when her monitress departed.

"We are to keep a book, John, of all our engagements, and I am to enter it in my visitors as they call, in succession. First of all came Mr. and Mrs. Foster, then the Rector and Mrs. Reeves, Lord Burchell, and Mrs. and Miss Page-Gore. I am afraid it will be Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, Lord Burchell, and Mrs. and Miss Page-Gore over and over again, unless I am to insert Lady Adelaide herself here and there, by way of variety. And, John, be sure you only engage old and valued servants, it is so important they should be attached to you——"

"Lizzie!"

Elizabeth hung her head.

The next day she had a cold.

Down came Lady Adelaide, kinder than ever. Black currant tea—lozenges—the best were the *pates de guimauves*, quite invaluable, had cured Sir Walter repeatedly—and jelly, a little currant jelly, so soothing and refreshing—were all by turns prescribed. The jelly should be sent down from the Priory at once, and the lozenges she would order on her way back through the village. Oh, it was a mere nothing, a mile or two round—the drive would do her good. Was Elizabeth's throat blistered? Had she a headache? Feverish?

Yes, all three; and she would have given the world to be let alone besides.

John came to the rescue.

"She is not to talk, and this room is too warm for you, Aunt Adelaide; come and take a turn round the garden."

"And is poor dear Elizabeth to be left by herself?"

Even so. Hard-hearted John kept his visitor out of doors during the whole of her stay, and saw her safely off in the barouche ere he returned to his wife's room for the remainder of the day.

"My lady's compliments, ma'am to know how you is this morning?"

Before 9 o'clock Elizabeth's abigail brought this message, as she arranged her mistress's teatray by the bedside.

Elizabeth was no better.

"My lady's compliments, ma'am, to know how you is this afternoon?"

Worse.

A groom rode over in the evening. His master and mistress were going to Brighton on the following day, but would put off their departure if Mrs. Tresham were no better.

By no means. Mr. Tresham would not hear of such a thing. The doctor had just left, and there was nothing to be in the least alarmed about.

Accordingly a dainty note was left at the Cottage on the following morning, when the carriage returned from the station.

"My dear, do take care of yourself. I feel quite cruel, quite wicked, running off in this way. But Sir Walter thinks we must; and dear John, too, so like himself, to insist upon it. A few lines, a post-card, sent to B—— Square will let us know how you are. Pray my dear Elizabeth, do not think of writing yourself. John, or your maid, will, I know, kindly take the trouble—In haste, your affectionate

AUNT ADELAIDE."

"P. S.—So much to do.

"P. S.—Have you tried a Porous Plaster on the chest?"

Sick as she was, Elizabeth laughed aloud.

"John, your aunt is perfect. She is unique. Where did you get such an aunt? Pray, John, get me a Porous Plaster to put on my chest, because my throat is sore. And John, go at once to the post-office and get a post-card, or, better still, send a telegram. Oh, dear! I am very naughty and very wretched. Even my ears seem to ache, and my head, eyes, everything. When will the doctor come!"

The doctor gave very little comfort when he did come.

It was a sore throat, a very sore throat. It hurt very much when she swallowed? Humph! Could she gargle? He prescribed a gargle and went away. But at night he came again. He happened to be passing, and thought perhaps they might like him to look in. Could Mrs. Tresham let him have a peep?

John held the candle, and there it was, the dreaded white bar all down one side of the throat.

"That will do," said Dr. Birch, carelessly. "We must get that throat put right somehow, Mrs. Tresham, and you must have some sleep. It is too sore? Ah! yes sore throats are very uncomfortable things. There are a great many of them going about just now. I won't trouble you longer at present. Suppose I go down stairs to write the prescription."

Then he gave John a look, and they left the room together.

"Why, this is brandy!" cried Elizabeth. "Ah! how it burns!"

"Yes, dear, it is thought good for you."

"John! what is the matter with me?"

"The matter!"

"Yes, you look so strange. I can't take any more, indeed I can't. Don't ask me. Only let me lie still. Oh, I don't want gruel; I hate gruel." The last sentence broken, and uttered with difficulty.

"Don't go—away John."

"Only for a few minutes, dear. I am going to sit up with you to-night."

A slip of the tongue this, but it passed unheeded.

"How long Dr. Birch has stayed!" said she, presently.

He was silent.

"Is he only gone now?"

Now at that moment the good doctor was comfortably ensconced in John's own easy chair by the fireside in the library, with a pair of John's own slippers on his feet. He had expected this in the morning, and made his arrangements accordingly. Mrs. Tresham was dangerously ill.

The fever did not increase rapidly; it rather appeared to gain ground with insidious, unseen footsteps.

She was not exactly worse; she was certainly not better.

The white bar came a little further into the mouth.

Dr. Birch breathed more freely. "If we can but keep it there," he said. "If we can prevent its going down the throat again, we shall do."

Alas! it crept round to the other side.

* * * * *

"Poor dear John! poor dear fellow! Dear! Dear! Dear! Dear! Oh, how sad, how sad! I must and will go to him directly. Snowing? What if it is? I cannot get wet in a railway carriage; and what if I did, either? Dear me, if the line should be blocked! But it only came on an hour ago. Ring the bell, dear, please. Oh, Marshall, poor Mrs. Tresham is so much worse, so alarmingly worse! It is dreadful! quite dreadful! and I am going off to her at once."

"What is the use of your going off at [illegible]? Indeed I can't see any good [illegible] row," pronounced Sir Walter, in his sleepy selfish way, chipping off the shell of his egg as he spoke, and examining it with the eye of a connoisseur. "What good will your going do to anybody? And in such atrocious weather to!"

"My dear! but you do not consider what you are saying. It is true I might be but of little use, but at least I could entertain the doctor, and——"

"Ha! ha!" laughed her husband. "So you go to entertain the doctor!"

"It would release dear John, would allow him to devote himself entirely to his——oh, I cannot bear to think of it!" cried the kind creature. "Who knows what may be happening, what may have actually taken place by this time? How could I not go? How could I answer it to my own conscience if that poor dear child were to die——"

"Nonsense! Who talks of dying? You have put yourself into an altogether unnecessary ferment, Adelaide. There is not a word of dying in the letter. Besides, if they were as bad as that, you would be most certainly *de trop*, and would wish yourself back here again."

"I might be a little comfort to him. And John never makes me feel *de trop*."

"Well, well, I daresay not. But don't let us have any more fuss. Drink your tea, my dear, and think it over; there is an abundance of time."

The tea was drunk, but scarcely was the last drop tasted, ere she broke forth again.

"Such a perfect marriage! Everything so suitable! A charming creature, so handsome, so lively, so clever! Poor John! Poor dear John! Who could ever have foreseen an ending like this!"

"Adelaide, do, for pity's sake, not set up that doleful cry again." Sir Walter grew quite testy. "How can I enjoy my chop, or toast, or anything whilst you are making such a din? I like my breakfast to be a pleasant meal; it ought not to be disturbed by disagreeables."

"But, my love——" Lady Adelaide, a pattern wife, was perplexed how to express herself.

The door was opened, and a hot dish was brought to Sir Walter's elbow.

"Muffin? Ah! Nice and brown too. The sort of day to eat muffins on, as somebody says somewhere. Have some muffin, my dear, while it is hot, and let us hear no more of this just now. There will be another letter to-morrow, and a better account, we will hope."

"As if I could wait till to morrow! It is diphtheria, my dear, diphtheria! The most shockingly fatal complaint. Ah! how little we thought——"

"Well, this is most provoking! I thought we had done with it at last, and now you begin it all over again. How can you set yourself to be so unpleasant, Adelaide? One would think you did it on purpose. Here is everything nice and comfortable, just as it ought to be, and I'm not to be allowed to enjoy it. If I cannot have peace and quiet at my meals I would rather go without food altogether."

"I assure you I am really very sorry, my dear. Pray take another cup, such good tea, and the pot is quite full. And Marshall, be so good as to look up Bradshaw at once, and let me know which is the very first train that I can catch to Stoke Ferrington."

"You are really going?" Sir Walter raised his eyebrows.

There was no doubt about her going.

Bells rang, maids hurried hither and thither. Marshall received a summons every five minutes; and my lady, distracted betwixt her duty to her husband, her orders to her housekeeper, the claims of her engagements, the barking of her dogs and the chattering of her parrot, grew every minute more and more bewildered and incoherent.

"Jeannette goes with me, of course. Did I not say so? And Marshall. No, Marshall must stay to attend on his master. Sir Walter must not be inconvenienced. I had better not take Thomas either, it would disturb Sir Walter to drive out without him. What did you say, good Jeannette? Oh, we shall get on very well—admirably. I am not at all afraid."

"Miladi knows the stairshon?" suggested Jeannette, doubtfully.

"Stoke Ferrington, my good girl, Stoke Ferrington is our own station, you know—our station at home. We have only to get there, and the carriage will meet us."

"The carriage, miladi!"

"Oh, well, good Robinson will send us up in his comfortable fly. Or, Mr. Tresham will drive down in the dogcart. Poor dear! of course he will be there to meet us—that is, if he knows we are coming."

"Miladi has sent the message?"

"Have I sent it? Yes—no—I really forget, and it does not signify. I daresay he would never get it if I did, or read it if he got it. No, Marshall, no; thank you for reminding me, but I prefer not to send one. I would not have them troubled on any account at such a time. Mr. Tresham will have quite enough to think of, and it might be inconvenient to send. No, no—we shall get on very well. Jeannette, there is no need for more. Let us take the least possible luggage we can. Why take any? Would not a carpet-bag be sufficient—a carpet bag which you could hang on your arm? Well, well, but let there be as little as possible. No evening dresses, no other bonnet. And now, Jeannette, my mantle. What comforts these fur-lined mantles are, to be sure! Ah! if dear Elizabeth had only worn one of these; but it is too late to regret it now. Has Marshall ordered the cab? Run and see, Jeannette—quick! The time is flying, and cabs go so slowly. Yet I could not take our own poor horses out on such a day. What, not come? Marshall must send——it is come? Then let us be off, at once, at once."

In vain Sir Walter murmured his disapproval—less urgently, indeed, now that his personal comfort was no longer interfered with, but still in uncompromising accents. The front door opened, and out she sailed—her long dress, although on one side held up high enough to do duty for both, trailing far behind her on the other, her hands encumbered with muff, purse and satchel.

"Now, my good man, I will give you double fare if you take us in time for the twelve o'clock train. The twelve o'clock train to Stoke Ferrington, mind not the London twelve o'clock express train."

"All right, ma'am. I'll do it, if it can be done," said the man resolutely casting about in his mind for some round-about streets in which he could spin out the time.

"Is it a block, Jeannette?" Look out and see. What shall we do if it is a block!"

The station, in spite of all strategy, was reached so soon, that Lady Adelaide, forgetting that Brighton is not London, could hardly be persuaded to believe otherwise than that a mass of vehicles obstructed her path, when the halt was made at last.

The cabman, however got his double fare, and she had now the difficulties of the ticket-office to encounter.

But these difficulties had loomed so gigantically before the eyes of the household in B—— Square, that Marshall himself—the magnificent Marshall—had run round through the snowy slushy streets, to save his poor foolish, kind mistress from a hopeless tangle and confusion.

He should have been on the box seat of the cab of course, but my lady had actually driven off whilst he was filling for her the flask of her travelling bag, which she had only produced at the last moment. He was at the station before her, flask in hand. My lady was quite touched; and it never occurred to her to wonder that Marshall should, on his feet, have preceded that indomitable driver with his cab.

She was safely seen into a disengaged carriage, presented with her tickets, which Marshall kept his eye upon, until they were safely stowed away in the satchel; and then, he thought, with Jeannette by her side, she might be brought through; though it was not without a qualm that that the worthy majordomo saw the train depart.

Faster and faster fell the snow.

Ridges formed upon the windows of the railway carriages; and between the flakes which settled on the panes, and slowly melting trickled down outside, and the steam arising from the warmer atmosphere within, the country through which the travellers passed was almost invisible to them.

The hot-water pans rapidly cooled. Every time a door was opened, came in a blast of air so chill, so withering, that the passengers wrapped in their thickly-folded rugs shuddered from head to foot. Guards and porters, with snow-tipped hats and shoulders, blue faces, red noses, watery eyes and palsied hands, struggled with their duties. Travellers, either muffled to the ears in Ulster coats and comforters, or equally well shrouded in seal-skin and Shetland veils, sought the shelter as a haven of refuge.

How dismal, how cross they looked! There was the burly middle-aged man with snow on his whiskers, the soldier with ice on his moustache, the schoolgirl with thin kid gloves, the schoolboy with no gloves at all—each one more wretched, more uncommunicating than the other.

"Horrible!" escaped from Jeannette; but no syllable of complaint crossed the lips of her mistress.

Strange to tell, yet true, Lady Adelaide and her waiting-woman reached Stoke Ferrington in safety, and the only [illegible] they made [illegible]

"Why, this is Beckley! Beckley is on the other side of Stoke Ferrington! Guard! guard! are we in the right train?

"Depends upon where you are going to, ma'am."

"Going? To Stoke Ferrington, to be sure! I know we have passed it, for this is the way we go to London. What shall we do?"

She had to get out and wait in the bitter cold at a little side station for nearly an hour. Yet she never faltered.

"This fire might be a little [illegible], but what there is of it is quite hot. [illegible] nearer, Jeannette—come, my good [illegible] warm your feet as I do. Oh, there is plenty of room—plenty. You are cold as well as I. Ah! I wonder how poor Mrs. Tresham is now? But we must not expect to hear till we are there."

It was late in the afternoon ere the travellers arrived at the Cottage.

"Aunt Adelaide!"

For once in her life, Lady Adelaide had no words. Mutely she gazed into her nephew's face to read the verdict there; and it was with almost an hysterical grasp of relief that she sank down on a seat afterwards.

"Aunt Adelaide!"

"My dear boy!"

"You have come from Brighton on a day like this?"

"My poor John, to be sure I have. How is she?"

"Better—decidedly better. Quite a change since last night. But, my dear aunt——"

John looked perfectly confounded.

"You shall not be troubled with us, my dear. I have thought it all over. We will go down to that good little inn, where I know they will do everything to make us comfortable. Jeannette is to tell the driver—it is all arranged. But I could not help coming, though Sir Walter said it was foolish."

"Foolish!" cried John, seizing both her hands and choking down a great sob in his throat—"foolish! It was the best and the kindest, and—and—there isn't one woman in a thousand would have done it. God bless you, aunt. Neither she nor I will ever forget this."

"Oh, my dear!"

She was quite overcome. Two large, warm tears rolled down her cheeks, and settled on the velvet strings of her bonnet.

"To think of your coming here all by yourself, and fighting your way among porters and cabmen!" continued John, aware of the miseries this involved to his helpless relative. "You, who never travelled alone in your life! And the Priory closed! And not a creature to meet you! But go to the inn you shall not. Here you have come, here you must stay. I wish it were a palace for your sake."

"Dear, kind boy," murmured she. "It was nothing, a mere nothing—so glad—so thankful—such a happy ending——"

John had hurried out of the room. "Coals of fire! Yes, indeed, my little wife, a perfect furnace is about to descend on your head now."

It would doubtless have been more prudent if the knowledge of Lady Adelaide's arrival could have been concealed from the sick one.

But independently of the fact that in so small a dwelling it was difficult to conceal any event that took place, John felt that he owed it to his aunt to let her journey and its object be known.

True, had he suggested secrecy, she would not only have acquiesced without a murmur, but would have instantly felt that she had been imprudent in expecting anything else; but it would have been a disappointment which he could not have borne to inflict. More, it would have been an injustice. Elizabeth must know, ought to know, the true worth of one whom she valued so slightly.

Although weak, the invalid was now on the way to recover; and he felt he might venture on the announcement without danger of harming her.

Like his own, her first emotion was one of extreme surprise.

"John! Aunt Adelaide! What for? How did she come? How long has she been here?"

"When I wrote yesterday, dear, you were very ill. Dr. Birch was anxious about you. I could not disguise it in my letter, and it they only received this morning. The better report I sent to-day will not arrive there till to-morrow."

"And you mean that Sir Walter and Lady Adelaide set off on the strength of that letter?"

"Not Sir Walter. He is safe at Brighton."

"John, did she come by herself?"

"By herself; bringing that French girl with her."

"On this dreadful day!"

"Drove up from the station in that old jangling fly with its broken window, and was preparing to sleep to-night at the public-house."

"You will not let her?"

"No, dear, no. It is all settled. And now, Elizabeth, what do you think of the poor aunt now?"

Elizabeth's pale face flushed.

"I should like to see her."

On tiptoe Lady Adelaide came, her long silk dress rustling behind her all the way upstairs, and getting itself shut into the doorway as she approached the bedside.

None of them once thought of the infection.

Lady Adelaide stooped to kiss her neice, and Elizabeth threw her arms around her neck.

"She may call me clever every day of my life from this time henceforth, but I will never think of her as a fool again."—*Blackwood.*

THE NEW GAME.

The dead-beat permits nothing to get ahead of him except a funeral procession. Yesterday a seedy genteel, who seemed to be greatly excited, rushed into a place on Woodward avenue and wildly inquired if they had a telephone there. Being answered in the affirmative, he rushed to the instrument, threw his hat on the floor and called out:

"Hello! Central office—for Heaven's sake hello! hello! hello!"

"Is there a fire?" asked the merchant.

"Fire! keep still—wait—oh! Heaven's! why don't they answer me! Hello! Central office! Ah! I have them! Connect me with sub-office on Duffield street—quick—life depends!"

"Somebody dying?" asked the merchant.

"Keep still—for your life keep still! Ah! sub-office! Connect me with No. — Cass avenue as soon as you can! Hello! hello! Mary? Ah! it is her! Mary, your mother has been run over by a street car on Jefferson avenue and will die! I'll bring her up in a carriage! Get everything ready! Send James for the doctor—good bye!"

"Somebody hurt?" asked the merchant.

"Somebody hurt? No! Yes! I'm half crazy! I must get a carriage. Ah! left my wallet at the office down the river! I'll tell Mary—no, I'll ask you for $2 until I come down after dinner!"

The merchant looked at the fellow for a few seconds and then walked to the telephone. The sub-office was saying:

"Who was getting off that rigmarole to Mary, and who was Mary? We don't connect with No. — Cass avenue! If you don't stop your nonsense we'll cut you off!"

The merchant turned to overhaul his customer, but shabby genteel had slid. Perhaps he took his poor mother up on a wheelbarrow.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE N. Y. DOG SHOW.

The Fourth Annual Exhibition of the Westminster Kennel Club.

Mr. Charles Lincoln, superintendent of the fourth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, which is to be held at the Madison Square Garden, New York, on April 27, 28 and 29, is receiving entries. A considerable number have already been made. Heretofore exhibitors waited until near the opening before making application for space. There will be an unusual number of foreign dogs on exhibition this year, and the Western breeders, who last year kept out of the Eastern exhibitions, will be on hand in strong force. One reason for this more than usual interest is the fact that this show will probably be the only one of any magnitude held in the United States this year. Mr. Lincoln says that they will expect to have 1,500 dogs on exhibition. The largest show ever held heretofore was that at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, England, last spring; 1,300 dogs were then on exhibition. The entries at the last New York exhibition were 965. Mr. Hugh Dalyiel, kennel editor of the London *Field*, has been invited to act as one of the judges, and it is understood that he will consent to act. Prince Albert Solms and Rev. Mr. Mandona, two of the most experienced European judges, have signified their intention of making entries, and will no doubt be present. The entries will close on April 12.

—Those who have traced the problem back have ascertained that the cat was born to earth before the mouse was. The latter was loosely flung together, given a long tail, and told to git up and git or the cat would have him.

—A New York sheriff has seized half a million eggs on a debt.

TAKING CARE OF BABIES.

Some Very Simple Common Sense Advice Concerning the Treatment of Infants.

Some years ago in describing the Black Country, possibly the most uncultured locality in England, *Punch* had a picture, with its text. A brutal fellow was beating his wife because she had given the milk to the baby instead of the bull dog pup. Grotesque as this story may seem, and possibly exaggerated, the fact remains very much the same, that a great many people, not only in England, but in the United States, bestow more care on their fancy chickens, or on their dogs, than their own children. It may not be that they have more affection for the brute creation than for their own offspring, but they assume too much on the vitality of children, and think that care spent on them is time wasted. Even the cultured people seem to be quite indifferent as to the very necessary care which children—young children—should have, and have apparently an idea that the same rules which govern the rearing of fancy animals ought not to hold good in regard to infants. Putting aside all those maternal instincts which it is supposable all mothers feel, a good deal of ignorance is displayed even by educated women in regard to the rearing of their infants. It is not love that is wanting, only common sense is absent. There is that question of dress. It is very charming to have a "curled darling," and to see his little rosy limbs; they are all the prettier because they are unclad, but in the desire to show off a nude child, or a partially undressed one, a real-human sacrifice is often made. We, in this country, adopted some time ago an English style of dressing children, which has not yet entirely gone out of vogue. If mothers were *decolette*, and their maturer charms could better stand the stress of weather, babies were dressed as little as possible. When French people are called upon to admire English babies, if they are fine stalwart children, they sometimes say: "Yes it is a fine child, but you English go through a certain amount of stirpiculture. You put so little clothing on your children that about half of them die. These specimens which I see—fine ones, no doubt—have been endowed with an extra vigorous nature, that is all, and have not been killed." With our change of climate, we want all the difference in clothing for a child, from the slightest garment to the heaviest, in accordance with the seasons. An infant cannot complain—it cannot say it is hot or cold—and before one is aware of it illness caused by exposure comes. Many a congestion of the lungs and decline arises from a very stupid ignorance of the commonest laws regarding the clothing of infants. Though the French are very perfect as to the food of the child, they do many absurd things with those swaddling clothes, in which infants are bound up. Warmth for young children is imperative; it is almost as important as proper nutrition. We bathe children, both in this country and in England, much more frequently than in France or Germany, possibly because with us water is more plenty. Of course, all mothers knows that a bath removes the secretions from the skin of the child, and helps it in all its animal functions. Still, how many people there are of foreign birth in the United States, who eschew water for their children as if it were poison. Heads of children which are diseased from want of that good cleaning which water gives are often considered by ignorant persons as indicative of the strong health of the child. "Stop this scurf," they say "and the child will die." The bed a child sleeps in should be most carefully considered. The oldfashioned cradle, measured though its memory may be, is simply an abomination. What is wanted for an infant is an airy couch, something through which, at certain times, both the sun and air can come. Shut-up places for children to sleep in are nothing better than coffins. It is a very bad plan for a mother, if she have curtains to her bed, to inclose the crib which holds her baby under the same drapery. There is not fresh or pure air enough for one, much less for two. Just the rules which were indicated some time ago for the sleeping rooms for grown persons hold good for infants. There must be light and air. At birth a child does not want a glare of light, and the too violent rays of the sun may be kept away, but good and fresh air, not the confined atmosphere of a sick room, is what will give an infant life. It is not wise to deck a mother's room with flowers in honor of an auspicious event, for the finest bouquet is just as bad, under such circumstances, as would be a smoking kerosene lamp. As to the covering an infant requires when sleeping, nothing requires more judgment. It is a stupid habit to pile things on a baby, as if he were an Esquimaux within a mile of the North Pole. It is not the thickness or quantity of material which keeps a child warm, but its imperviousness. Of course, a child does not want rubber clothing, but it is easy to make a proper selection of such stuffs as will keep it comfortable when it is asleep. Questions have been asked as to the use of baby-carriages for infants. Their use is justified in a thousand instances, and it is unnecessary to state them, but to send out a child even of 3 years of age on a cold day in a baby-carriage is a cruelty. The body may be warm, but the head and the tender ears, no matter how they are clad, must suffer. It is just as bad, when it is freezing, to air a child in a carriage as to expose it, without any shade, to the sun when the thermometer is at 100° Fahrenheit. The best nurse is she who, having a child in a carriage, after a half hour's stroll, takes it out for a while, moves its position, then puts her charge back. The worst thing is to believe that an infant is a torpid creature. The era of the baby jumper, has, thank goodness, passed away, and with it the number of spavined children have sensibly diminished.

CANADIAN ARMAMENTS.

(From the United Service Gazette, Feb. 14)

Apropos of the interesting work of Captain Colcomb, just issued from the press, entitled "The Defence of Great and Greater Britain," it is extremely satisfactory to observe that the recommendations of Sir Edward Selby Smyth, which he has so persistently urged on the attention of the Canadian Government, are taking effect, and proving the immense advantage to the empire of having officers of high standing and merit in such important commands as those of the militia and defences of Canada.

To those who have good sense sufficient to regard Canada as a most powerful ally in case of need, both at sea and on land, it cannot appear otherwise than remarkable that such a command should not be looked on as secondary only to that of India, and treated as such. It should be remembered that we have no longer the power to raise troops in Germany and Italy, as was done during the Crimean war. Those sources of supply are cut off forever, and we must now depend more and more on the fighting capabilities of the empire itself. All praise, then, to such officers as General Selby Smyth, who, fully appreciating the store of first-class fighting material under the Canadian command, do their best to develop it under even discouraging circumstances—discouraging from the fact that the press and public opinion of England are so absorbed in Eastern squabbles and home politics that small attention is afforded to the grand reserve so capable of development in the Great West. Soldiers, sailors and ships—such ships as would make admirable armed cruisers—are there to be found in abundance, as also a large number of well-trained officers and soldiers. Powder also is manufactured in the country, but Canada had no small arms cartridge factory and she had not the remotest idea how to make a rifled cannon. Both have, however, become *faits accompli*. When the manufacture of rifled cannon was first mooted, it was pronounced impossible. But General Smyth knew that he had under his command an officer of the highest scientific attainments in Colonel T. B. Strange, R. A., the inspector of artillery in Canada, and to him the matter was referred, with the result that the Canadians have already tested a 64 Pdr. rifled gun, and with the further result that twelve rifled cannon have been ordered to be made at Montreal, together with their carriages (suitable for sea service), and 6,000 rounds of shot and shell, the contract for which has been duly signed. Two of the guns ordered are Palliser 7-inch long breech loaders, and the other 64-Pdr. converted guns. But the Canadians have also recognized the want of a small arm factory, and General Smyth has inspected desirable buildings at Quebec for this service, whence an officer of the Canadian regular artillery and a bombardier are to proceed at once to Woolwich to go through a course of instruction for the factory. But Canada again is not stopping here. An excellent military college, under Colonel Hewett, R. E., trains young gentlemen for engineer, artillery, and the line, and two schools of artillery, one under Colonel Strange at Quebec, and one under Colonel Irwin at Kingston, complete the training of artillery officers. This is sound and satisfactory progress, building up from the very foundations the necessary elements of military power.

That Canada could, however, do much unaided by the mother country, we do not believe. She could, of course, defend her harbors, and materially assist the Royal Navy in protecting her merchant fleet. But something more than this might be looked for. What, we ask, would be the position of Canada in the empire if, after continued self-progress, such as we have pointed out, England were to subsidise her with two millions or three millions of money to enable her to put forth her full strength in case of war, and to take her part in the West, as India does so well in the East? We believe that General Smyth, and the English and Canadian officers under him, could give a very fair estimate of what Canada could do. When it is known that her supply of hardy sailors is almost unlimited; that her armed cruisers would appear in numbers in every sea, if required; and that an army corps complete would be ready to sail for any destination; less will be heard of war rumors, of volunteer fleets, and all such at present rather alarming threats—alarming, because the Western preparations of the British Empire are progressing, and not yet complete.

MISSING MAGGIE M'VEY.

The Warden of Elgin County Speaks.

A few days ago we published a letter written by a "lady" in Elgin county regarding the mysterious disappearance of Maggie McVey, which has caused no small excitement in some party of the country. The following reply appears in the last issue of the St. Thomas *Times*:

SIR,—I notice in your issue of the 26th ult. an extraordinary production under the caption of "A lady's opinion of the mystery," referring to the unfortunate disappearance of Miss Maggie McVey in Nov., 1878. This lady commenced by telling the public that the mystery is yet unsolved, which is the only truthful statement referring to the matter contained in the lengthy epistle, if the production deserves such a respectable term. I have the scurrilous article before me whilst I write, and referring to myself, it states: "We notice our Warden's (James Martin) statements in the St. Thomas *Journal* are quite different from any we have yet heard, in saying his little girl accompanied Maggie McVey on her last errand of driving the cows from the field," and the article further says that "The public always understood that one particular cow, which Maggie had been in the habit of milking, was that night missing." Now, who does this scribe call the public? I never heard such a statement, nor can I find any one else who ever heard it before. The next sentence calls upon me to reconsider the matter and see if I was not mistaken in expressing the belief to the Council, that I thought the girl met with a cruel death near her father's home. Now, Mr. Editor, there is not one word of truth contained in the above quotations. I will state for the information of the public, that my little girl and Maggie's youngest sister, a playmate of my daughter, were in company with the missing girl when she started to bring home the cows from the field, but when part way along the lane, it was so very muddy that the little girls returned, and Maggie proceeded onward, it being but a short distance, at furthest, to the field. Maggie has never been seen by her parents since that fatal hour—fatal to the family and their friends. But now comes the basest and most contemptible assertion in the untruthful and scurrilous article:—"The neighbors' houses were rashly intruded upon to varnish the suspicions that were gathering about the doors of the friends and parents of the lost girl." Mr. Editor, the English language is too barren for me to find words to express my contempt for any man or person base enough to utter such a vile insinuation, and probe deeper the wounds of a bleeding heart. As far as Mr. McVey's character is concerned, it needs no recommendation from myself. He has spent the greater part of his existence on the farm on which he now lives, and on which his child was lost; and for respectability of character and social standing in society, he stands second to none in our township, notwithstanding a "lady's" statement to the contrary. Mr. Editor, I have not the least idea that I am replying to the opinion of a lady; I can see in my mind's eye the hideous outlines of a blood-thirsty-tiger clothed in a garb of a pure and innocent lamb. No, I would not prostitute that sacred word "lady," so much as to associate it with such vile scribbling. Again:—"Maggie was an idiot," another vile, slanderous, wicked lie. I ought to know all about poor Maggie, I fondled her on my knee many times when she was a bright and beautiful child, but the poor girl was always unfortunate. When from four to six years of age she was subject to severe spasms or fits. These she eventually outgrew, but her intellect was somewhat impaired by the excessive strain on the nervous system, and this is what her parents' vilifiers call an idiot. Again:—"She was never known to go beyond the portals of her father premises." I have known her, like other girls, to go frequently around to the neighbors, and as far as three miles from her home. But it is needless to continue. I only write to place the matter in its truthful light before an intelligent and reading public. Those parties who complain that they are the victims of suspicion must go from two to three miles from Mr. McVey's residence to find where that suspicion originated. Mr. Editor, I have now given to the public the plain unvarnished truth regarding this unfortunate occurrence and I repeat again what I stated to the talented and able body of men, the Elgin County Council, that I look upon the abduction as one of the darkest crimes in the criminal calendar of our county. I shall take no further notice of any anonymous scribbling, for "men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." Mr. Editor, the nature of the case is all the apology I have to offer for the length of my letter.

JAMES MARTIN.

Yarmouth, March 3rd, 1880.

INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE.

Notice to Re-open the Case in the Court of Chancery.

In the Court of Chancery on Tuesday, before Vice-Chancellor Proudfoot, Mr. Crooks made application to re-open the case of the International Bridge Co. vs. Canada Southern Railway, and of the Canada Southern vs. International Bridge Co. The trial of these cases took place some time ago, when the Vice-Chancellor reserved judgment. In the meantime the same questions—which are also at issue in the United States Courts—were brought on before Mr. Justice Wallace, of the United States Court for the Northern District of New York, in the form of a motion by the counsel for the Bridge Company to dismiss the petition of the Canada Southern, filed for the purpose having the rate of tolls determined by the Courts. This motion of the Bridge Company was refused by Judge Wallace. The application is made to re-open the case here for the purpose of admitting more evidence, particularly in reply to that of Hon. E. C. Sprague, of Buffalo, who had been called as an expert by the Bridge Company to testify as to the interpretation to be placed upon United States law. Accordingly yesterday the Canada Southern called for the same purpose Mr. Albert P. Laning, another prominent legal gentleman of Buffalo, whose evidence was principally in reference to the proceedings recently had before Judge Wallace, ending with the production of his Lordship's decision, on the preliminary motion which was adverse to the Bridge Company. A lengthy argument ensued between Hon. Mr. Crooks and Mr. Walter Cassels for and against the admissibility of such evidence—viz., in regard to the [illegible] of foreign evidence, and what is admissible as such—and at the close his Lordship intimated that as questions of great importance and extreme nicety were involved in the case, he would be obliged still further to defer delivery of judgment. Mr. Bell, Q. C., and Mr. Walter Cassels appeared for the Bridge Company, and Hon. Mr. Crooks, Q. C., and Mr. Cattanach for the Canada Southern.

—The San Jose (Cal.) *Herald*, in reviewing a recent Wilhemj concert, says: "The audience that sat in the California Theatre last evening is supposed to have represented the culture and intelligence of San Jose, being composed of a few persons who understand and appreciate classical music, and a great many more who like to create the impression that they understand Chopin, when they honestly prefer simple melodies and ballads. Those to whom classical music is Sanskrit were the most demonstrative in their approbation of William J.'s fiddling, and in trying to show their 'culture,' they revealed their lack of its most woefully. We have had occasion to growl about the bad theatre manners of San Jose, but we want to be understood now as double discounting any previous growl—as hoisting a hoarse expression of complete dissatisfaction clear from the diaphragm, as it were."

—The latest importation of Hamburg embroideries show a tendency to the revival of open work. English wheels, diamonds, squares, Greek borders, palms, and arabesques, together with geometric and architectural designs, flowers and foliated patterns, all made up of tiny open squares and round holes.

—A Virginia sheriff asked a murderer if he wanted to make a speech on the gallows, and he replied, "Guess not; it looks like rain, and I don't want to get wet. Go on with the hanging."

For Rheumatism and Nervousness use Edison's Electric Belts. They act upon the nervous [illegible]

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Tight Lacing.

It would seem almost a waste of [illegible] to declaim against the custom of tight-lacing, but we can sometimes use a case to point a moral and serve as an illustration. Such was the case of Emma Plant, an English servant girl, who died suddenly in Norwood not long since, and whose death a coroner's inquest decided to be due to tight lacing. Of course the act of death was only the closing scene in a drama of dying by inches for weeks or months; or, at least, ever since she began the foolish practice which restricted her to just nineteen years of existence. It is useless to argue with the perversity of taste which sees beauty in an utter want of proportion between bust and waist, nor, apparently, is much to be gained by telling the fair fanatics who indulge that, while doctors condemn and denounce the practice, artists abominate it and the creature known as marriageable man never like it. Yet at least let those who set the fashion to silly girls like the last victim of tight stays read Charles Reade's story of "A Simpleton," where they will find "sermon with illustration and application combined."

Sleep.

A writer, telling of sleep, says that it will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia, particularly that variety which is known as nervous dyspepsia. It will relieve the langour and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure the headache. It will cure neuralgia. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed we might make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure.

Coffee in Typhoid Fever.

Dr. Guillasse, of the French Navy, recommends coffee in typhoid fever. He says: "Coffee has given us unhoped-for satisfaction after having dispensed it, we find, to our great surprise, that its action is as prompt as it is decisive. No sooner have our patients taken a few tablespoonsful of it than their features become relaxed and they come to their senses. The next day the improvement is such that we are tempted to look upon coffee as a specific against typhoid fever. Under its influence the stupor is dispelled, and the patient rouses from the state of somnolency in which he has been since the invasion of the disease. Soon all the functions take their natural course and he enters upon convalescence." He gives two or three tablespoonfuls of strong black coffee every three hours.

The Value of Cereals as Food.

In a lecture on the chemistry of food Prof. Church gives some points in regard to diet which are suggestive and practical. In speaking of the cereals or grains, he says the best of all for bread making purposes is wheat. This is believed to be due principally to the character of the nitrogeneous matter of wheat. The main constituent is fibrine, and it can be readily obtained for examination by making a little flour into a dough and water, and then washing the starch out by means of a stream of water. There is then left a grayish-yellow, tough elastic mass, which is gluten. Speaking of peas, beans, and various kinds of pulse, it was pointed out how much more nearly the different kinds agree in composition than the cereals do. The great drawback to the use of various kinds of pulse is that they are difficult to digest. They are an excellent theoretical food, according to analysis, but they are a severe tax on digestion. Of all the beans none presents a better typical food than the Soy bean. Lentils have been much spoken of lately as a good food, and they undoubtedly approach to a good typical food, but they are bitter, astringent, and not easy of digestion. It has come to be pretty well recognized that the food of man doing hard work should have flesh formers to heat-givers in proportion of 1 to 4½, and that the food of a child should have 1 to 7. Bread gives 1 to 7½, while the heat-givers are even more than a child wants; so it is not a good food by itself. Pulse gives (taking an average) 1 to 2½, which is far too small. In the calculations heat givers are reckoned as starch. Potatoes give 1 to 10, according to the latest analysis, the old, 1 to 8, being evidently in error. Onions is 1 to 4, an excellent proportion, though onions are not much in favor as food. In looking at the relative values of flesh formers and the heat givers in foods the actual amount of water must not be forgotten.

A Lady on Gymnastics.

For many years past I have been convinced that the mania for gymnastic exercises, athletic development, and muscular power has been productive of a vast deal of harm. Years ago the theory in vogue for gaining health was dieting, and hundreds of people dieted themselves into insanity or the grave. Now the mania is for exercise, and hundreds of young men, and (although it may seem to be a ridiculous statement) young women also, are killing themselves by "exercise." Nature rebels at "knotted" muscles, and requires the full payment of a serious penalty whenever the folly is perpetrated of developing muscle as a business, through the swinging of dumb-bells and Indian clubs. The long walks, which are taken too frequently and with quite too much vim, under the influence of a spirit of emulation or to win a bet, are productive of far more injury than benefit. But, most of all, I want to call attention to the idea of daily bathing. It is a simple form of suicide, lacking the element of crime, because done through ignorance, lacking the horror, because it also lacks the crimson stains and mangled form of the ordinary suicide.

Our young men are not content until they are scrubbed bald-headed by the willing barber, and look in their youth very "near of kin," indeed, to their aged grandsires. Were it not for the exceeding tenderness and the quick rebellion when the whiskers are tampered with, and the fact that fashion benevolently and fortunately guards them, no doubt they, too, would be shampooed out of existence so effectually as to leave the "coming man" without that becoming adornment.

The poor body is literally scrubbed out of existence. Nature guards her outposts very jealously, but she cannot do double duty in one direction without signal failure in some other. Consequently, when the surface of the body is daily denuded of the cuticle under the vigorous application of the barbarous "coarse towel," she must repair damages at the expense of the digestion or the natural eliminations of morbid matter; some organ loses the harmony with its fellows which is necessary to a perfect whole. Cleanliness is not only "next to godliness," but a very large part of it, and it is highly important that bathing should be employed as a hygienic force; but not the shower bath when an exhausted body is slowly waking from an unnatural sleep; nor a cold sponge when the day's duties have exhausted mind and body both. To change the clothing frequently and permit a thorough airing, to expose the entire surface of the body for a few moments to the air of the room on rising and retiring, a light brushing with a soft brush or a fine towel, and a good bath once or twice a week are all that an American can endure and retain health. Light exercise of those muscles not called into play in the daily routine is also desirable, but it should be calisthenic, not gymnastic, and should not include a vigorous pounding of the chest, than which nothing can be worse for the lungs.

A LADY PHYSICIAN.

MODERN PHILANTHROPY.

A tender-hearted stranger of well-to-do exterior, passing by the broad stone steps of Warsaw Cathedral, perceived a poorly dressed woman crouched at their foot, weeping loudly and wringing her hands in deep tribulation. Touched by her evident distress, he stopped and asked her what was the matter. "Kind, gracious sir," replied the sobbing woman, "I am the most unfortunate creature in the world. I want to get my baby christened, but the Pope demands two roubles, and I have not a single copeck." "Is that all?" observed the pitiful stranger; "take this five rouble note, go straight to the Pope, pay him his christening fee, and bring me out the three roubles change." With joyful promptitude the recipient of his bounty entered the church, whence she presently emerged with three silver roubles, which she handed over to her benefactor, expressing her heartfelt gratitude for his timely succor, and her surprise at his apparently disinterested kindness. "My good woman," answered the philanthropist, with a beaming smile, "your astonishment is uncalled for. You see, I am one of those people who cannot bear to contemplate the unhappiness of their fellow creatures. I must always see joyous faces around me. Besides, everybody concerned in the transaction is profited by it. The Pope has got his fee, your child will be christened, your mind is at ease, and I have derived three good silver roubles from a benevolent action and—a bad five-rouble note!"

—Two Chatham farmers have of late been overtaken in the act of violating the market by-law, by disposing of their produce among the townspeople without coming to the market to pay their fees. One added a trifle over $4 to the Police Court treasury and the other deposited $6.

—It has been asked by 400,000 people "Why is a ship spoken of as 'she'?" Because it always rigs.

Edison's Absorbent Belts will cure Biliousness. (See pamphlet.)

North-Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO.,

["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."]

TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 156. MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1880. POSTAGE PREPAID.

pole adoration, but I imagine the more conservating class still consider our system of government experimental, and who fear to risk their fortune with the foremost republic of the age. It is not strange that they seem much in our political disturbances, and in the constant strife for party supremacy, to remove American institutions, but it is a fact equally patent that we are not alone in our misery. Among the Dominion people who are constantly in contact, will be found those born in old England, those of English descent, born under quite a better portion of the French Canadian element. In the Province of Ontario, the English preponderate, and, in fact, it is essentially an English community. Quebec has a great portion of the French population, and it really is very many characteristics the two Provinces are very dissimilar.

FIGHTING WITH WOLVES.

A Farmer's Desperate Struggle With Famished Animals.

OGDAY, N. Y., *March 9.*—During the present winter, farmers living in sparsely settled portions of Bradford County, Penn., have suffered much loss by the invasions of wolves. The animals have ventured into places heretofore exceedingly shy, yet upon occasions when rendered desperate by hunger or seeing no chance for escape, they fight furiously. The losses thus plaged such farmers among cattle for the past few months that the inhabitants now in arms and determined upon a policy of extermination, but thus far the attempts have met with great success, as the animals baffled pursuit. Valentine White, one of the oldest settlers of Bradford County, resides a few miles south of Clermont. He has cleared a good sized farm, and is to some extent isolated from his neighbors. Around Mr. White's farm is a dense forest, almost untouched by the hammer. Deer, deer and wolf are abundant, notwithstanding the inroads of settlers and the ever-ready hunters. In the rear of Mr. White's house is a large frame barn, with great cracks, made by dropping boards. A few mornings ago White went out to feed his stock as he reached the barn he heard an unusual commotion inside. Thinking some of the animals had broken loose, he did not open the front door, lest they should escape, but opened it himself through a large aperture left by a broken board. As soon as he entered the upper compartment, he saw in the middle of the barn floor a heifer which had torn herself from the stanchion by main force, and broken one horn in the act. Clinging to her muzzel was a large gaunt wolf, with its long, sharp teeth fastened in the animal's nose with a bull dog grip, while another was trying to hamstring the poor creature.

The bellowing of the heifer, the snarling of the wolves, and the rattling of the loose horn floor made a deafening racket, and the human intruder was unnoticed. The new shock threw off like a thunderbolt, and the heifer, with the wolves, had not quitted the yard a few days ago a family friend noticed to break the news to Miss Brown, who had just married the younger son, who had been absent from home a few months, and was expected.

—The Russian government have just made an exclusively significant discovery. For years past the private sales of gunpowder from the Empire have not exceeded in value 700,000 rubles. In 1879, however, the returns reached the sum of 1,000,000 rubles. The inquiries not unnaturally is that the revolutionary party is secreting large stores of powder and shot somewhere or other, and a searching investigation has been begun.

—Personally Sardou is the most charming of men, thoroughly *gamin de Paris*, and free from affectation, and quite one of the most brilliant men in conversation of which France can country *par excellence* of conversation—can boast. If there is any fault to be found in his conversation it is that he is a little too rapid, too nervous and effervescent, too full of ideas, too much like one possessed when excited by conversation, letting off fireworks of wit and fancy by the ream.

—A well-known clergyman was crossing Lake Erie, many years ago, upon one of the lake steamers, and seeing a small lad at the wheel, steering the boat expressed surprise that so small a lad should be placed in such a responsible position. At the request of the clergyman he became half the company, and then said it bothered. He then asked the clergyman to repeat the Lord's Prayer backward, and he would steer the boat while he was doing it. The clergyman said he could not. The lad added: "Now, you see I understand my business a great deal more than you do, you do know." The clergyman was astonished at the lad's wisdom.

—The Bazaar of Bonin is not the only place in Europe in fear of his life. The Sultan of Turkey is persuaded that Her Majesty the Queen of England is in the same predicament, but she is seriously considering the matter, and has sought advice from her brother, the Emperor of Russia, in this case the would be assassins are not Russian, but "Russian refugees," which is the phrase for "home rulers." It seems, from the Vienna Post, that when Parliament was opened the government had such apprehensions of an attempt on the Queen by the Irish Fenians that it really is not the Queen who is the object of fear, but the Irish.

FOOLING WITH WOLVES.

—Mr. H. Hamilton, who plays The Ghost in "Hamlet," was a supple in "Rip Van Winkle," was a supple in "Rip Van Winkle," was a supple in "Rip Van Winkle

G. P. AYLSWORTH,
INSPECTOR OF COLO[illegible]
Madoc.

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[illegible]-Side door.

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will continue his visits to Madoc village,
strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of
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N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at
Mann's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly
attended to. 59

JOHN G. DEANS,
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Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

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DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
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TO FARMERS
Desirous of buying or of improving their
farms, or removing
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EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.
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North Hastings Review

MADOC, MARCH 25, 1880.

Special Notice!

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 1ST, we propose changing the REVIEW from its present shape to an eight-page, 40 col. newspaper. No reduction will be made in the size, only changed from a four to an eight-page. We have also decided to reduce the price to $1.25 per annum, if paid in advance, or within three months from the date of subscribing. Subscriptions running over that time will positively be charged $1.50, and at the end of six months discontinued. We have been giving one, two, and three year's credit to several parties, only to find when too late, that they were worthless. We cannot afford to do a business of this kind any longer, and unless a large number who we now owe our books pay up before the 1st of April, they need not expect the REVIEW after that date, but may look for the bailiff with a notice for the next Division Court. Now is the time to send in new subscriptions and renewals.

THE great annual University boat race in England, between the Oxford and Cambridge crews, took place on Monday on the Thames resulting in a victory for the former by three boat lengths. Since the commencement of these races in 1836 Oxford has won 18 and Cambridge 17.

GRAND Secretary J. B. King, of the I. O. O. F., has just issued from his office in Toronto an abstract of the semi-annual returns of the grand lodge of Ontario for 1879. The total number of lodges in existence at the end of the year was 184, with an aggregate membership of 12,286, against 12,542 per last report. The disbursements in the shape of relief were as follows:—Amount paid for sick benefits, $13,852.70; for support of widows, $5,959.82; for charity, $2,035.27; for burying the dead, $2,078.03. Total relief, $23,925.82—an average of $130 per lodge. This relief was extended to 1,211 sick brothers and 184 widows. The death rate was one in 153½. The finances of the Order remain in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding the heavy demands made upon them last year, as shown by the above figures.

THE *Mail* says Ireland is far from being the only country which is at present suffering from a widespread national calamity, but, owing to our intimate connection with her people, the famine under which they are perishing has altogether obscured from view the greater evils of more remote lands. The ravages of diptheria are stated to have carried off 40,000 people in two Russian Provinces since November last, whole villages being almost depopulated. Famine is making terrible headway in Persia, there being 30,000 starving families near Oroomiah with little chance of any outside alleviation of their distress. The Silesian famine; the distress in Hungary from the same cause, and the destructive floods in Tripoli, also combine to make this season memorable as one of extreme suffering and destitution in widely separated lands.

English Missions on the Hastings Road.

(Concluded from last week.)

After Mr. Whitmarsh left Madoc Rev. Percy Smith came in his stead. During his time things did not progress so well. He was a delicate young man, and however much he may have been inclined, lacked the energy of his predecessor. He seemed to know he was not fitted by nature any more than inclination for an itinerant; so he left in a short time, and it was quite a little while before another more fitting than he could be obtained. Rev. Kearney Leonard Jones was the next. It is evident that this worthy is, no doubt, well remembered, and, I hope, well appreciated by almost every old settler, and a great many of the now grown up young men and women, with feelings of pleasurable regret. He did his work in every part of the mission well and nobly; as also did Mr. Mockridge his successor; Mr. Low likewise, and our present incumbent, Mr. Poole, (whose mission I hope may be life-long) must in time be appreciated by every right-thinking person, as he is at present by those who have the happiness of knowing him. I know that the "Anglican" clergy have brought bags of clothing, provisions, books, etc., for the poor on the back road. In their "comfortable places" the "Anglican" clergy do not seem to quite lose sight of the poor afar off, who do not repose on Abraham's bosom, but on, I may say, in some instances, the bare mother earth. These church "bigwigs" come at all seasons and in all weather. They do not come to take up "collections" or "beg." I have known instances in which they have given money from their pockets—and I hope it is no greater crime in the eye of the public to be rich in a spirit of charity, than it is to be poor in worldly wealth. I know also that they have never received anything excepting a *very few* who could well afford to give; am a witness to all the above facts; do not take it on hearsay; and which facts cannot be gainsayed in any one particular. Could write a good deal on the same subject. There have been a few Presbyterian missionaries within the last few years, good and pious young men; I was always glad to see them and hear them. I well remember on one occasion when Mr. McIvea came here from the Allen settlement. It happened to be the same Sunday which saw Mr. Mockridge had laid out for his regular service, and at the identical hour. The two gentlemen met outside the schoolhouse, looked into each other's eyes, and were friends at once. They then arranged to have divine service turn about; the two congregations went to together every about, on that same day, and afterwards each minister came every alternate Sunday. My husband and I have always assumed the same line of conduct in every way towards the ministers of all christian denominations. I also answer for those clergy in whose company I have been, of our church, that in my travels with them out on their missions, in their homes, in my own house, at no time have I ever heard anything expressive of jealousy or bigotry. Indeed so far from that, after a resident minister was fairly established in each of those out stations, Mr. Poole expressed his satisfaction openly, that the Gospel would be preached to the people in the back country; as he could not give a service as regularly as formerly, or as he would wish. On the 22nd January last, the money taken at the annual "missionary meeting" report from the money given by the members of the E. C.) was 60c. On that same evening also, mention was made repeatedly of the fact of the union of all christian churches being very near at hand, from signs of the times; the fact of Dr. Livingston, a Presbyterian, was given, showing that he had work to the English Church Universities for men and means to carry out successfully his great African project. Other instances were given to show how the great work was being worked on. It is enough to say that all concerned have been in the same spirit of toleration and charity that they should be.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours truly,
A. S.

Millbridge, March 8th, 1880.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

I notice that my first letter, in which I impeached the character of the missionary meeting held here by the Anglican Clergymen, has made a wonderful howl in the camp. Mr. Poole has shown by both his letters that he is not prepared to let the true facts of the case stand on their own merits. He has endeavored to evade the truth by questioning my veracity for the statement which I made, but has not dared to contradict them, being, I am willing to believe, too conscientious for that. Other reinforcements have arrived, owing he is not able to stand alone, and have taken up their position in the arena, some of whom brandish a weapon which is supposed by them to be more formidable than conscientiousness—but proves disastrous to their own cause. It is evident that they intend to slay me if they can, for they have "more passed me about like bees." The words of the sainted John Wesley come to me very forcibly, and seem appropriate to my own case just now, viz.:—

"Into a world of ruffians sent
I walk on hostile ground;
While human hears on slaughter bent
And ravenous wolves surround."

The readers of the REVIEW have at once detected without very close observation, that there is a contradiction between the testimony of themselves, which enables me to deal with the matter more summarily, as the evidence of some, if not all of them is at once cancelled, there not being a mutual agreement; therefore we have a right to reject the testimony as not valid. For instance, Mr. Poole does not deny what I have said in my letter; Mrs. Norman emphatically declares that nothing was said about any denomination but what was complimentary; Mr. Morris, third opponent, acknowledges the whole thing, and intimates that he was ordained to perform that duty, which he characterizes as the "banishing and driving away erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's word." I can fancy that both Mr. P. and Mr. M. wish by this time that Mrs. N. had not interfered in the matter. It certainly betrays a weak and slinking spirit on the part of those who endeavor to make capital out of the fact that I was not present at the meeting, when they cannot dare to contradict my statements. It shows something worse even than cowardice on the part of Mrs. Norman, who in the face of the evidence of so many who are just as "respectable and trustworthy" as she is, whose names I can furnish if necessary, would dare to assert what she did, and endeavor to misconstrue the meaning of my words as she did, and charge me with writing what is not contained in my letter. I would not attempt to reply to three opponents at once, but for the fact that they have well nigh outdone themselves, and have left me little to do. There is nothing in Mr. Poole's letter to which to reply; Mrs. Norman's does not deserve a reply; Mr. Morris therefore must chiefly occupy my attention in my following remarks.

I have read Mr. Morris' letter over carefully again and again, and fail to discover anything in it which ought to come from the pen of one having all the gifts and qualifications which he professes to possess. The production is certainly a very laborious work, and evidently meant to impress the readers with the impression that it was written very hurriedly, (perhaps it was) while it was doubtless in a process of incubation since the 12th of February—nearly a whole month—during which time he labored hard, it is to be presumed, to evolve what he supposed to be a deep and masterly production; and one can see at a glance there is a conceited desire to have the readers of the REVIEW believe that he is a person of very much knowledge. Certainly the matter would suffer a great deal of condensation yet, for it appears before the public in a very frothy or vaporous state, and if reduced to a solid form, would make a small bulk of sound sense. He also labored hard to hold me up to ridicule as a person having a simplicity of character, a limited knowledge of the world, and lacking christian charity. The former two are not very serious charges. The third, if proved, does not weaken my cause, as a plain character is likely to state a plain truth. I confess I did not resort to any trickery or sophistry, but only the logic contained in the artless statement of my plain fact. It is a sign of a weak cause when its advocate has to resort to the practice of bolstering it up with artificial deception, which Mr. Morris and his colleagues have done. As to my limited acquaintance with the world—my youth and inexperience he makes mean—I allow that our very learned friend ought to have the advantage over me there; but while youth may be pointed out by him as a fault or reproach, surely age may be considered contemptible, when its opportunities have not been improved, and in spite of a broad and boasted experience, the man remains a victim of ignorance; not even having rid himself of the superstitions of the dark ages, or ceased to be a believer in myths, his soul more than ever narrowed by a long indulgence of an insolent spirit of sectarian bigotry, the judgment still blinded by prejudice, and his zeal being that of a mere partisan. I am accused of being uncharitable because I called qualities by their right names! What else should I do? Is it not more honest to speak out in a few plain words what you want to express, than to hide the weapon under the cloak and then approach in pretended friendship, intending to stab? Mr. Morris evidently prefers getting under the shelter of an assumed christian charity, in order to level at me his venom-pointed darts of arrogance, effrontery and insult. "He that" says the wise man, "hateth, dissembleth with his lips, and layeth up deceit within him; when he speaketh fair believe him not, for there are seven abominations in his heart." These are the kind of individuals who have "stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in."

But, sir, when we examine that which Mr. Morris intended for the kernel of his letter, we find it contains no substantiated truth, but simply some ungrounded assertions. Coming out in his true colors, flaunting his flag of ecclesiastical exclusiveness, he boldly declares his unbelief in the validity of the ministry of all dissenting branches of the Christian Church, maintaining that they are only laymen. He labors under the delusion as many more of the same ring, and runs away with the idea that assertion on his part is argument and declarations crushing proofs. He gives us to understand, however, that he has reserved his principal evidence, viz. the traditions of the Fathers of the Church. In the *present letter* we beg to reply: (1) If the testimony of the Fathers is all he can produce, it is not sufficient, for a great deal of what is termed the testimony of the Apostolic Fathers has long ago been proved to be spurious matter—a source from which the advocates of a sinking cause are always willing to draw, when authenticated history will not favor them. (2) He cannot prove his doctrine from Holy Writ, and that which will not stand the test of Scripture cannot be accepted as true. That three orders of ministers always existed from the Apostle's time is certainly not taught in the New Testament. It can be easily shown that the terms *bishops* and *presbyters* express the same order, though in a later period of the Church's history they were made to express different offices; but every candid student must acknowledge that those terms were used promiscuously in the first ages of the Church. It cannot be proved from Scripture that the power of ordination was given to bishops to the exclusion of presbyters, or to ordaining the latter assisted the former. Now, sir, the question resolves itself into this shape: After the apostleship had ceased, which I presume is admitted by Mr. Morris, to have been conferred by those immediately commissioned by Christ to witness the fact of His miracles, and to reveal the complete system of Christian doctrine and duty, no minister could be set apart for a bishopric save John Wesley, though he might be placed in a higher office by the presbytery. Leaving offers out of the question, which were only created some time after the Apostles for the sake of convenience, whatever power any minister of the Christian Church had imparted to him by another through the laying on of hands, John Wesley possessed. Then according to Mr. Morris' own reasoning, what Wesley had he could bestow upon another. If the mere imposition of hands were a sacrament, (which we do not hold, as Mr. Morris seems to do) and conveyed something to the one on whose head the hands are laid, then the successors of Wesley are in the possession of that which it is supposed to convey, for John Wesley, assisted by Rev. James Creighton, a presbyter of the Church of England, on the second day of September, 1784, by the imposition of hands ordained Coke as superintendent or bishop of the Methodist Societies in America. At the same time he ordained Richard Whatcoat, and Thomas Vasey. Coke proceeded to America and ordained Francis Asbury first as deacon, then as a presbyter, and finally as a bishop. In 1786 Wesley ordained six more for Scotland, and in 1787 three were made for England. And in all these cases the "certificate of ordination gave them authority "to administer the sacraments of the Baptism and the Lord's Supper, according to the usages of the Church of England." This same authority has been transmitted to the successors of Wesley, thus enabling us to claim the same power, so much boasted of by certain ministers of the Church of England. But, sir, the kind of "unbroken succession" contended for by Mr. Morris and his colleagues can not be proven, as I am prepared to show in my next letter. In conclusion let me just remind Mr. Morris that if a few ministers going over from one Church to another, which he makes such a loud cry about, is very significant, what does he make out of the large accessions that are taking place every year from the ministry of his Church to the Church of Rome. Only a few weeks ago such a movement took place. What does that mean? We believe it to be very significant. We believe it to mean this,—that those that never had much place in Protestantism, except in name—who have rather clogged than helped to roll the Reformation wheel, are falling back into the ranks of those to whom they properly belong, there to go down with the "man of sin," while true Protestantism will continue on its march of moral reform and evangelization.

T. B. WILSON.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE!
FIVE PLOWS, CHEAP.
Apply to JOHN MOUNCEY.
Madoc, March 25th, 1880. 156

MRS. MARRIN,
DRESSMAKER
O'FLYNN'S BLOCK, MADOC.
Ladies' Cloaks and Dresses made to order in the latest style.
ROOMS - UP-STAIRS. 156

NOTICE!
I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that I will not be answerable for any debts contracted by my wife, Susan R[illegible], having left me without just cause.
ROBERT BEST.
Madoc, March 22nd, 1880. 156-4t

E. B. FRALECK, B. A.,
BARRISTER, &c.
No. 17, Campbell St., Belleville,
AGENT FOR
Bristol & West of England Investment Company,
The only purely English Company loaning money in this Province, and consequently interest less than can be offered by any other Company. Instalments from 2 years up to 20, at 5½ per cent. $152 per year for 10 years pays off a loan of $1000, principal and interest. Straight loans at 8 and 8½ per cent. Borrowers have the advantage of paying repayments on account of principal—[illegible]sion. $500,000 Private funds to loan at 8½ per cent. payable yearly. Charges reasonable.
Belleville, March 25th, 1880.

AUCTION SALE
OF VALUABLE
Farm Property!
IN THE—
TOWNSHIP OF ELZIVER,
—IN THE—
COUNTY OF HASTINGS.
THERE WILL BE SOLD, ON
Friday, April 16th, 1880
at one o'clock, in the afternoon,
AT MOON'S HOTEL,
IN THE VILLAGE OF MADOC,
by virtue of Powers of Sale contained in certain Mortgages, which will be produced at the Sale, the following Properties:

PARCEL I.

Under Mortgage from Edward Kehoe, the East half of Lot No. 2, in the 3rd Concession of the Township of Elziver, County of Hastings, containing One hundred acres, more or less.

The following improvements are said to be on the premises:—About 40 acres cleared, having erected thereon a Log House, Log Stable and Barn; situated about seven miles from Madoc.

PARCEL II.

Under Mortgage from Timothy Lynagh; the West half of Lot 4, in the 1st Concession of the Township of Elziver, in the County of Hastings, containing 122 acres, more or less.

The following improvements are said to be on the premises:—About 35 acres cleared, having erected thereon a Log House and Log Stable.

TERMS:—One-tenth of the purchase money to be paid down on the day of sale. For balance, terms will be made known at the sale.

For further particulars apply to
JONES BROS. & MACKENZIE,
Solicitors, Masonic Hall, Toronto.
Or to
S. D. ROSS, Esq., Madoc.
Toronto, March 17th, 1880.

JAMES WILSON, ESQ., SEN.,
TREASURER,
In account with the municipality of the united townships of
CARLOW AND MAYO.

1879.		Dr.	
Mar. 6	To amt balance on hand,	$35 45	
" "	" Taxes, 1877,	2 74	
" "	" " 1878,	97 01	
" "	" Clergy Reserves,	8 85	
" "	" Church Rents,	7 08	
" "	" County Grant,	200 00	
" "	" Taxes, 1879,	416 13	
" "	" to bal. due Treasurer	59 17	
		$1,726 43	
1879.		Cr.	
June.	By paid School Debentures,	$305 92	
" "	" Bridge, Bridge path, Masters, &c.,	327 65	
" "	" Teachers, &c. S.S. No. 1	288 31	
" "	" " " 2	171 25	
" "	" " " 3	55 94	
" "	" " " 4	58 68	
" "	" Clerk's salary (registrations, election fees)	61 50	
" "	" Treasurer's bal. 1878	40 00	
" "	" " " 1879	40 00	
" "	" Printing 1878-9	33 96	
" "	" Wm. J. Hughes, bal. salary	20 00	
" "	" Revve, postage,	15 00	
" "	" J. Story, Col. R. all	10 24	
" "	" Int. on County Tax,	5 44	
" "	" Stationery,	4 37	
" "	" County Tax,	180 84	
" "	" Collector's salary,	50 00	
" "	" Auditor's fees,	8 00	
" "	" Commissioners and Commissioners' fees,	42 00	
" "	" Legal advice,	3 00	
" "	" Postage	2 48	
" "	" Registering By-laws	1 65	
" "	" Collectors of Jurors	1 00	
		$1,726 43	

Balance due Treasurer, as above, $59.17.

We, the undersigned duly appointed auditors, having examined the Treasurer's Books and Accounts, and compared the foregoing items with the vouchers, find the same correct as stated above.

WM. WADDINGTON, } Auditors.
E. D. WILSON,

Carlow & Mayo, Feb. 20th, 1880.

HENDERSON & HENDERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c. Chambers,—Graham Block, Belleville, Ont.
O. E. HENDERSON, Q.C. H. E. HENDERSON, Barrister, &c.
Money to Loan, &c. 151

TEACHER WANTED.
FOR School Section No. 3, Dungannon and Faraday. Third-class Certificate or permit. Duties to commence on April 1st.—Salary $18 per month. Address
F. MULLETT, Secretary,
153-3t Bronson P. O.

MISS M. A. CUMMINGS,
GRADUATE of St. Mary of the Lake Convent, Kingston, is prepared to receive Music Pupils in Madoc and immediate vicinity.
TERMS MODERATE.
All information required may be had by calling at the residence of Rev. Father Davis.

TIES! TIES!
I AM now prepared to make contracts for any quantity of HEMLOCK, TAMARAC, OAK, or ROCK ELM TIES, delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Nov. 22nd, 1879. 127

NOTICE.
ALL parties are hereby forbidden trespassing on Lots numbers Two and Three, in the Second concession of the Township of Madoc, as the undersigned hold the above lots by deed and lease.
CHAS. J. PUSEY,
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, February 16th, 1880.

NOTICE.
ALL parties are hereby forbid trespassing on the east half of Lot No. 2, 1st concession of Madoc, as the undersigned holds the above lot by deed.
WILLIAM WEST.
Madoc, March 10th. 1880. 154-4

NOTICE.
THE Merchants of Madoc are hereby forbid giving goods on credit to any person to my name, without my written order or consent, as I will not be responsible for the same.
MARY DECLAIR.
Madoc, March 10th. 1880.

TO BE LET.
LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.
Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

NOTICE.
THE undersigned offer for sale the mineral right of lot 19, in the 6th con. of Madoc. This lot adjoins the famous Richardson mine, and is believed to contain a vast deposit of gold and hematite iron ore.
—ALSO—
The mineral right in over 5,000 acres of land in Marmora, Madoc, and Elziver, and the townships of Lake, Tudor, Grimsthorpe, and Hungerford. Apply to
HENDERSON & HENDERSON,
Barristers, Belleville.
Belleville, Feb. 13th, 1880. 151

HOUSE AND LOT
FOR SALE OR TO LET,
Situated or corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the
VILLAGE OF MADOC.
ALSO
A Small Shop to Let,
Opposite Harper's Block.
WM. MOORE.

New Business.
HAVING purchased the stock and business lately carried on by G. M. Brooks, and having re-fitted up the premises and added a large amount of new stock, I am now prepared to supply the public with
FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES
of all kinds, comprising
Teas, Sugars, Coffees,
SPICES, TOBACCOS,
Canned Fruit of every Variety,
CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS.
Special attention called to our assortment of
CROCKERY & GLASSWARE
which will be found very complete. A choice stock of PURE WHISKIES, BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, &c., imported direct from the manufacturers, just received.
Farmers' Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for Goods.
Remember the place,—nearly opposite the store of Sydney Ross & Co.
D. W. WRIGHT.
Madoc, March 3rd, 1880.

FISH! FISH! FISH!
JUST RECEIVED,
WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING.
Wholesale and Retail.
—ALSO—
CROCKERY
AND
GLASSWARE.
Sets, - $2.00 and $2.50.
A LARGE STOCK OF
Groceries & Provisions
constantly kept on hand.
The highest price paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.
J. HARPER.
Madoc, December 17th, 1879.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
TENDERS for a second 100 miles section WEST OF RED RIVER will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March next.
The section will extend from the end of the 45th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.
Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Office, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.
By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,
OTTAWA, 11th Feb., 1880.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
RAILWAY.
Tenders for Rolling Stock.
TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz.:—
20 Locomotive Engines,
16 First-class Cars, (a proportion being sleepers,)
20 Second-class Cars, do
3 Express and Baggage Cars,
3 Postal and Smoking Cars,
240 Box Freight Cars,
100 Flat Cars,
2 Wing Ploughs,
2 Snow Ploughs,
2 Flangers,
40 Hand Cars.
THE WHOLE TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA, and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.
Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.
Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.
By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
Dept. Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 7th Feb., 1880.

MADOC BAKERY
James Latimer
BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and surrounding country that he has commenced business as
BAKER AND CONFECTIONER
and will do his utmost to supply his patrons with first-class
Bread & Graham Bread,
DELIVERED DAILY.
Furnishings for Socials and Tea Meetings got up on the shortest notice.
BUNS,
PASTRY,
PIES,
AND CHEWING CANDY,
All of my own make.
Remember the Place—Corner of the Hastings Road.

Holiday Goods!!
A full and complete stock of
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
AND
FANCY GOODS,
Also a choice assortment of
Children's Toys,
and other articles suitable for the present
HOLIDAY SEASON,
will be found at
RAWE'S,
IN THE WILSON BLOCK.
Madoc, December 11th, 1879.

1879 and 1880.
FRESH
X'Mas Groceries
Gray & McGregor,
Victoria Block, Madoc,
HAVE RECEIVED
FRESH LAYER RAISINS,
VALENTIA RAISINS,
SULTANA RAISINS,
NEW CURRANTS,
NEW FIGS,
DRIED APPLES,
CITRON, ORANGE, LEMON PEEL,
VALENTIA ORANGES,
VALENTIA LEMONS,
CANNED PEACHES,
do PEARS,
do CORN,
do GREEN PEAS,
do LOBSTERS,
do SALMON,
do COOKED CORN BEEF
do LUNCH TONGUE,
ORANGE MARMALADE,
PRESERVED GINGER,
POTTED MEATS,
The Celebrated Diamond Brand Oysters
EINNAN HADDIES,
BLOATERS, CODFISH,
LABRADOR HERRINGS,
—ALSO—
A CHOICE STOCK OF
CONFECTIONERY.
Madoc, Dec. 17th, 1879.

MADOC
Carriage Deposit
&c., &c.
BRISTOL & Bro
Beg to [illegible] their sincere thanks to the public generally for the [illegible] liberal support given them in the past.
They were awarded first prize on their Top Buggy, fitted up with their handy turnout Patent Seat, also first prize on their Cutter with the famous turnout seat for two or four persons, with other prizes and three Dominion Medals at the grand Dominion Exhibition in Ottawa. Also, at the Midland Central Fair, Kingston, Napanee, Belleville, and other places, many first and other prizes too numerous to mention, and they confidently solicit the continued patronage of their friends and customers.
W. B. & Bro. are determined to sell, and sell cheap, both at home and abroad, CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, and BOBS of all descriptions, made of the best assorted seasoned timber, for the purpose of maintaining their reputation and doing justice to customers. Their wood and blacksmith shops are under their immediate personal supervision, and parties giving orders may depend on their being executed with fidelity, economy and despatch.
GENERAL JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
W. BRISTOL & BRO.

MADOC
Boot and Shoe Store.
"Just the Thing Madoc Wanted!"
A First-Class Boot and Shoe Establishment.
Messrs. GRANT & POTTER,
OF BELLEVILLE AND MADOC,
Having secured the whole of the premises in Wright's Block lately known as the "Cheap Store," and having thoroughly refitted it, have now opened out a full and complete stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES, TRUNKS, VALISES, &C.
As we deal in nothing but the above lines, and buying in very large quantities FOR CASH, we can afford to sell cheaper than any house in Madoc or Belleville. This is no puff or blow, but a genuine fact, which is easily proved by calling on us and inspecting our stock and comparing our prices with other establishments.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Jobbers and small dealers liberally dealt with.
D. FOX, GRANT & POTTER.
Manager of Madoc Store.
FARMERS PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

JUST RECEIVED,
150 PIECES GRAY COTTONS,
50 " STEAMLOOMS,
All of which we intend to sell at the old prices.
Now is the time to Secure Bargains.
O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
POST OFFICE BLOCK.
Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1880.

WRIGHT'S
Grocery, Provision,
WINE & LIQUOR STORE,
(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858.)
NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,
On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,
WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS
GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS,
(A SPECIALITY.)
FRUITS IN SEASON.
WINE, BRANDY, GIN, SPIRITS, ALES
AND PORTERS,
of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.
—ALSO—
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL AT THE LOWEST CASH PR[illegible]
JANE WRIGHT.
Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

...Shoes.

...KINDS...

...MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

...ADE UP TO ORDER ON ...E SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

...MORRICE'S

...OOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the ...th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

In all the different styles and sizes.

...CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

HARNESS! HARNESS!

P. SINCLAIR

...REMOVED HIS HARNESS SHOP TO

DALE'S BLOCK!

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, ...adoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S.

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand ...made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and ...kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

29 GEORGE CHOWN.

...ONEY TO LOAN!

...E CANADA

...CREDIT COMPANY,

...NTO, ONT.

... Madoc and Vicinity:

... off a Mortgage?

...ouse or Barn?

...ents by fencing or clearing?

...house?

...Landed Credit Company.

...PER CENT. INTEREST

...ame given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

...ther particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

...adoc April 2nd, 1877. 1

...ms made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.

A. F. WOOD.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

...ill be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

...with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

...and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

...HE READY PAY SYSTEM

...be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

...July 30th, 1879. 122

...RK and BACON

...0 Bbls. of Pork

...ry New Canadian Mess,

—ALSO—

...0 lbs. Long Clear Bacon,

FOR SALE BY

...T. R. McRAE,

BELLEVILLE.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. ...
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
O. RUPORT, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P.O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P.O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P.O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
E. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133.
Meets first Friday in each month.
B. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P.O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P.O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge, No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, April 1st,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

FRED. S. TABER, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, March 29th

At 8 o'clock.

J. MOUNCEY, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday, April 20th,

at the hour of 7.30 p.m. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

JAMES O'HARA, Jr., Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday, November 3rd, trains will run as follows:

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 8 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 10.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p.m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.05

Belleville time.

B. LUTTRELL,
General Superintendent.

Crowded Out.

A number of communications are crowded out of this issue. They will appear as we get room for them.

Asbestos.

A correspondent writing from Marmora sends Asbestos, of good quality, has been found on the farm of Mr. J. Terrion, of that township.

Bridge Repairs.

The bridge over Deer Creek, in this village, is to have a new covering of heavy plank, and other necessary repairs made soon. The work will be done under the direction of Mr. J. Francis, County Surveyor.

Real Estate Sale.

Mr. S. Taber's sale of house and lot takes place on Saturday. By reference to advt. in another column it will be seen that he has changed the terms, which are now one-half cash, balance as may be agreed upon.

Lost and Found.

On Saturday night last a gentleman from the country lost a $20 gold piece near Moon's Hotel, in this village. It was, however, found on Sunday, and delivered up to the fortunate owner of so much wealth.

Irish Relief.

A few days ago Mr. E. L. Weiss, on behalf of the Madoc Lodge of Oddfellows, deposited the sum of $50, the net proceeds of their concert on the 17th inst., in aid of the Irish sufferers, in the Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn. The money will be cabled through the Merchants' Bank of Canada direct to the Duchess of Marlborough.

Rich Discovery.

On Monday last a rich discovery of both gold and iron was made on the farm of Mr. William McCoy, lot 19, 7th con. Madoc. The gold vein, we are informed, has been traced directly to the Richardson mine, and the iron ore is of the very best quality. The property has been purchased by Mr. Jacob Caldwell, of this village.

Fire.

Last evening between 8 and 9 o'clock a fire broke out in a small one-story frame house in the rear of the foundry, owned by Mr. John White, and occupied by some members of his family who were living here, entirely consuming it. Everything in the house was saved, therefore the loss amounts only to the value of the building, which will be very light. The fire is supposed to have caught from the stovepipe.

Home Again.

Mr. B. S. Jenkins, who left this village on the 1st inst. for Manitoba, returned home again Saturday evening last. He was not in any way dissatisfied with the country, but owing to a disappointment in some business arrangements he had expected to make, concluded that for the present there was no place like home. He was accompanied out by Master White, second son of Rev. H. Kenner, of Hastings, formerly of this place, who joined his brother, Harry Kenner, for some time a resident in that western country.

Athletics.

We are pleased to learn that Prof. E. W. Johnston, champion all-round Caledonian athlete of the world, will open a class in this village if sufficient names can be secured. The Prof. has a first-class reputation as an athletic instructor, having been engaged nearly all winter in the gymnasium of the Mechanics' Institute, Belleville, and as such an opportunity is not often secured for our young men to g... ...ties developed, no doubt the re... ...will easily be obtained. Those ... will leave their names with ...

Building in Madoc.

Building operations in Madoc promise to be unusually brisk this summer, and it is evident that a large number of business and private buildings will go up. Already some of them are in the contractor's hands, and during the next month a good many more will be commenced. Mr. John Harper has given the contract to Messrs. Gray and Guffin for the erection of a two-story frame block on Durham street, north of the O'Flynn property, at which men are already at work. The building will be 24x30, containing two stores on the ground floor, with rooms overhead. It is expected to be ready for occupation in about six or eight weeks.

Tenders for the erection of a new hotel for Mrs. Moon have been received, and will be awarded in a few days. From an inspection of the plans, which were drawn by Evans & Belger, Belleville, we find that the new building will have a 66 feet front by 43 feet in depth, will be built of brick, three stories high, with mansard roof. The main entrance will be in the centre of the building, passing through a vestibule into the hall, which is fifteen feet wide. On the left is a large reading room, 19x19, and in the rear an office and coat room, with wash room in rear of that. On the right of the hall are two large commercial rooms, separated by a hall from the bar, which is in the back part of the building. A balcony projects from the hall in the second story, and the second and third stories are divided up into parlors and chambers. On the north end will be a passage way for teams, arched over. The present dining room, kitchen, etc., will be joined to the new front. The estimated cost, we understand, is between $5,000 and $6,000. The building from the outside will have a very imposing appearance, and for convenience and accommodation will be equal to any other in the county.

The M. E. Church congregation have fully decided to erect a new edifice this season, at a cost not exceeding $8,000, but have not finally fixed its location yet. It is altogether probable, however, it will be on Durham street, on a lot of Mr. E. D. O'Flynn's, which that gentleman has offered. The building will be 80x40, brick, with all the latest improvements. The plans have not yet arrived, but no doubt they will show something handsome.

Workmen are engaged on the new grain warehouse at the station, and it will be completed in good time for this season's crop.

In future we will surely have sufficient hotel accommodation. Mr. George Conley has about completed his arrangements in the old Cross building, and expects to throw his new hotel open to the public in a week or two. The building has undergone a complete transformation, and when completed will afford all the conveniences of a first-class house. On the south side a wide hall runs the whole length of the building, and to the right are situated reading and sitting rooms, with the bar at the rear. The second and third stories are divided into parlors and bed rooms. The dining room is in the rear on the first floor, and the kitchen under that. The new hotel will present a very pleasing appearance, and under good management will no doubt become popular with the public.

Wilson's brick block, for which, as we stated a few weeks ago, the contract has been let, will add greatly to the appearance of our main street. It will fill up the entire vacant place between his present premises and Moon's hotel; is three stories high, and will contain three large stores and a stairway on the first floor. The second story will be fitted up for offices, and the third story will be converted into a large hall for the use of the Oddfellows, who have already rented it.

Preparations are being made for the erecting of a number of private houses, which will be noticed hereafter.

School Examinations.

The quarterly examinations in the Madoc Model School will be held on Thursday and Friday of next week, as follows:—Thursday forenoon, Miss Wootton's department; afternoon, Miss Choquette's; Friday forenoon, Miss Riddell's; afternoon, Mr. Kirk's. The public are invited to be present.

Needs Fixing.

The sidewalk leading to the station, near the corner of Dufferin street, is sadly in need of a little assistance from the Street Surveyor in order to put it in a safe condition for pedestrians. From some cause or other one side is a good many inches lower than the other, and that over a deep water hole, which makes it extremely interesting for any person to walk over when it is slightly covered with snow or ice. There are also other places in the village we are informed, that need looking after.

Fatal Runaway at Stirling.

A frightful accident took place yesterday morning at the Stirling station which resulted fatally to a boy named William Martin, about 16 years of age. He had driven to the station for a load of lumber, and when the train from Hastings came down the horse took fright and ran away, upsetting the waggon on the boy, a stake from which penetrated the calf of his leg, and in this position he was dragged a distance of about eighty yards before the horse broke loose. He was carried into the station and medical aid summoned, but died soon afterwards.

Athletic Entertainment.

The entertainment given by Prof. E. W. Johnston and a number of the members of his Belleville class, in this village on Friday evening last, reflected great credit on that gentleman as an athletic instructor, and upon his class as apt and skillful pupils. A much larger audience was present than we had expected to see, considering the short notice given, and it is safe to say all were well satisfied with the performance. The dumb-bell exercises and club-swinging by members of the class, Messrs. Wallace, Drewry, Macoun, and Gillen, led by the Prof., were well and artistically executed, as were also the single club acts by the latter and Mr. Drewry. In the standing high jump Mr. Johnston cleared the poll at 5 ft. 2½ in., half an inch higher than his best performance at Belleville. Wallace and Drewry cleared at 4ft. 6in. each. These last named also showed good skill in the running high jump, Mr. Johnston leading at 6 ft. 2½ in. The high kicking was left to Johnston and Wallace, the latter's best not being announced, but the former reached the tin at a height of 9 ft. 8 in. Mr. L. Hyman, a gentleman weighing only 145 pounds, astonished the audience by his wonderful feats of heavy dumb-bell lifting, such as raising a 90 lb. bell in one hand and a 40 lb. one in the other, and balancing a 50 lb. bell in each hand at arm's length. Mr. Hyman, we believe, justly claims the amateur heavy-weight championship of America. The trapeze act by Mr. Goodwin, tumbling and horizontal bar exercises by the different members of the class displayed their agility to perfection, some exceedingly difficult and daring feats being executed. During the evening A. F. Wood, Esq., made a few remarks, expressing his approval of this system of muscular development, and his pleasure on learning that Prof. Johnston was about to start a similar class in this village, which he believed could not fail to be conducive of good. Altogether the performance was highly creditable to all concerned, those who took part conducting themselves during their stay here in the most gentlemanly manner. The Madoc Brass Band supplied music during the evening.

MINING NEWS.

Yesterday we paid a visit to the Gatling gold mine, situated on lot 9, in the 8th con., Marmora. As noticed in a former issue, this mine is now being worked by R. P. Rothwell, Esq., of New York, for a number of capitalists in that city. Should the tests now being made prove as satisfactory as expected the property will be purchased by these gentlemen for the sum of $210,000. About 80 men are at present employed, the work being carried on night and day. The mill, a twenty-stamp one, runs steadily from 6 o'clock, a.m. on Monday morning to 11 p.m. on Saturday night. The main shaft, to the bottom of which we descended, is nearly 120 feet deep, the vein still continuing downwards. At a depth of about 80 feet are two levels, each extending about 30 feet. The ore taken from this shaft is nearly pure mispickel, associated with quartz and calcspar. Shafts are now being sunk at intervals along a distance of fully 1500 feet, the vein showing a width of from 3 to 15 feet. In our next issue we purpose giving a more extended notice.

Some excellent ore is now being taken out of the Emily mine, and the vein is steadily improving. As a consequence the proprietors feel very "jubilant" over their prospects.

Nothing is being done at the Deans & Williams at present.

Accident.

Last evening as *Mr. Orrin McTaggert* was riding home through the village on one horse, leading another, the animals ran away, and when opposite *Major Rawe's* residence both stumbled and fell, throwing him violently to the ground, dislocating his left shoulder. Dr. Dafoe attended to his injuries and hopes soon to have him all right again.

BIRTH.

JAMES.—On Thursday, 18th March, the wife of Mr. E. James, Postmaster, Bridgewater, of a daughter.

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

FOR SALE IN MADOC.

THAT valuable Building Lot forming part of No. 1, situate on the south-west corner of Durham and St. Lawrence Streets, in the incorporated village of Madoc. Frontages on Durham Street, 73 ft. 6 inches, and on St. Lawrence Street (exclusive of a lane 12 ft. in width,) 218 feet 7 inches to Deer Creek.

This Lot is situate in the centre of the business portion of the flourishing Village of Madoc, and peculiarly adapted from its unrivalled position for a first class block of buildings.

For terms, &c., apply to the owner,

Mrs. JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, 5th March, 1880. 154

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A GOOD Frame House and Lot, situated on St. Lawrence street, nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Orrin Dunn, in the flourishing village of Madoc. The house is in good repair, and there is also on the premises a good stable and never-failing well of water. For particulars apply to

WILLIAM MULLETT,
140-3m Proprietor, Madoc.

NOTICE!

FOR SALE OR TO LEASE,

FOR a term of years, an undivided one-quarter interest in Lot 2, 2nd Concession, Madoc, 200 acres. On this lot there is an inexhaustible Bed of Magnetic Iron Ore, of excellent quality, and within easy distance of the Railway. Apply to the Proprietor,

GEO. E. HENDERSON,
Barrister,
Feb'y 11th, 1880. Belleville.

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate, and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

Gold and Iron.

West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.

THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.

A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.

Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE PROPERTY,

IN THE RISING

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

THE undersigned will sell by public auction, on SATURDAY, MARCH 27th, a HOUSE AND LOT, situated on St. Lawrence Street, opposite the Town Hall. The house is 36x48 feet, one-story and a half high, and in good repair. There is also on the lot a good frame barn, 18x24. The lot is one quarter acre.

TERMS—One-half cash, balance as may be agreed upon. Title indisputable. Possession given April 10th.

Sale at 1 o'clock, on the premises.

T. SCOTT, Auctioneer. SAMUEL TABER, Proprietor.

March 15th, 1880.

NOTICE.

North Hastings License District.

A TAVERN LICENSE

Authorizes the sale of Liquors in quantities of less than one quart, which may be drank in the Tavern,

A SHOP LICENSE

Authorizes the sale of Liquor in quantities of not less than three half pints, none to be consumed within the building of which such shops form a part, by persons not usually resident therein.

Particular attention is drawn to the difference between "Tavern" and "Shop" Licenses.

This part of the law will be strictly enforced hereafter.

Applications for Licenses for the year 1880-81, must be made as follows:—

For Shop Licenses, on or before the 1st April.

For Tavern Licenses, on or before the 15th April next.

Blank forms of application may be had of the Inspector at his office in the village of Madoc.

J. S. SPRAGUE, M. D., Chairman.
E. MOUNCEY, Inspector.

Madoc, March 17th, 1880.

FOR SALE!

LOT 11, in the 15th Concession, Township of Wollaston. Over 30 acres cleared. Good log barn, also logs hewed for a large barn. Soil deep and free of stone. Good springs close to the barn. Terms easy. For particulars apply to

MRS. KATE ELLIOTT,
146. Tweed P.O., Ont.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The undersigned, having disposed of his Grocery and Liquor Business to Mr. D. W. Wright, would return thanks to his numerous friends and the public generally for their liberal patronage during the past thirteen years, and would respectfully ask for a continuance of the same patronage to his successor in the business.

All parties indebted to me, either by Note or Book Account, are notified that the same must be settled within the next thirty days, either by Cash or Note, or costs will be made.

G. M. BROOKS.

Madoc, Feb. 25th, 1880.

GRAIN, GRAIN!

MR. A. F. WOOD

WOULD take this means of announcing to the farmers in this vicinity, that as soon as he can get the Storehouse, which he has secured from Mr. Thos. Cross, fitted up, he will be in the market as a buyer of all kinds of grain, for which, as heretofore, he will be prepared to pay the highest prices.

December 23rd, 1879.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has dissolved partnership with E. B. Fraleck, and is continuing his general practice in No. 2, Ashley Block, over Bank of Commerce, opposite Anglo-American Hotel, Belleville. Any quantity of private money to loan on reasonable terms and in sums to suit borrowers. Straight loans only. He represents no Building Society or other Loan Company at 5½ or 6½ per cent., as advertised by others. It is too cheap to be good.

HUGH BLAIR,
Attorney-at-Law,
Solicitor in Chancery,
Notary Public, &c.

Belleville, Jan. 28th, 1880. 148

Terrible Explosion

AT MADOC.

500 KEGS OF POWDER

On hand, to meet all demands made for Mining, Exploring and Blasting.

Also, Fuse and Dualin, to be had at lowest prices possible.

Apply to THOS. CROSS, Madoc.

H. S. McMINN, Agent,
Hamilton Powder Co.

NEW BAKERY!

THE subscriber begs to inform the citizens of this village and surrounding country, that he has again commenced business as

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER

IN THE

Old Stand on Elgin St.

Having secured the services of a

FIRST-CLASS WORKMAN!

I am prepared to guarantee a

Good Quality of Bread, Pastry,

or anything in that line, at the very lowest Cash prices.

Livery Stable!

I am also continuing my Livery business, and will furnish on short notice

First-Class Horses and Comfortable Rigs,

on very reasonable terms.

Residence and Stables on Elgin Street.

JOSEPH SHALTRY,
Proprietor.

Madoc, February 11th, 1880.

MADOC

Flour & Feed Store

I BEG to announce to the citizens of Madoc and the public generally, that I have opened out in the

VICTORIA BLOCK

a first-class Grocery, Flour and Feed Store, and am now fully prepared to attend to the wants of customers.

CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR,
CORNMEAL,
OATMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
BRAN, SHORTS,
AND
CRACKED FEED

of every description, kept constantly on hand.

PRIME MESS PORK.

By the barrel or pound.

GROCERIES,

CONSISTING OF

Teas, Sugars, Raisins, Currants, SPICES, TOBACCOS, &c., &c.

Highest Cash Price Paid

FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

All goods purchased from me will be delivered free to any part of the village.

TERMS ... CASH.

...ERT ROLLINS.

Boots!! Boots!!

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has lately opened a Boot and Shoe Shop in the Village of Madoc, and is prepared to execute all orders in the above line in a first-class manner and at low rates. Particular attention given to repairing and all kinds of custom work. Give me a call.

M. RAE.

Shop—Directly opposite Bristol's Carriage Works. 141

IRON.

FOR SALE AT

Wilson's Drug Store,

A FIRST-CLASS LOT OF

MILLER'S

IRON-BOUND BOOKS,

—AT—

PUBLISHERS' PRICES.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS;

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

MADOC P...

The undersigned having removed their Planing ... Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up ...

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Bl... Factory,

...e now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

CORSETS.

We have a full range of sizes in the different makes of the Crompton Corset Co'y, which will be sold at low prices.

Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, March 11th, 1880.

NEW GOODS,

at Low Pric...

AT

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

CALL FOR THE GREAT

SIERRA NEVADA SMOKING!

At C. G. Wilson's Drug Store, one of the most delicious aromas ever smoked. Cures colds, catarrh, asthma, and all bronchial complaints. Singers and speakers use it successfully. M. L. SMITH, Arkona, Ont.

E. L. WE...

Watchma...

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

$20,000 TO LOAN.

AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to

GEO. A. SKINNER,
140 Solicitor, &c., Stirling.

ST. CATHARINES NURSERIES.

A full assortment of sple...

FRUIT & ORNAMENT...

ORDERS BY MAIL ... ful and promp...

AGENTS W...

To take Orders in ... PA...

Should call and ... passed. Pric... by saving the... Address, ...

14...

[illegible]

—Peter Murray.

Asbed Beach, Feb. 4, 1880.

AN ARCADIAN REVENGE.

A Sketch of English Society in 1879.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"Depend upon it, my dear sir, there is a system of compensation: I, for example, occupy a position in the country beyond my talents, while you possess talents that are considerably above what is necessary—ahem—to a person of your condition of life."

This amazing speech was addressed to me confidentially in the smoking-room of our common club one night, by Mr. Dornoway-Dicke, after we had dined together for the first time. It was late in August; the club was empty, and I had invited him to join [my] table, though I knew him to be an ass, rather than to dine alone. The bad man may take a solitary meal without moral damage, and even to the public advantage, since the custom is unwholesome, and tends to shorten life; but to the good man it is harmful. His thoughts, constant as the needle to the pole to what is pure and good, are naturally attracted to himself, and his benevolent actions, his excellent motives, his whole blameless career, pass in review before his eyes, and he becomes self-conscious and self-complacent. Rather than run the risk of this, having ordered my own modest repast, I looked up at Dornoway-Dicke, who, with his glass painfully fixed in his eye, was scanning the same "limited carte" for the day, in doubt (as I guessed) about the French dishes, and observed, "Shall we dine together?" and he had replied courteously, "Charmed, I am sure."

As a matter of fact Mr. Dornoway-Dicke was a man not easy to charm; it was not in Goodes (though up to that date I dont think it had ever tried it) to do so; and I believe even beauty herself would have failed in the attempt, unless she had had a title to back her.

Mr. Dicke's weakness was for a [illegible] familiar with earls and [illegible], while as to baronets, he would refer to them by their Christian names. [illegible] that his views upon all matters were common-place would have been flattering to his intelligence; they were conventional to [illegible].

"Ghost stories are absurd," argues Coleridge, "because, though men tell us they have had such an experience, if a man did really ever see what he actually believed to be a ghost, idiocy would at once supervene"; but I firmly believe that Dornoway Dicke would have seen a ghost without the least injury to his intellectual powers; not because he was already an idiot, but (independently of that) because so unconventional a subject as the supernatural had never entered his mind. If the ghost had a title, then, indeed, an impression might have been made, but it would have been produced by his temporal not his spiritual lordship. In all matters which exercise the human mind, from theology to American bowls, he took not the faintest interest; but I had been informed—and warned—that upon the subject of the dignity and position of the Dornoway-Dicke family he could and [illegible] very diffuse if you were not careful. He was a man in short to nod to, but not to [illegible] with, unless the means of escape were handy. Still, late in August at a London club one cannot afford to be particular, and having such strong moral reasons for not dining alone, I had to dine with Dornoway-Dicke.

[illegible]

[illegible] they were, I say [illegible] had lots of them, [illegible] short and some[illegible] sometimes just as it ought [illegible] of a fashionable young gen[illegible]. For there was this dis[illegible] the distinguished position of [illegible] family, that, being in the [illegible] must be confessed in a [illegible] presumptive "fashion— [illegible] to a nicety. There [illegible] (as to his wig) to be [illegible] me some little ex[illegible] also curious to know [illegible] "the Land" as though [illegible] I was assured he did [illegible] this point, as it turned [illegible] the one supreme effort of [illegible] Dornoway-Dicke had [illegible] the landed interest in [illegible].

[illegible] somewhat exacting, and [illegible] impatient of Mr. Dorno[illegible]. But I am never, or at [illegible] discourteous, and though [illegible], like a wooden ship exposed [illegible] of the *teredo navalis*, I endured [illegible] though I had been made of iron. I had [illegible] the man to dinner, and in one sense [illegible] certainly paid for it, so felt constrained [illegible] the duties of hospitality to be civil till the [illegible] over. When it was finished and we [illegible] to the smoking-room I had no such [illegible] "The Vine," says the classic author, [illegible] "Mother of Truth," and this is even [illegible] case with the cigar. Imagine then my indignation at that amazing remark of my companion, "I, for example, occupy a position in the country beyond my talents; while you possess talents that are considerably above what is necessary—ahem—to a person of your condition in life."

"Pray," said I, "Mr. Dornoway-Dicke, confine your observations to yourself, as you generally do. As to your talents, I have no reason to doubt your own modest estimation of them; but as to your position in the country I was not aware that you had any."

I hope this was not rude. I spoke in the gentlest tones of which the human voice—or at all events my voice—is capable, and in a manner that was certainly winning, for I felt [illegible] I had scored. To my astonishment Mr. Dornoway-Dicke remained quite unruffled; he [illegible] removed the ash from the end of his [illegible] with his signet ring, and answered quietly, almost humbly, "You quite mistake me. I said my position in the country, of which, as you tell me, you know nothing. You are not then familiar with Mangelwurzelshire?"

[illegible] certainly not. I had heard of it of [illegible] I felt myself fortunate in not hav[illegible].

"[illegible] thought so," he continued blandly. "[illegible] come down to Dornoway Court [illegible] at home. Then you would understand [illegible] I don't oftener visit London. In [illegible], comparatively speaking, nobody. [illegible] Mangelwurzelshire—what do you say [illegible] coming down to us for the first week [illegible]"

[illegible] minutes before I should have said [illegible] the slightest hesitation; but [illegible] vanity of the man's manner [illegible] to the core. I felt curious to see [illegible] of Mangelwurzelshire to whom [illegible] to be a person of [illegible] I had not yet [illegible] a wig or not. "The [illegible] says the old riddle, "as [illegible]; but Mr. Dornoway- [illegible] and so delicate [illegible] said it had been [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] house. It [illegible] upon an exquisite movement, but [illegible] finished in the mediæval style. A [illegible] drive, rolled to perfection, led up to a [illegible] entrance, with a huge oaken portal in which was inserted a little hole barred with iron for purposes of espial. Through this the porter was supposed (though he never did it) to take cognizance of the approaching visitor, and if peaceful, to unbar the massive bolts of the great door to let him in. Everything in the house was apparently of the same epoch, but in reality about three years old. In the dining-room was a fire-place as big as an ordinary parlor, and before which one would not have been surprised to see a pair of trunk boots airing, or a couple of jack boots. The sideboard, to the modern and inartistic eye, resembled a kitchen dresser; while in the morning room was a spinning wheel with the flax in it, as though the thrifty housewife had just been called away from that occupation to superintend the construction of a venison pasty, or to issue orders for the entertainment of the company invited to the morrow's tournament.

These ridiculous objects, as I soon discovered, were designed to persuade the public that the Dornoway-Dickes themselves were mediæval, and had resided at the "Court" for the last six hundred years, whereas, as a matter of fact, they were new comers. In the country, even though you are distantly connected with the peerage, this is a serious obstacle to "position," and the whole of my host's gigantic intellect was concentrated on attaining it. He had been "called upon" at once by everyone in the country within a circuit of twenty-five miles, except One. I write it reverentially with a capital O, for it was "The Duke." I am not, of course, speaking of the late Duke of Wellington; in Mangelwurzelshire, as in every other county, the duke was the duke who lived there; his Grace of Turniptops. This divinity was still a young man, unmarried, and not much given to call on anybody; and for three long years all the efforts of the Dornoway-Dickes had been unavailing to induce him to honor the "Court" with his august presence. Two months ago, however, he had sent his card by a mounted messenger, and one month ago, oh, joy of joys! he had accepted an invitation to a garden party at the house for one of the very days on which I was to remain its guest.

It was just after this gracious promise had been given that Mr. Dornoway-Dicke had made his appearance at the club, to make arrangements with Gunter; and now that I know the circumstances, I was not only not surprised at the magnificence of his deportment on that occasion, but astonished that he should have been so affable as he was. My private impression is, that he asked me down to Dornoway Court not so much from personal affection, as to secure an additional witness to his social triumph; but that is neither here nor there. The Duke was coming, and the family were in a state of excitement rare, I should hope, in Hanwell, and not habitually exhibited even at Broadmoor.

The great subject of discussion among them for weeks had been, who was to be invited to meet the Duke? and it was not exhausted yet. Everybody—who was anybody—had been asked except the Titbats; and the knotty point that could not be settled was, whether these people should be asked or not. Captain and Mrs. Titbat were their immediate neighbors; their lawn-tennis grounds were in fact contiguous, and the two families, though not absolutely on a friendly footing, were well-known to one another. Young Titbat, when a player was wanting, had sometimes even been invited to make up the party at their favorite amusement; and when the balls went over the wire fence that separated the two domains, the juvenile Titbats did not pretend (as some young people would) that they were lost, but would honestly chuck them back again. Still the Titbats were not among the County Families, nor anything like it. Their efforts—far more desperate than those of the Dornoway-Dickes—had miserably and utterly failed in that direction. It was not so much that their mansion was too small to be reckoned as a country house, that their paddock could not by any strain of courtesy be called a park, or that their ornamental lake was an undeniable pond. There was something else—I never could find out what—about Mrs. Titbat.

She was a woman—I once beheld her, and [illegible]—I can never forget—of [illegible] proportions and hirsute aspect (indeed, she had a very respectable beard); her complexion was [illegible], and to the uncharitable [illegible] seemed to indicate that she indulged in liquor, though I never heard that she did so. Whatever was wrong with her had happened so long ago that it would have been much better and kinder of her fellow-creatures to have forgotten it. My impression is, instead of rushing into matrimony with the imprudence of most young couples, Captain Titbat and herself had exercised an unusual prudence, and had not got themselves indissolubly united till time and trial had shown them to be suited to one another.

However that might have been, Mrs. Titbat was not "visited," nor would the Dornoway-Dickes have dreamt of asking her to their garden-party except for that contiguity, to which I have referred, of their lawn tennis grounds. The Duke, it was known, was devoted to the game; and if the two grounds could be thrown into one, it was felt by all the family that it would have been an immense improvement. This could scarcely be done, however, without asking Mrs. Titbat's permission, and also the pleasure of her company; and upon the whole it was judged best to leave matters as they were. The wire fencing between the two lawns was so very slight that they really looked to be one and the same, and as there was plenty of ground for the Duke to play upon, he would probably never discover that both the lawns did not belong to Dornoway Court.

In the course of the intimacy that existed between the two families, the young Dornoway-Dickes, with a frankness characteristic of their age, told the young Titbats that the Duke was coming on Friday to play lawn-tennis, but that nobody but tip-top (not Titbat) people were to be asked to meet him; nor was even this the worst, for it had certainly been hinted by older members of the family, in view of the suggested amalgamation of the tennis-grounds, that such good neighbors as Captain and Mrs. Titbat would certainly be included in the invitation list. To explain what follows I must add that Mrs. Titbat herself was firmly persuaded that she would be among the guests, and was transported with the idea of it; for the being asked "to meet the Duke of Turniptops" (as was stated on the cards) was in Mangelwurzelshire like being presented at Court, and at once both whitewashed and gilded the invitee. One has heard of the ire of the tigress when robbed of her young, but what is that as compared with the state of mind of a lady of blemished reputation who has persuaded herself that it will be rehabilitated, and that in the most splendid fashion, and then suddenly finds that she has been given the cold shoulder? Mrs. Titbat had actually ordered a dress from London in which to appear before his Grace of Turniptops, and the sight of it, as it hung useless in her wardrobe, envenomed her whole being, as though she had worn it, and it had been the garment of Nessus.

She clutched the skirts of Hope to the very last, but when Friday morning arrived and no invitation had come it fled from her soul, and was replaced by the desire for vengeance. If the Dornoway-Dickes could but have known what was passing in that injured lady's mind they might have been reminded of those warning lines—

> Lest when our latest hope is fled ye taste of our despair,
> And learn by proof in some wild hour how much the wretched dare;

or even if that quotation had not occurred to them I am quite sure they would have asked her to their garden party even at that eleventh hour.

The guests arrived, and in due course—that is to say, exceedingly late—the Duke. The meeting of his Grace and my host and hostess was positively affecting. I thought Mr. Dornoway-Dicke would never leave off shaking his hand, and that his wife would have kissed it. However, he got away at last to luncheon. About two hundred people sat down to it; a select twenty on mediæval chairs, and the rest on much more comfortable but common ones. A dozen of the [illegible] had been borrowed, days ago, by the housekeeper without her mistress's knowledge, from the Titbats. The host enjoyed himself as most people do under similar circumstances, that is to say, he was intensely miserable and anxious, but buoyed up by the thought that it would all be over presently, and he would have "his friend, the Duke of Turniptops," to talk about for the rest of his natural life. After luncheon we all repaired to the lawn-tennis ground.

"What a capital lawn you have," observed the Duke; "and what a good plan that is of dividing your ground."

He was referring of course to the [illegible] fencing.

"I was a [illegible]," observed Mr. Dornoway-Dicke [illegible]

[illegible] the other. The [illegible] stood round in attitude [illegible] admiration. They were just [illegible] when the Duke observed, "[illegible] the deuce is this?"

The exclam[ation] [illegible] by the appearance of [illegible] splendidly attired, and followed by [illegible] servants; some of them carrying [illegible] linen, and others lines and [illegible]. In the course of a few minutes the whole of the Titbat family linen was [illegible] on the line; some of the articles were very pronounced in shape, and became much more so when inflated by the breeze, which also (as they were purposely hung close to the wire fencing) carried their [illegible] folds right over the Duke's head.

The game was begun, but presently an immense petticoat broke loose, and after eddying doubtfully for a few moments settled upon the Duke himself, who emerged from it with difficulty and with a frightful execration. He threw down his racket and said something I could not catch; indeed, I fled into a neighboring arbor and gave myself up to such paroxysms of mirth as almost threatened me with dissolution.

I was conscious of great excitement among the company without, and heard what sounded like the hurried departure of some of them, but I was positively incapable of ascertaining what was going on. The vision of all Mangelwurzelshire's noblest as they stood around that fatal place, and pretended to ignore the fact that the very firmament was darkened above them by the Titbat family linen, and then the spectacle of that petticoat descending upon his Grace's brow, and of himself emerging from it, was always too much for me. I sat in the arbor and fairly wept. Presently, after several severe relapses, I became conscious of a companion. Beside me sat a little man, bald as a knob on the centre of a front door, and swearing softly, and, as it were, thoughtfully, to himself. It was only by his voice that I recognized Mr. Dornoway-Dicke.

"My dear Dicke," I murmured, for I felt it necessary to say something, "why are you here? why are you not entertaining (I did not venture to mention the Duke) your guests?"

"He's gone," he said. It was plain he was only thinking of one of them. "It was all on account of that infernal Mrs. Titbat. It's her own petticoat; it's marked with an M and a T."

I nodded, and held out my hand as though to entreat him to spare himself the recital of the catastrophe. I felt ready to expire. "But are all the rest of the people gone?" I murmured.

"What do I care! Yes. No. What a terrible day!"

"But, my dear Dicke," I said, beginning sincerely to pity him, "it will never do for you to stop here; you must not desert your friends."

"No, that's true," he answered, rising feebly and moving toward the house.

"But you have forgotten something."

"Have I? What? Oh, yes, my wig." It lay on the floor of the arbor where he had flung it in his frenzy. He stooped and put it on mechanically and hind before. This I ventured to remedy, and he thanked me in feeling tones. "Do you think he will ever come again?" he whispered eagerly. "He was very angry. He thought they were our own clothes hanging out to dry. I showed him the M and T. But he would pay no attention. It is a dreadful blow."

And it really hurt poor Dornoway Dicke exceedingly. He had not risen the next morning when I came up to town, and all the family were very much depressed, as though there had been a death in the house. He has been to the club once since, in a more beautiful wig than ever, but of course it can never deceive me. I asked, "How are all at home?"

"Pretty well, I thank you," he said; "that is, as well as can be expected. He has never been near the place since."

Of course I knew that by the personal pronoun he meant "the Duke."—*The Cornhill*.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—Mr. Hoppin, the American Charge d'Affaires in London, has taken to attending courts and drawing-rooms in a nondescript uniform, which includes "breeches."

—Asparagus may be now seen in the Paris markets. A small bundle of about a dozen heads sells for four or five francs, and an ordinary sized one from twelve to eighteen francs.

—Instead of taking part in the recent debate on obstruction, Mr. Gladstone attended the matinee of the "Merchant of Venice" at the Lyceum Theatre. He was recognized and heartily cheered on his arrival.

—The Marquis Ginori, proprietor of the Florence Porcelain Works, has gained judgment in the Naples court against the ex-Khedive for the sum due for the dinner service ordered by the latter, and presented by him to the Prince of Wales.

—The fauteuil in the Academie Fancaise, which is at present occupied by the noble form of the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier is the thirtieth in order of creation. It has been occupied by several illustrious names, including La Fontaine, Marivaux and the hellenist Dacier.

—The yachting world will be glad to hear that Lord Otho Fitzgerald intends shortly to launch upon the waters a splendid new yacht, which is now building for him on the Clyde. She is to be of 300 tons burden and to combine the advantages of sailing and steam vessels—much in the style, though considerably smaller, of the Sunbeam—and is built with three raking masts. She is to be christened the Fair Geraldine.

—In "Daniel Rochat," Mlle. Bartet has her hair dressed charmingly in wavy bandeaux with frisures on the forehead, the chignon is composed of a noeud Psyche and plaits, and the only ornament is a gold comb. This new mode of dressing the hair has been christened by the inventor the "coiffure Lea," from the name of the personage represented by Mlle. Bartet in Sardou's piece. The coiffure has been at once adopted in the salons of fashion.

—*London World*: "There is, I understand, every reason to believe that a contract of marriage will shortly be entered into between a prince of our royal house, whose modesty and learning have won for him golden opinions, and a debutante who was universally admitted to bear away the palm for beauty at the last drawing room, and who is the daughter-in-law of a Scottish earl distinguished for his gallant bearing and literary attainments."

—It is said that the plot to blow up the Winter palace was discovered by the Berlin police, and information giving many details of the designs of the conspirators was forwarded to St. Petersburg under Prince Bismark's instructions by special couriers ten days previous to the catastrophe which has startled the world. It is no wonder that of the two officials who had charge of the palace one has since shot himself and the other has had a paralytic stroke.

—The chateau of Bagatelle, which the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. had built in six weeks in order to win a bet of 100,000f. that he had made with Marie Antoinette, is now in the possession of Sir Richard Wallace. At the entrance of the garden were two bronze statues, Hippomene and Atalanta. The other night some thieves scaled the park wall and stole Hippomene and escaped with their heavy booty. The police have not yet discovered any trace of them.

A BRIDE'S REVENGE.

A sensation of a rather unusual character took place not long since in the quiet and sedate village of Collegeville, the circumstances as related to us being as follows:

A marriage was announced to take place in the above named village, the wedding guests were invited and everything appeared to be lovely. At the hour appointed, the wedding party took their places and the clergyman proceeded with the ceremony. He propounded the usual questions to the groom as to whether he would take this woman to be his wedded wife, to love, cherish and protect her, etc., to all of which the gentleman gave a prompt answer in the affirmative. The usual questions were asked of the lady, when, to the surprise of all present, she replied with a decided and emphatic "No!" and, with head erect and a most queenly air, strode from the room. The affair created a commotion among the wedding guests, who were at a loss to understand the cause for the lady's strange conduct. It afterwards leaked out that her intended husband had been displaying his gallantry in another direction, which was not pleasing in the sight of the lady, and she determined not only that she would not marry him, but that she would punish him as well, and she succeeded.

—Brazilian bugs and beetles, both red and [illegible], are much used for decorative purposes on the [illegible] and flowers of new millinery.

—A [illegible] conversation will do a good deal [illegible] straight than good [illegible]

AN UNCOMMON SORT OF SPECTRE.

I.

The Ancient castle of Weinstein, on the upper Rhine, was, as everybody knows, inhabited in the autumn of 1802 by the powerful Baron Kalbsbraten, better known in those parts as Old Twenty Flasks, a sobriquet derived from his reputed daily capacity for the product of the vineyard. The Baron had many other admirable qualities. He was a genial, whole-souled, public-spirited gentleman, and robbed, murdered, burned, pillaged and drove up the steep sides of the Weinstein his neighbors' cattle, wives and sisters with a hearty heartiness that won for him the unaffected esteem of his contemporaries.

One evening the good Baron sat alone in the great hall of Weinstein, in a particularly happy mood. He had dined well, as was his habit, and twenty empty bottles stood before him in a row upon the table, like a train of delightful memories of the recent past. But the Baron had another reason to be satisfied with himself and with the world. The consciousness that he had that day become a parent lit up his countenance with a tender glow that mere wine cannot import.

"What ho! without! Hi! Seneschal!" he presently shouted in a tone that made the twenty empty bottles ring as if they were musical glasses, while a score of suits of his ancestors' armor hanging around the walls gave out in accompaniment a deep metallic bass. The Seneschal was speedily at his side.

"Seneschal," said Old Twenty Flasks, "you gave me to understand that the Baroness was doing finely?"

"I am told," replied the Seneschal, "that her ladyship is doing as well as could be expected."

The Baron mused in silence for a moment, absently regarding the empty bottles, "you also gave me to understand," he continued, "that there were——"

"Four," said the Seneschal, gravely. "I am credibly informed that there are four, all boys."

"That," exclaimed the Baron, with a glow of honest pride, bringing a brawny fist down upon the table—"That, in these days, when the abominable doctrines of Malthus are gaining ground among the upper classes, is what I call creditable—creditable, by Saint Christopher, if I do say it!" His eyes rested again upon the empty bottles. "I think, Seneschal," he added, after a brief pause, "that under the circumstances we may venture——"

"Nothing could be more eminently proper," rejoined the Seneschal. "I will fetch another flask forthwith, and of the best. What says your Excellency to the vintage of 1304, the year of the comet?"

"But," hesitated the Baron, toying with his moustache, "I understood you to say that there were four of 'em—four boys?"

"True, my lord," replied the Seneschal, snatching the idea with the readiness of a well trained domestic, "I will fetch four more flasks."

As the excellent retainer deposited four fresh bottles upon the table within the radius of the Baron's reach, he casually remarked:

"A pious old man, a traveler, is in the castle yard, my lord, seeking shelter and a supper. He comes from beyond the Alps, and fares toward Cologne."

"I presume," said the Baron, with an air of indifference, "that he has been duly searched for plunder."

"He passed this morning," replied the retainer, "through the domain of your well-born cousin, Count Conrad of Schwinkenfels. Your lordship will readily understand that he has nothing now save a few beggarly Swiss coins of copper."

"My worthy Cousin Conrad!" exclaimed the Baron, affectionately. "It is the one great misfortune of my life, that I live to the leeward of Schwinkenfels. But you relieved the pious man of his copper?"

"My lord," said the Seneschal, with an apologetic smile, "it was not worth the taking."

"Now by my soul!" roared the Baron, "you exasperate me. Coin, and not worth the taking! Perhaps not for its intrinsic value, but you should have cleaned him out as a matter of principle, you fool!"

The Seneschal hung his head and muttered an explanation. At the same time he opened the twenty-first bottle.

"Never," continued the Baron, less violently, but still severely, "if you value my esteem and your own paltry skin, suffer yourself to be swerved a hair's breadth from principle by the apparent insignificance of the loot. A conscientious attention to details is one of the fundamental elements of a prosperous career—in fact, it underlies all political economy."

The withdrawal of the cork from the twenty-second bottle emphasized this sentiment.

"However," the Baron went on, somewhat mollified, "this is not a day on which I can consistently make a fuss over a trifle. Four, and all boys! This is a glorious day for Weinstein. Open the two remaining flasks, Seneschal, and show the pious stranger in, I fain would amuse myself with him."

II.

Viewed through the Baron's twenty odd bottles, the stranger appeared to be an aged man—eighty years, if a day. He wore a shaggy gray cloak and carried a palmer's staff, cast in too common place a mould to furnish even a few minutes' diversion. The Baron regretted sending for him, but being a person of unfailing politeness, when not upon the rampage, he bade his guest be seated, and filled him a beaker of the comet wine.

After an obeisance, profound yet not servile, the pilgrim took the glass and critically tasted the wine. He held the beaker up athwart the light, with trembling hand, and then tasted again. The trial seemed to afford him great satisfaction, and he stroked his long white beard.

"Perhaps you are a connoisseur. It pleases your palate, eh?" said the Baron, winking at the full-length portrait of one of his ancestors.

"Proper well," replied the pilgrim, "though it is a trifle syrupy from too long keeping. By the bouquet and the tint I should pronounce it of the vintage of 1304, grown on the steep slope south southeast of the castle, in the fork of the two pathways that lead to under the hill. The sun's rays reflected from the turret give a peculiar excellence to the growth of that particular spot. But your rascally varlets have shelved the bottle on the wrong side of the cellar. It should have been put on the dry side, near where your doughty grandsire, Sigismund von Weinstein, the Hairy Handed, walled up his third wife in preparation for a fourth."

The Baron regarded his guest with a look of amazement. "Upon my life!" said he, "but you appear to be familiar with the ins and outs of this establishment."

"If I do," rejoined the stranger, composedly sipping his wine, "'tis no more than natural, for I lived more than sixty years under this roof and know its every leak. I happen to be a von Weinstein myself."

The Baron crossed himself, and pulled his chair a little further away from the bottles and the stranger.

"Oh no!" said the pilgrim, laughing; "quiet your fears. I am aware that every well regulated castle has an ancestral ghost, but my flesh and blood are honest. I was lord of Weinstein till I went, twelve years ago, to study metaphysics in the Arabic schools, and the cursed scriveners wrote me out of the estate. Why, I know this hall from infancy! Yonder is the fireplace at which I used to warm my baby toes. There is the identical suit of armour into which I crawled when a boy of six and hid till my sainted mother—heaven rest her!—nigh died of fright. It seems but yesterday. There on the wall hangs the sharp two-handed sword of our ancestor, Franz, the One-Eared, with which I cut off the moustaches of my tipsy sire as he sat maddled over his twentieth bottle. There is the very casque—but perhaps these reminiscences weary you. You must pardon the garrulity of an old man who has come to revisit the home of his childhood and prime."

The Baron pressed his hand to his forehead. "I have lived in this castle myself for half a century," said he, "and am tolerably familiar with the history of my immediate progenitors. But I can't say that I ever had the pleasure of your acquaintance. However, permit me to fill your glass."

"It is good wine," said the pilgrim, holding out his glass. "Except, perhaps, the vintage of 1322, when the grapes——"

The Baron stared at his guest. "The grapes of 1322," said he drily, "lack forty years of ripening. You are aged, my friend, and your mind wanders."

"Excuse me, worthy host," calmly replied the pilgrim. "The vintage of 1322 has been forty years cellared. You [illegible] have no memory for dates."

"What call you this year?" [illegible] the Baron.

"By the almanacs, and the stars, [illegible] and common consent, [illegible] of grace fourteen hundred [illegible]"

"By my soul and bo[illegible]" [illegible] the Baron, "it is [illegible]"

"No Turk has invaded Europe, thanks be to Heaven," replied Old Twenty Flasks, recovering his self-control. "You are either a magician or an impostor. In either case I shall order you drawn and quartered as soon as we have finished this bottle. Pray proceed with your very interesting reminiscences, and do not spare the wine."

"I never practise magic," quietly replied the pilgrim, "and as to being an impostor, scan well my face. Don't you recognize the family nose, thick, short, and generously colored? How about the three lateral and two diagonal wrinkles on my brow? I see them there on yours. Are not [illegible] chaps Weinstein chaps. Look closely [illegible] court investigation."

"You do look [illegible] like us," the Baron admitted.

"I was the youngest," the stranger went on, "of quadruplets. My three brothers were puny, sickly things and did not long survive their birth. As a child I was the idol of my poor father, who had some traits worthy of respectful mention, guzzling old toper and unconscionable thief though he was."

The Baron winced.

"They used to call him Old Twenty Flasks. It is my candid opinion, based on memory, that Old Forty Flasks would have been nearer the truth."

"It's a lie!" shouted the Baron. "I rarely exceeded twenty bottles."

"And as for his standing in the community," the pilgrim went on, without taking heed of the interruption, "it must be confessed that nothing could be worse. He was the terror of honest folk for miles around. Property rights were extremely insecure in this neighborhood, for the rapacity of my lamented parent knew no bounds. Yet nobody dared to complain aloud, for lives were not much safer than sheep or ducats. How the people hated his shadow, and roundly cursed him behind his back! I remember well that, when I was about fourteen—it must have been in '66, the year the Grand Turk occupied Adrianople—tall Hugo, the miller, called me up to him, and said: 'Boy, thou hast a right pretty nose.' 'It is a pretty nose, Hugo,' said I, straightening up. 'Is it on firm and strong?' asked Hugo, with a sneer. 'Firm enough, and strong enough, I dare say,' I answered; 'but why ask such a fool's question?' 'Well, well, boy,' said Hugo, turning away; 'look sharp with thine eyes after thy nose when thy father is unoccupied, for he has just that conscience to steal the nose off his son's face in lack of better plunder.'"

"By St. Christopher!" roared the Baron, "tall Hugo, the miller, shall pay for this. I always suspected him. By St. Christopher's burden, I'll break every bone in his villainous body."

"'Twould be an ignoble vengeance," replied the pilgrim quietly, "for tall Hugo has been in his grave these sixty years."

"True," said the Baron, putting both hands to his head, and gazing at his guest with a look of utter helplessness. "I forgot that it is now next century—that is to say, if you be not a spectre."

"You will excuse me, my respected parent," returned the pilgrim, "if I subject your hypothesis to the test of logic, for it touches me upon a very tender spot, impugning, as it does, my physical verity and my status as an actual individualized Ego. Now, what is our relative position? You acknowledge the data of my birth to have been the year of grace 1352. That is a matter in which your memory is not likely to be at fault. On the other hand, with a strange inconsistency, you maintain, in the face of almanacs, chronologies, and the march of events, that it is still the year of grace 1352. Were you one of the seven sleepers, your hallucination (to use no harsher term) might be pardoned, but you are neither a sleeper nor a Saint. Now, every one of the eighty years that are packed away in the carpet bag of my experience protests against your extraordinary error. It is I who have a *prima facie* right to question your physical existence, not you mine. Did you ever hear of a ghost, spectre, wraith, apparition, eidolon, or spook coming out of the future to haunt, annoy, or frighten individuals of an earlier generation?"

The Baron was obliged to admit that he never had.

"But you have heard of instances where apparitions, ghosts, spooks, call them what you will, have invaded the Present from out the limbo of the Past?"

The Baron crossed himself a second time and peered anxiously into the dark corners of the apartment. "If you are a genuine Von Weinstein," he whispered, "you already know that this castle is overrun with spectres of that sort. It is difficult to move about after nightfall without tumbling over half a dozen of them."

"Then," said the placid logician, "you surrender your case. You commit what, my revered preceptor in dialectics, the learned Arabian, Ben Dusty, used to style syllogistic suicide. For you allow that, while ghosts out of the future are unheard of, ghosts from the past are not infrequently encountered. Now, I submit to you as a candid man this proposition: That it is infinitely more probable that you are a ghost than that I am one!"

The Baron turned very red. "Is this filial," he demanded, "to deny the flesh and blood of your own father?"

"Is it paternal," retorted the pilgrim, not losing his composure, "to insinuate the unrealness of the son of your own begetting?"

"By all the saints!" growled the Baron, growing still redder, "this question shall be settled, and speedily. Hallo! there Seneschal!" He called again and again, but in vain.

"Spare you lungs," calmly suggested the pilgrim. "The best trained domestic in the world would not stir from beneath the sod for all your shouting."

Twenty Flasks sank back helplessly in his chair. He tried to speak, but his tongue and throat repudiated their functions. They only gurgled.

"That is right," said his guest, approvingly. "Conduct yourself as befits a venerable and respectable ghost from the last century. A well behaved apparition neither blusters nor is violent. You can afford to be peaceable in your deportment now; you were turbulent enough before your death."

"My death?" gasped the Baron.

"Excuse me," apologized the pilgrim, "for referring to that unpleasant event."

"My death!" stammered the Baron, his hair standing on end. "I should like to hear the particulars."

"I was hardly more than fifteen at the time," said the pilgrim musingly; "but I shall never forget the most trifling circumstance of the great popular uprising that put an end to my worthy's sire career. Exasperated beyond endurance by your outrageous crimes, the people for miles around at last rose in a body, and, led by my old friend tall Hugo, the miller, flocked to Schwinkenfels and appealed to your cousin, Count Conrad, for protection against yourself, their natural protector. Von Schwinkenfels heard their complaints with great gravity. He replied that he had long watched your abominable actions with distress and consternation; that he had frequently remonstrated with you, but in vain; that he regarded you as the scourge of the neighborhood; that your castle was full of blood-stained treasure and shamefully acquired booty; and that he now regarded it as the personal duty of himself, the conservator of lawful order and good morals, to march against Weinstein and exterminate you for the common good."

"The hypocritical pirate!" exclaimed Twenty Flasks.

"Which he proceeded to do," continued the pilgrim, "supported not only by his retainers but by your own. I must say that you made a sturdy defence. Had not your rascally Seneschal sold you out to Schwinkenfels and let down the drawbridge one evening when you were as usual fuddling your brains with your twenty bottles, perhaps Conrad never would have gained an entrance, and my young eyes would have been spared the horrid task of watching the body of my venerated parent dangling at the end of a rope from the topmost turret of the northwest tower."

The Baron buried his face in his hands and began to cry like a baby. "They hanged me, did they?" he faltered.

"I am afraid no other construction can be put on it," said the pilgrim. "It was the inevitable termination of such a career as yours had been. They hanged you, they strangled you, they choked you to death with a rope; and the unanimous verdict of the community was Justifiable Homicide. You weep! Behold, father, I also weep for the shame of the house of von Weinstein! Come to my arms."

Father and son clasped each other in a long, affectionate embrace, and mingled their tears over the disgrace of Weinstein. When the Baron recovered from his emotion he found himself alone with his conscience and twenty-four empty bottles. The pilgrim had disappeared.

III.

Meanwhile, in the apartments consecrated to the offices of maternity, all had been confusion, turmoil and distress. In four huge chairs sat four experienced matrons, each [illegible] in her lap a pillow of swansdown. On [illegible] reposed an infinitesimal fraction [illegible] recently added to the sum [illegible] One experienced [illegible]

[illegible] although there were still four arm chairs, and four sage women, and four pillows of swansdown, there were but three infants. The Seneschal, as an expert [illegible] accounts, was hastily summoned from below. His reckoning merely confirmed the appalling suspicion. One of the quadruplets was gone.

Prompt measures were taken in this fearful emergency. The corners of the rooms were ransacked in vain. Piles of bedclothing and baskets of linen were searched through and through. The hunt extended to other parts of the castle. The Seneschal even sent out trusted and discreet retainers on horseback to scour the surrounding country. They returned with downcast countenances; no trace of the lost Von Weinstein had been found.

During one terrible hour the wails of the three neglected infants mingled with the screams of the hysterical mother, to whom the attention of the four sage women was exclusively directed. At the end of the hour her ladyship had sufficiently recovered to implore her attendants to make a last, though hopeless count. On three pillows lay three babies howling lustily in unison. On the fourth pillow reposed a fourth infant, with a mysterious smile upon its face, but cheeks that bore traces of recent tears.

EFFECT OF SMOKING ON THE HEART.

Dr. Decaisne has made a communication to the French annals of public medicine on this subject. In 1864 he studied the intermittence of the beating of the heart and pulse as a sequel to the abuse of tobacco smoking. He observed in the memoir read to the Academie des Sciences that if one consider, first, that none of the subjects submitted to examination were attacked by any organic lesion of the heart; second, that the majority of them were not in the condition of health which favor the production of intermittence of the beating of the heart; third, that it sufficed in nine of these individuals to suppress the use of tobacco to see the heart return to its normal rhythm; that the following conclusions will not be considered premature: The abuse of tobacco produces, in certain subjects, a state which may be called nicotism of the heart, and which is translated by intermittence in the beating of the heart and the pulsations of radial artery. It is enough, in certain cases, to suspend, or at least reduce, the use of tobacco in smoking to see the irregularity in the heart disappear entirely or diminish. In 1864, Dr. Decaisne related cases of 38 young people, in 27 of whom the effects of tobacco on the economy were observable, and intermittences. He terminated his work by saying that, whatever conditions may be perceived in ascertaining in adult subjects the pernicious effects of tobacco smoking, they are incontestable to children. Even the restricted use of tobacco in children leads often to a change in the blood, and sometimes to chlorotic anaemia, paleness of the face, emaciation, morbid sounds in the carotid arteries, palpitation and intermittence of the heart, diminution of the normal quantity of the blood corpuscles, difficulty of digestion, etc. The ordinary treatment of anaemia and of chlorotic anaemia produces no effect in general whilst the habit is continued. Young people who smoke show generally a certain sluggishness of intelligence and a more or less pronounced taste for strong drinks. In children who cease to smoke, and who are not effected by any organic lesion, the disorders of the economy which have just been mentioned disappear, often very quickly, and almost always without leaving any trace. Since 1865, Dr. Decaisne has commenced to examine the effects of tobacco on women. He has observed forty-three women, who present symptoms arising from this source, including intermittence of the pulse, disorders in the menstruation and digestion; and he has arrived at the same conclusion as he arrived at in 1864. He adds that the effect of tobacco-smoking in women appears to him to resemble very closely those which he observed in children, that in a certain number of them, as among children, even in a relatively small dose, tobacco leads promptly to the symptoms of anaemia, as well as intermittent pulse, and develops for the most part a pronounced taste for strong drinks.—*British Medical Journal.*

A WHITE NEGRESS.

(From the London Globe.)

The practicability of converting a nigger into a white man has usually been placed in very much the same category as that of changing the Ethiopian's skin or effacing the spots from a leopard. It will, therefore, be somewhat surprising to non-scientific readers to hear the case of Celine Henry, which was recounted lately to a society of anthropologists by a certain Dr. Smester.

This woman, who was a native of Hayti, and was about thirty-five years old, began in the year 1860 or thereabouts to notice that the color which she had always supposed to be natural to her skin was slowly fading away in many places, and being replaced by a hue resembling that of a white woman. Far from being pleased with the transformation scene which the fairies were thus working upon her, she entirely objected to the proceeding, and took every imaginable step to prevent the completion of a freak of nature, which her enemies might make bold to call experimenting in *corpore vili*.

Doctors were called in and the native sorcerers were all consulted; but nothing seemed to arrest the progress of the malady, which the astonished negress was at last fain to consider as a disease. For fifteen long years the detested tint of the white European encroached steadily upon the frontier lines of African black, until 1877 there was no more of the original color left than a few spots, which, if all added together, would not as much as cover a man's hand. This affliction, which caused so much terror and chagrin to Miss or Mrs. Celine Henry, is, however, one which is not unknown to physiologists.

It is no other than a disease commonly called vertigo, which is occasionally congenital in the African and other dark-colored races, and is sometimes developed in an accidental shape in Europeans or white men. The name is, of course, derived from the Latin, *vitulus*, a calf, and is meant to express that color which is best known as distinguishing the flesh of these animals. It appears to cause no pain whatever, and have little or no effect upon the general health, and if the fair Celine, as she may now most fairly be called, had not been dominated by an extravagant fear, she would not have had much cause to lament over her conversion from black to white.

THE MIRACLES AT KNOCK.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

The excitement about the miraculous cures at Knock, in Ireland, seems to increase. Dublin newspapers have special correspondents on the spot, who take down depositions and telegraph cures; and more than a dozen persons, it is said, have already sworn to the miraculous apparitions at the chapel on the 21st of August last, which have brought such fame and importance to this little corner of Connaught. Cures are related of all kinds and degrees, and wrought on patients of every station in life, from the case of a gentleman of Kings County who has lost a headache to that of a labouring man from Roscommon who has found his sight. The daily scene inside the chapel is described as one of the wildest excitement. Men and boys are to be seen propped on the shoulders of their fellows detatching with knives small particles of cement from the chapel wall, while hats are held out from below to receive the tiniest fragments as they fall. Now and then the buzz and mumble of prayer is interrupted by the cry, "A miracle!" "Another miracle!" and the congregation gather round some fortunate cripple who had kicked away his crutches, or some blind man who was shouting at the top of his voice, "My sight is coming back to me!" People who have found the waters of Lourdes of no avail are going away daily blessing the health-giving properties of the cement torn from the chapel of Knock; while the little towns of Ballyhaunis and Claremorris, equidistant from Knock, have a great deal more than they can do to put up the crowd of pilgrims who come from all parts of the country on their way to the scene of the miracle.

—A clergyman recently left Liverpool in a steamer, and, beginning to feel unconscious after leaving the mouth of the river, sought the captain to learn if there was any danger. The captain, in response, led the clergyman to the forecastle and told him to listen to what was going on. The clergyman was shocked at hearing the sailors swearing vigorously, and expressed his horror to the captain. The captain merely remarked: "Do you think those men would swear in such a manner if there was any real danger?" Whereupon the parson seemed satisfied and retired. A day or two after, during a severe storm, the captain saw the clergyman proceeding with difficulty to the forecastle, and on his return overheard him exclaim: "Thank heaven, they're swearing yet!"

—Lord Bacon said: "Speaking maketh a ready man, and reading a full man." Modern people have an idea that something [illegible] reading makes some man full.

[illegible]

A BRAVE REVENGE.

"John Thomas," said a beautiful young lady, as she threw up the sash of the window [illegible] which she was standing, "tell that dirty boy to get off the stoop at once."

John Thomas, the liveried footman, who was arranging the mats in an elegant coupe before the door, at once walked toward the boy in obedience to his fair mistress' command.

But the boy, evidently a bootblack, spared him the trouble by rising at once and walking slowly away.

He was a poor, emaciated, forlorn-looking fellow, with his clothes hanging about him in tatters, and his bare toes peeping through the wide cracks in his ill-mated shoes, but he had as much pride in his humble, easy way, as the fair lady behind the plate-glass window had in hers, and there was an unmistakable look of wounded dignity in his begrimed face as he turned it for an instant in the direction of the speaker.

"I'll not soil their stoop with my rags again," he thought, as the clear cutting tones ceased, and the window slid slowly down to the sill.

But having reached the next pavement beyond, he paused and again turned his eyes toward the lady's face.

She was extremely beautiful, reminding him of one of the bright prints he had been wont to admire at a down-town bookseller's, and for some moments he feasted his eyes on the charming picture before him.

"A cat may look at a king," was his inward comment, and leaning against a neighboring lamp-post, he watched until she descended the broad stoop, entered the carriage and was driven away. Then with a sigh and shiver, for it was a cold wintry morning, he slowly shuffled away.

It was some years ago, before boys' lodging houses or other hospitable retreats were thought of, and like many another boot-black and newsboy of the period, when without means, he was compelled to find food and shelter as best he could.

On this morning he had arisen with aching bones from the interior of an empty hogshead, where he had managed to pass the night, and after taking a long look at the rolls and coffee he could not buy, had wandered, he scarcely knew how or why, into the present aristocratic locality.

Hungry, tired and cold, he scarcely had the spirit to look about for another job; but midway down the block he espied two gentlemen engaged in conversation, and with an effort he quickened his step towards them.

"Have a shine, sir?" he asked, glancing up at the elder of the two, a stout old gentleman, faultlessly dressed and carrying a gold-headed cane.

But a cool "clear out" accompanied with a wave of the gold-crested stick was the only reply.

"Those young rascals ought to be suppressed by the police as a nuisance," he heard him remark to his companion as he turned away.

At another time he would have returned the old gentleman's opinion with a sarcasm as cutting as his own, but now he was quite too discouraged and miserable to reply, and sitting down, this time on the curbstone, gave himself up to his own dismal thoughts.

"Might have know'd better'n ter come over here among the swells, anyway," was his inward comment, but it went no further, for he was now accosted by a big countryman, who, in his home-spun rig, looked fully as out of place on the avenue as the young bootblack himself.

"That a boot blackin' arrangement, ain't it?" said the man, nodding at the box and brush.

The boy nodded in return.

"Well, then, bub, you up and gloss my shoes, will you?"

This bub was only too glad to do, a faint smile flitting over his face the while.

In a few moments the "cowhides" were, as the owner declared, "all right," and surveying them complacently, he fumbled into the depths of his great pockets for the change.

"You're what they call a perfesshural boot-black, haint you?"

"Zactly."

"Then, by Jimmy! Yer a poor specimen uv the craft; look as though you hadn't tasted cow-flesh in a month."

"Yer right there, boss; no more I have."

"Thought so," was the rejoinder, "and here's fifteen cents fer tuy buy yer breakfast."

"You are a bully cove," was the boy's reply, as he pocketed the money; "when you come this way again I'll shine you up for nothin'."

Fifteen cents at such a time was as good as a fortune, and away sped the boy to purchase a breakfast.

There is nothing that reflects so directly on the entire system as a good breakfast, particularly when there is a strong northeastern sending its icy breath to the very marrow of one's bones.

So the knight of the blacking-brush found it on that chill November morning, all his former spirits returned as the last morsel went ravenously down his throat.

With a bound he was off down the street, and soon, as luck would have it, turning the pennies as fast as he could reasonably desire.

* * * * *

It was near eight o'clock that same evening, and our young friend, standing beneath the light of a street-lamp, was turning in his mind whether he had best spend a portion of his earnings in a theatre ticket, or save it for the morrow, when some one slightly touched his shoulder.

Turning suddenly, he beheld the ebony visage of a young colored waiter with whom he had a slight acquaintance.

"How are yer, Sambo?" he asked, patronizingly.

"Oh, berry well, tank's, but I'se in a pow'ful hurry, and I come over dis way to hunt some pusson to do me a favor."

"All right, shady. Them I'm the one yer arter. How much yer goin' to guv?"

"Just one shilling, and it's only to tote a note to a young colored lady dat libs wis some white folks a piece up town. She's actin' in the 'pacity ob chumbermaid, and her name am Sophronia Johnson."

"Well, give us the change an' the letter, an' I'm off."

"Whew!" exclaimed the boy, as he started off with the letter in his pocket, and the directions in his head. "The very house they druv me from this mornin'. Wonder if the nigger'll order me off the stoop."

As the young "colored gemman" had said, it was "only a piece up town," the house being on Fifth avenue, just above Sixteenth street.

But as the boy neared the corner of the street, a piercing cry of "Fire!" "Fire!" reached the ear; hurrying on to see from whence it came, to his amazement, it proved to be the very house to which he was bent on his errand as letter-carrier.

The fire-alarm had been sounded, and a crowd was rapidly gathering before the door, and in among them the bootblack was soon standing.

In some way the fire had gained a headway before its existence had been discovered, and the flames were darting upward through the wide halls and into the second story. The staircase was wrapped in a wreathing cloud of smoke, and little flames of crimson light appeared in its midst, and on the pavement just beyond stood a gray-haired man with clasped hands and a face stricken with terror.

Our young friend recognized him at once. It was the same old gentleman that had told him so gruffly to "be off" that morning, and in an instant he took it all in, that he was the father of the beautiful young lady he had seen at the window, and that some one was perishing in the flames.

"My child, my pet!" he was saying piteously to himself; then turning excitedly to the gathering crowd, he said in tones that sounded above the din of the approaching engines, and the hum of the murmuring throng about him:

"A hundred dollars to the one who will save my grandchild. Who will save my grandchild?"

"I will," responded a shrill voice at his side, no other than that of the poor boot-black of the morning.

"You are only a child," he began—

But the boy, pointing to the twirling flames above him, interrupted hastily.

"Tell me where the child is, and for God's sake be quick!"

"In the second story back in a little crib."

"Some of you fellers boost me [illegible] that ledge above the parlor winder!" [illegible] to the gaping bystanders, "an' I'll [illegible] down in a twinkling."

Quickly they did his bidding, [illegible] time than it takes to relate it, [illegible] to the front chamber [illegible] effecting an entrance, [illegible] the [illegible] smoke that was [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] stretched arms. [illegible]

A great cheer [illegible] below, and the firemen seeing [illegible] position, ran for a ladder. But [illegible] the danger increased, and he could [illegible] seething fire almost catching him in its [illegible] less embrace.

"I must jump," he shouted. And a hundred hands reached out to catch him as he [illegible] the leap.

But with all the eagerness of those beneath him, they missed their reckoning and he fell to the ground.

Tender hands raised him, but there was no recognition in the still white face. A deep gash across the forehead pointed to the most serious wound he had received, and without once opening his eyes or giving the least sign of consciousness, he was borne to a neighboring hospital.

It was days before he recovered his senses—weeks before he could walk. But he was the recipient of good tidings. The hundred dollars, which seemed a fortune in his inexperienced eyes, was certainly his, but better still the news that the parents of the child he had saved intended to take his future in their charge.

Since, he has become a man of high position and unquestioned ability, and whenever he is asked how he came by the scar on his forehead his answer is: "I received it when I was a bootblack, and I call it my 'revenge.'"

HOW THEY DIE ON THE STAGE.

A Manager's Experience.

(From the New York Star.)

"That's what you're after?" said G. A. Graves, [illegible] fall before you see the flash or hear the report of the pistol shot. To stand without flinching while a pistol is aimed at you is not very easy. In our early days we fired cork balls at each other to overcome our nervousness. Shooting accidents are numerous on the stage. I need not remind you of the latest fatal case in Baltimore. Once we took six muskets from the property room and found slugs in every one of them.

As to myself, I suffered all manners of death, figuratively, in the twenty-five years. This is the first season in that period that I am not acting. There were heavy pieces in which I had to die every night for weeks. I do not approve of Salvini's scenes, nor of the hospital atmosphere on the stage. Death from corrosive poison is preceded by excruciating pains. Are they a fit subject for illustration? W. Goodall personated at Barnum's museum a drunkard suffering from delirium tremens. He was seized with spasms and carried off the stage utterly exhausted. His representation of his celebrated character of Edward Middleton, the Drunkard, was too realistic and repulsive to the audience.

Consumption on the stage has not [illegible] much on this side of the Atlantic. [illegible] Morris has her peculiar cough [illegible] The spectators objected to [illegible] bition, and now the bludgeon [illegible] off the stage. Of a dozen men [illegible] each will act and die differently.

At the old Park theatre, under Mrs. Conway's management, I swung from the limb of a tree on the stage and prevented the commission of a murder. The villain in the piece has inveigled the girl into a mountain glen, where he had already dug a grave for her. I hear her cries for help while standing on the top of a cliff twenty feet high, and grasping the limb of a tree I swing down, rescue the girl, and with a terrible blow of the spade, padded on the back, kill the villain. At the rehearsal I discovered a defective spot in the sapling, which was to enable the rescuer to make his descent.

I pointed out the weak part to the carpenter, who entered into an argument and claimed the hickory was strong enough to hold an elephant. To put it to a test, I ran up to the cliff and swung down. The sapling did break at the point I had indicated and I fell down, but landed safely on my feet. Next time another sapling snapped, and Collin Stuart broke his arm. Death by hanging is a frequent occurrence on the stage. I was led to the gallows many times, for instance, in the Carpenter of Rouen, and in Jessie Brown, by Boucicault.

CANADIAN ARMAMENTS.

(London Morning Post, Thursday, Feb. 19.)

The administration of Sir John Macdonald in Canada will probably be remembered as giving considerable impetus to those military preparations which every strong and growing people deem necessary to inspire respect, [illegible] in this instance, to hold with power the important position of the great western [illegible] or flank, of the British Empire. There [illegible] a report that the Hon. Colonel Masson, [illegible] ister of Militia, was likely to resign [illegible] health, which would probably have [illegible] progress, as few Ministers could have taken greater interest in the armaments he [illegible] mended, and to which he devoted [illegible] able personal attention, such as visiting [illegible] depot of arms, inspecting the manufacture of rifled cannon, and being present in person to see tests carried out in the firing of [illegible] cannon, to satisfy himself if such [illegible] could be made in Canada by Canadian workmen and with Canadian iron. It is therefore with much satisfaction we learn that the Minister of Militia is restored to health.

Not very long since some armed Russian merchant cruisers lay near Canadian waters ready to pounce on the Canadian mercantile fleet, in the event—then very probable—of Russia going to war with England. The harm these cruisers could have done would have been immense, and the losses inflicted on the Canadian marine would have taken years to recover; indeed, it is not going too far to say that the Canadian ocean trade would [illegible] perhaps permanently, shifted to Ame[rican] bottom. The Marquis of Lorne, his [illegible] his Minister of Militia, and the General Commanding, Sir Edward Selby Smyth, appear to have been fully aware of this; for, now that the manufacture of cannon has been established in the country, a considerable number have been ordered to be made at once, with 6,000 shot and shell; and, further, the carriages are to be suitable for sea-service, pointing to the supposition that, having already a very large seafaring population of the hardiest kind, together with an unequalled (excepting in England) supply of fine ocean steamers, the Canadian Government are making such preparations as will enable Canada to anticipate her enemies; and in conjunction with the Royal Navy, to make a formidable demonstration and so perhaps avoid the calamity of war.

We are informed that a factory for the manufacture of cartridges for small arms has been established in Quebec, and that an officer of the Canadian regular artillery is coming to England to receive instruction at Woolwich. It is with the greatest satisfaction we notice these steady and well-considered preparations. Hasty preparations under the panic of war are much to be deprecated. Preparations under such circumstances are sure to be not only bad and wasteful, involving a lavish expenditure of money, but they may [illegible] an enemy with confidence. We trust the Canadians will not think us going beyond all bounds of expenditure if we remark what a welcome sight it would be to see a Canadian man-of-war corvette with the British flag in our home and foreign waters. Let Canada but lead the way and her good example is certain to be followed by Australia and New Zealand.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

(London Truth.)

That fair-haired girl, between [illegible] and is waited for by a [illegible] Hindoo [illegible]

[illegible]